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FROM THE BOOKS
IN THE HOMESTEAD OF
Sarah Orne Jewett
AT SOUTH BERWICK, MAINE

BEQUEATHED BY

Theodore Jewett Eastman

A.B. 1901 - M.D. 1905

1931



Bent's County Guides

EDITED BY
GEORGE A. B. DEWAR

HAMPSHIRE

WITH THE ISLE OF WIGHT

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WINCHESTER

Frontispiece

HAMPSHIRE

WITH THE ISLE OF WIGHT

BY

GEORGE A. B. DEWAR
AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF THE DRY FLY," "WILD LIFE
IN HAMPSHIRE HIGHLANDS"

JOHN VAUGHAN AND OTHERS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. A. SYMINGTON



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THE BEQUEST OF
THEODORE JEWETT EASTMAN
1931

"Love thou thy land"

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THE EDITOR'S PREFACE

THESE books are meant for the use and amusement of those who live in, as well as those who visit, the counties to be included in the series.

The contributors have given long and close attention to the subjects of which they treat: they may claim to be enthusiastic admirers of their own counties, and they have certainly brought a zest and keenness to their task which have lightened and made pleasant the Editor's work. May the enthusiasm of the writers infect the readers, and so add to the interest and delight felt in old church and ruined abbey and noble cathedral, in the scenery of down and dale and sea-coast, in the wild life and the human story of each part of our lovely English counties.

It is good to see foreign countries and that Greater Britain, which recent events have knit so close to our little island home; for such travel will broaden the mind, and serve also to bring home to us with fresh force the beauties and advantages of our own land. But many people, whilst fully recognising the value of travel out of England, cannot help regretting that thousands of English men and women every year spend much time and money in searching abroad for beautiful scenes, and for cities of historic distinction and for health, when such things, unknown to them, lie close

to their doors. Happily the rare charms of England are now being much more generally recognised. Fifty years ago, for instance, the beauties of the upper reaches of the Thames were scarcely known to Londoners, whereas thousands now find summer pleasure and health between Windsor and Oxford: and the same may be said of the Norfolk Broads and of various beautiful parts of England, such as Hindhead and Haslemere in Surrey. The enterprise of several of the railway companies is doing much to open up England to English and American holiday-makers: the cycle perhaps is doing even more; and it is one of the special objects of these guides to help cyclists and others, whose holidays largely consist of week-ends, in their desire to find out the best scenery and the most interesting spots in the county of their choice.

Each of these volumes is to consist of three parts. PART I. will consist of Itineraries devoted to a characteristic district in the county, and telling of the scenery and the story of various spots therein worth visiting. It is hoped that these Itineraries, though independent of each other, may form a whole fit to be read through as are the consecutive chapters of a book. To make our "Story and Scenery" of the county readable as a whole we have been compelled to condense into PART III., "A County Gazetteer," much antiquarian and other information about towns, villages, and churches, together with indispensable directions of a purely practical character about trains, hotels and inns, and the like, without which no guide-book could be in the least efficient. By means of references in the text and footnotes it will be found simple to refer from PART III. to PART I., and vice versa.

The Editor's Preface

Part II. will consist of articles on the natural history and sport of the county, contributed by experts who have studied these subjects on the spot, together with a chapter specially intended for the use of cyclists.

As for the sectional maps, no pains have been spared to make them clear and useful to reader and traveller. It has not been found practicable to divide the roads into the several classes which appear on the Ordnance Maps. We have therefore given but two classes, "Driving and Cycling Roads" and "Other Roads." In fine weather, however, many of the latter are quite fit for driving and cycling along, whereas under less favourable conditions some of the former may be found in parts anything but good from the travellers' point of view.

The series opens with Hampshire and Norfolk. If any excuse is needed for putting Hampshire first on the list of English counties, it may surely be found in the fact that we are now preparing to celebrate at Winchester the Millenary Anniversary of Alfred, most wonderful, most glorious of all our rulers.



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THE VALE OF THE UPPER TEST

HAMPSHIRE

PART I

ITS STORY AND SCENERY

By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR

ITINERARY THE FIRST

THE VALE OF THE TEST

Hampshire scenery, and the best time to see it—Country about Oakley—The head springs of the Test—Test watercresses, trout, and eels—Freefolk and Laverstoke—Whitchurch—Hurstbourne Park—Bourne Valley—St. Mary Bourne—Steven's "History of St. Mary Bourne"—The pack-horse man—Yews in Hampshire—Longparish—Test cottage gardens—Bransbury—Bransbury Common and its flowers—The Van Dyke—Tidbury Ring—Barton Stacey and Bullington—Wherwell and its romance—River scene at Testcombe—Chalk hills by Longstock—Danebury camp—Stockbridge—The Test in autumn—Roman remains by Broughton—Romsey Abbey—Romsey to Southampton—Southampton—At the Docks—Canute rebuking his courtiers—Southampton of old—Soldiers embarking at Southampton—Netley Abbey ruins.

HAMPSHIRE scarcely takes rank among the most famous tourist counties, such as Devonshire, Norfolk, or Yorkshire, but it is full of scenery of a quiet and charming character, contains in Winchester the noblest historic town in England, and has the naval and military headquarters of the Empire. It has in Romsey the finest Norman conventual church in the South of England, in Silchester the greatest of the buried Romano-British cities. Its high chalk downs and

woods and wilds abound in the camps and barrows and battlefields of pre-Saxon times, whilst Basing and Cheriton and
Hurst and Carisbrook Castles recall most moving scenes in
the struggle between Cavalier and Roundhead. Our county
includes the Isle of Wight, which has been called, quite as
justly as Kent, the Garden of England, and has several
watering-places on the island as well as on the mainland,
which grow more popular every year: such as Bournemouth
—now the most favourite winter and health resort in the
South of England—Southsea, Ventnor, and beautiful little
Shanklin. Then, too, Hampshire is rightly held by angler,
gunner, and fox-hunter to be a thorough sporting county,
and it has in the Solent the best yachting water round the

kingdom.

I give scenery the first place in this short list of the good things of our county, and it is a feature of Hampshire to which attention will very often be drawn in the itineraries of this volume. I have walked, ridden, driven, cycled and gone by rail through every part of Hampshire, visiting by-paths and remote hamlets as well as towns and parks, and high breezy chalk downs and great woods and glittering trout streams, and the more I have seen of the county, the more I have been delighted by its beauty and Doubtless summer is, for various reasons, the best of times for a tour through our English counties, but it is by no means the only time when beauty is to be found in our small landscapes. The latest visit but one I paid last year to Gilbert White's Selborne was in the middle of October, and it was a treat indeed to travel through that village and country then. The high Hanger and the Nore Hill were brown and gold on the bright autumn day, and some of the thatched cottages, with their crimson-leaved creepers, alone were worth a journey to look upon. greens of summer are not more beautiful to some eyes than the reds of autumn or the blacks and greys and whites of bare winter. However, as I have said, summer is the best time to see Hampshire, the bleak in nature not being

A Delicious Land

very generally cared for, and the roads and weather, in downright winter at any rate, being often very unattractive. We want our holiday when the days are long and light, and when the weather is suited to outdoor pleasures.

The main line of the South-Western, a railway which apart from its suburban traffic, of which I know nothing, has certainly developed and improved not a little of late years, cuts right through North Hampshire, entering the county on the journey from London to the West of England at Farnborough on the borders of Surrey, and passing into Wiltshire near Porton. It has several good and fast trains from Waterloo to Basingstoke, and to those who desire to see from source to sea a beautiful English chalk stream, no more pleasant tour can be recommended than that from Basingstoke to Southampton along the vale of the river Test. The road is an excellent one throughout. He who travels on foot and is not in a desperate hurry, will probably prefer to take at the very least three days over this tour, on his way sleeping at Whitchurch the first night, at Stockbridge the second, at Romsey on the third. The cyclist or the driving or riding tourist can no doubt do the journey in a single summer day, but he cannot hope to see this delicious land in any detail in so short a time. It were best to go leisurely, and stop to look at the old churches, and now and then step aside from the road and climb the neighbouring hill-sides, so as to get views of the county through which the river glides. The Test does not actually take its rise till Church Oakley has been passed, and between Basingstoke and that village there is nothing much to make us dally. After the village of Worting is passed, the country, which is not lovely immediately outside Basingstoke, rapidly improves, and at Oakley it is charming. Here you find yourself in a land of parks and country gentlemen's seats, not noble in size or scenery, but nicely timbered and well looked after. Here and there the trees along the road meet overhead, and the eye rests with pleasure on the lindens of Deane Park

and the beeches of Oakley Hall. The great road-side hedges are covered in summer with that beautiful flower of the chalk, wild clematis or traveller's joy, which is so fragrant after a shower in July or August, whilst the sounds of greenfinch and ring and turtle doves are incessant on quiet summer days. It is up hill and down dale the whole way to Overton, and one of the prettiest glimpses is that of Oakley Church, with its shingle spire, seen among the trees on the right. There is a station at Oakley, which is on the main line, and travellers must often look out of the carriage windows as the expresses rush to Salisbury and the west, and remark on the peacefulness of the little village and the church in the sleepy hollow. Oakley is reached, one feels one has really escaped from all trace of London: here unmistakably is the pure sweet countryside. In the water meadows between Oakley and Overton the Test, undisputed queen of the chalk streams and trout streams of southern England, takes its rise, and at the latter village there may be seen watercress beds as free from the taint of sewage as any one could desire. The praises of the Test as an angler's paradise have been sounded very often, but there are many besides fishermen, who, if they knew more of this stainless stream and its scenery, would fall in love with it; I hope that I shall be able to whet their appetites for Test scenery and other attractions before I have reached Southampton. In the water meadows by the Test grow cresses that may well add to the zest with which afternoon tea at inns by the river is partaken of. The trout of the upper Test are rather white in flesh, but below Longparish they are of a fine salmon colour, and most delicate in flavour any time between May and the latter part of September, when they go out of season. The silver eels of the river are not excelled by any in the country, and these, too, may sometimes be had for breakfast or dinner, though London gets the lion's share. It is no uncommon sight to see several sacks at one of the stations on the lower Test about or

A Fair Spot

below Stockbridge, each containing from seventy to a hundred pounds weight of eels for the London market. As for the milk and cream of the Test valley, they are not to be surpassed by any in the kingdom, for the pasturage is superb and the dairies well ordered.

Overton is a large village, but without attraction, and it is well not to spend much time there, but rather speed on through the next small village of Southington and tarry presently at or near the foot of the hill, which leads down into the village of Freefolk. On the right is Laverstoke Park, the seat of Mr. Melville Portal, one of the fairest spots in the Vale. Here, on the right-hand side of the road, the Test, which has not yet been crossed, but will be almost immediately, widens into a shallow lake with islets frequented by swans, coots, and various water-fowl, among them occasionally, it is said, the tufted duck. Alderneys browse among the rich grass. Old hawthorns, lindens, tall ash-trees, and sycamores form the timber of the park, and the house, clearly seen from the road, stands on the rising ground beyond; the old disused church lies within the park to the east of the house; the new building, also within the park palings, to the west and close to the village. The cottages of Freefolk are large, and very neat and comfortable they look in dress of dark red tile and brick, with their gay trim gardens: Freefolk looks, for all the world, like Chenies, a model village, and is a credit to landlord and tenant alike. Could William Cobbett see today these houses of the prospering poor, his heart would surely warm towards Laverstoke, in spite of the fact that at the mill, as at Whitchurch in his day, the Bank of England note-paper which he cursed so vigorously is still made. The mill, by the way, is not to be visited quite so easily as formerly, owing to robberies which were committed there a good many years ago; but permission may be obtained sometimes by written application to the Two miles on from Laverstoke is the little town of Whitchurch, which was once represented in Parliament, and sent Sir Henry Vane to the House of Commons. It is a clean, neat place, as indeed are all these small Hampshire towns, and it has an old posting-house, the White Hart. Here the Whitchurch Fishing Club has quarters, and here Charles Kingsley stayed at least once when trout-fishing on Lord Portsmouth's water. One of his characteristic, light-hearted holiday letters was written to his wife from the White Hart, and in it he exclaims how delighted he is to be "on the chalk" again, and what a splendid day he has had among the trout: a printed copy of this high-spirited boyish letter is framed and hung up in every room. I have read and re-read it when on my fishing holidays at Whitchurch, and it has helped to solace me on a lonely evening there. Whitchurch is one of the few places in Hampshire where the London and South-Western has a rival. The Great Western has a station here on its Didcot, Newbury, and Southampton Branch, and the line passes through a fine, wild bit of the county between Newtown and Whitchurch. This railway passes close to the highest and some of the most romantic of the North Hampshire chalk hills, such as Beacon Hill and its neighbour Sidon or Sidown. It is very convenient for people who wish to visit Highclere Castle whilst in this part of the county, for they may get to Whitchurch by the South-Western and then (on week days) to Highclere by the Great Western. It is also a beautiful ride or walk of eight miles from Whitchurch to Highclere, with, however, some stiff hills for the cyclist.

In the letter I have referred to Kingsley declares Hurstbourne Park to be the finest in the South of England. I cannot agree with this, or understand how he could set the park above, for instance, Savernake, which I shall describe later on; but though not one of the palatial places of England, like Wilton or Longleat in the neighbouring county, Hurstbourne is an ideal English nobleman's home. It has now a very nice, though modern mansion—the old house having been destroyed by fire some years ago—set in the midst of

Hursthourne

perfect park scenery. Ancient thorns, contorted by age, in some cases bearing mistletoe, and beeches of a splendid growth are scattered about the high ground, and the river Bourne, the first tributary of the Test, flows, a broad and clear stream, in the vale below. Hurstbourne Church, with a history that goes back almost as far as that of any parish church in England, and the small pretty village are just without the park palings, and the whole scene is one of stately repose. The Wallops have been in possession of Hurstbourne estate for some two and a half centuries, their predecessors being the Oxenbridge family, of whom nothing remains save a tablet in the church. Wallop has come to be a scarcely less familiar name in Hampshire than Paulett itself, and for a long period of years the town of Andover sent regularly a Wallop to Westminster. Among the treasures of Hurstbourne house are the manuscripts of Sir Isaac Newton, whom the Wallops can claim as an ancestor. Happily these and the Kneller portrait of Newton escaped the fire.

The valley down which the Bourne comes to swell the Test close to the Park, if followed, will finally take one up to the Wiltshire Downs. It is, in its upper part, one of the most sequestered valleys in the county, but I do not now propose to follow it higher up than St. Mary Bourne, where the stream has its permanent source. This village has had its admirable painstaking historian, the late Mr. Joseph Stevens, formerly the Curator of the Reading Museum. His "Parochial History of St. Mary Bourne" is a most interesting book, and those portions of the work which deal with the traces of the prehistoric men of the mammoth time, who must have once wandered over this district, are fascinating. The mammoth period is said to be not so old as that of the cave bear and the sabretoothed tiger, traces of which have been discovered in Kent and elsewhere, but it must be regarded as removed from our own by an immense stretch of time. The St. Mary Bourne Old Stone implements and mammoth's molar

were found by Mr. Stevens, lying on some white riversand under the gravelly clay. "The elevation here is 7 or 8 feet above the general valley level. . . . The drift has the appearance of being deposited by the action of the breakwater of the river as it swept into the hollow when the water occupied the level of the stratified deposit." Yes, but not our little Bourne trout-stream of to-day! Indeed, in its physical features our St. Mary Bourne perhaps as little resembles the St. Mary Bourne of the old Stone Age, as any specimen of its fauna to-day does the mammoth. They must have lived an anxious life, these rough human creatures, "in the midst of powerful and fierce animals, whose contentions for food were as great as their own." Neolithic implements of a slightly more civilised age have been found in plenty about St. Mary Bourne, as well as at Whitchurch, Leckford, and Wherwell, in the Valley of the Test. The cave bear and the mammoth had gone when the men of the Neolithic Age were settled in Hampshire, and in their stead were the domestic animals. whose descendants we use to such advantage to-day: to the Neolithic men we owe the horse, and the dog, and the sheep in Britain. Then, too, in some rude form or other there was a cultivation of cereals for food and flax for apparel: and even hand-made pottery was not unknown. And vet it is somewhat of a relief to turn from the Neolithic Age to Roman roads and camps which are to be found about this country, or ramble with this excellent historian among the records of our own English forefathers. No one is ever heard to say that he would have liked to have lived in the Stone or Bronze Age; the mind recoils at the bare idea; but we often express admiration for the old-fashioned days before the railway and telegraph and penny post were dreamt of, and say it must have been good In many ways to have lived then. Certainly there was a ieisure and a spice of romance about old country life, which we know not in these hurried days. One of the institutions of old times was the pack-horse man.

St. Mary Bourne

Mary Bourne there are still traces of an old pack-horse way called Hungerford Lane, leading from that sleepy little Berkshire town to Winchester. The pack-horse man, who was contemporary with the pack-man, hawked his various wares across the hills to remote spots difficult of access in the last and the early part of the present century. He carried letters and brought news of public affairs to the village folk, and his coming must have been eagerly watched for, such a well-informed and widely travelled visitor from the great world beyond our little buried Hampshire villages not being a man to miss.

"The pack-horses," Mr. Stevens tells us, "travelled in lines laden with bundles or panniers, the baskets being about two feet in depth, their width being about one or two feet. The horses' backs were padded and the panniers were suspended by hooks attached to a carved billet of

wood which crossed from side to side."

St. Mary Bourne Church has a fine font, very similar to one in the nave of Winchester Cathedral, wrought out of some dark substance, probably slate, and a somewhat injured effigy of a knight lying cross-legged, with hands clasped in prayer. Of such relics, though their origin be unknown, the country clergyman who loves his own little church may well be proud; they are his heirlooms, enriching the poorest building. But to my mind it is the huge yew in the churchyard which is the most interesting thing at Bourne. On near inspection this tree is found, on that part of its trunk which faces east, to be little more than a shell, and yet it still has, as its branches show, abundance of vitality. "Thy thousand years of gloom" might be scarcely an exaggeration applied to this tree. The yew grows well in most of the chalk districts of Hampshire, and about Bullington and Bransbury on the Test it always looks to me quite a wild tree. I think there is no doubt that the yew is a native of Hampshire. Amongst other places where there are yews worth seeing are Selborne, which contains the most splendid specimen

of the tree in the county; Crawley, where I have notice a yew with long massive trunk of an uncommon type South Hayling; and Combe churchyard, in the extren north-west of the county. At Chilton Candover there an avenue of yews said to be many centuries old, thoughelp they look insignificant enough, even youthful compared with



the specimens at Selborne or St. Mary Bourne. People interested in the yew should read the article on this tree in the third edition of Sowerby's great work on botany.

Not all roads tempt the traveller to return the way he came, but it is no hardship to go back from St. Mary Bourne to Hurstbourne Park and Priors by the road one came thither. By the aqueduct at Hurstbourne Station, that gorgeous flower the mimulus (*Mimulus lutea*) has seized upon several strips of rich water-neadow where the Bourne is a bubbling, flashing rivulet, and from June to September it presents a sheet of brightest yellow. The

Longparish

park is on the left as one returns from Bourne to Hurstbourne and the Vale of the Test; the stream below is on the right, but presently the bridge leading up to the park gates is reached, and then the stream is on the left; and the view of the park and mansion, already described, may be again enjoyed. I like to stop at the bridge when the moon is rising in the summer sky and watch its light gradually flood the stream, and bring out the forms of the trees laying "their dark arms about the field." It is hard to find a more attractive spot than this on a warm, bright night.

Then up and on again to Longparish, one of the most beautiful of Hampshire villages. At Longparish there are comfortable quarters at the Plough, with its sign painted, the people hereabouts will tell you, by "a real artist," and the place is a nice one to stay at for a day or two, if one desires to get a good idea of an upper Test district. The Test flows by Longparish in several branches, and there are various points at which charming views of the water (crammed with trout in these parts) may be easily found. The Cleaves or Longparish Common is reached by crossing the river at Madgwick's well-kept, ivy-covered mill. Here the stream spreads itself over a large extent of ground, and one may turn back towards Whitchurch and follow a by-road leading to Tufton, where there is a small Norman church worth seeing. From a wooded hill rising steeply from the valley, the Cleaves, the favourite angling place of Colonel Hawker, author of the most famous book on shooting in the language, is seen admirably. It is good to lie down on the short crisp turf among the trees, and watch the angler slowly working his way up stream, searching for rising trout, in the runs and about the cattle hurdles which have been planted here and there to help keep up the head of water. The cattle roam about the rich meadows or stand in the stream knee-deep whisking off the flies. But this is only one of many little walks which can be enjoyed at Longparish. There is a farm lane or waggon track on the other side of the river,

leading from the village to a spot called Tracey's Del 1. which reminds one of a scene in Devonshire; and there is the great wood called Harewood Forest, through a portion of which the little line from Whitchurch to Fullerton runs. In Harewood the mezereon (Mezereum daphne) once grew wild, as we may gather from old Camden, and I believe it still does here and there in woods in Hampshire. This is the little pink fragrant flower blossoming in early spring before its leaves appear, and reminding one of the almond tree that flourishes in the London parks. A good many of the cottagers' gardens in Longparish, Hurstbourne, and other villages in this district have their mezereon plants, and at Forton by Longparish I have been shown a fine specimen, having much darker coloured blossoms than are usual. Tender hands sometime long ago planted a sprig of mezereon on a green grave in Enham Church, six miles from Longparish, and the plant may be seen in full bloom before the swallow comes or the primroses show in sheltered hedgerows and hazel coppices. The cottage gardens in the vale of the Test are a constant delight to the eye. The poor folk, no matter how low wages may be-and fourteen shillings a week is not exceptionally low in these parts for the field workers generally-manage to show a few bright blossoms in their scraps of garden. A line of hollyhocks or sunflowers, a sprinkling of lupines, some lavender, some sweet peas trained against the wall, a cluster of white roses—with these and the like are the gardens of our humble Hampshire folk made gay in summer and early autumn.

A mile down stream from Longparish and off the main road, which takes one past Longparish Station to Wherwell, is Bransbury, the Brandesbyri of Leland, quietest of hamlets. It is an angling place for a few fortunate people, and has a small but good inn, the Sheep's Crook and Shears, which is usually rather full during May, June, and July, the three chief angling months for this part of the Test.

Choice Flowers

By Bransbury is the wild swamp known as Bransbury Common. Mimulus grows in profusion close to the road, whilst on the large common, or in the district of Bransbury and the village of Bullington, not far off, there have been found among other interesting plants the early spider orchis (Ophrys aranifera), the fragrant orchis 1 (Gymnadenia conopsea), the marsh orchis (Orchis incarnata), the bog pimpernel

(Anagallis tenella), the butter wort (Pinguicula vulgaris), and several of the rarer sedges. Here by the riverside the grasshopper warbler may be heard "reeling" in June and July, and the snipe "bleating" high over-



head: these birds are the musicians of the marsh, together with the sedge-warbler, which I have heard singing literally by the hour on a pitch dark night in the meadow just beyond the inn garden at Bransbury. Gavel Acre, close to Longparish Station, is on the banks of the Test. It is an old farm-house of singular beauty within and without, and it has an exquisite flower-garden. Within a few hundred yards of the hamlet, there is to be seen what the Ordnance Survey describes as an intrenchment. It is called the Van Dyke, locally sometimes the An Dyke (or Andyke), and formerly, I am told, the Andytch. It is a large grass-grown fosse or intrenchment a hundred yards or so in length. Not far from these earthworks some Roman relics were once found. The Van Dyke, however, even if used by the Romans, may well have been

¹ This is the red-handed orchis of Gough's edition of Camden.

the work of some early British or Celtic hands. Romans may have turned these camps and earthworks to good account when the necessity arose, but it has been pointed out that, with their superior military resources, they were not likely to be compelled to make such great works themselves. In some instances they certainly did fortify the hill-tops, as shown by Fosbury camp, an undoubted Roman stronghold in Wiltshire, but Sir Richard Colt-Hoare has pointed out that these were of a smaller and more regular character than the great earthworks of our southern counties. "The military discipline of the Romans," says Mr. Savage, "with the regular payment and subsistence of their troops, enabled them to form camps for the purpose of occasional protection wherever they moved." Like the Van Dyke, Tidbury Ring, two miles away from here on the road from Whitchurch to Winchester, is also of early British origin. The earthworks at Tidbury are still fairly intact on the south side, and a thin belt of underwood with firs and oaks surrounds the camp, which covers several acres. Tidbury is worth visiting, if only for the view of North-West Hampshire which one gets from its north side. Harewood Forest and Hurstbourne Park, with the high woods of Doles beyond, lie to the north-west; whilst the smaller Cranborne and Freefolk woods are on the north-east. Bransbury is in the parish of Barton Stacey, a village built near a very pretty tributary of the Test, known as the Bullington stream, and it has a church tower scarcely excelled in beauty by that of any other parish church in the county. The fineness of the tower at Barton Stacey grows upon one: each time I see it I like it better. The rain and wind of centuries have beaten upon it, but it stands foursquare to all storms that may come. Mounting Barton Stacey hill, one presently gets a fine distant view of Hurstbourne Park, -the best I know of-and may then descend the road, by the grassy sides of which the clustered bell-flower grows in plenty, into the valley of the Bullington stream again.

A Secluded Spot

It is at times a rough road from Barton to Bullington, but the scenery is delightful. The ancient thatched cottages and the life at their open doors remind one of George Morland's pictures, and Bullington Church and Common are a joy. The church is a very small, plain, red-brick building, covered with ivy,—a miniature church for a miniature village. The line from Whitchurch to Winchester passes through Bullington, but it does not rob the place of its sweet seclusion. The stream, to match the cottages, and the church and the common, which waterrail and grasshopper warbler should frequent in the nesting season, is small, sparkling on its way to the glorious Test through swamps where grows the purple loosestrife, where glows the golden mimulus, and through choice water-meadows in which the flower lover may look sometimes not in vain for a white variety of the knapweed. Pheasants lay their eggs in the osier beds, often scarcely above the level of the welling water; snipes twist and "bleat" over the sedges and mat grasses; and from the down-lands and big fields above the little valley comes after dark the whistle of the stone curlew.

About four miles down stream from Bransbury there is Chilbolton, on the Bransbury side, and Wherwell on the opposite bank. The road on the Bransbury side lies through the hamlet of Newton Stacey (in a sheltered combe) and is lonely, high, and exposed. On the opposite side it passes through a portion of Harewood Forest to the village of Wherwell—"Horrel" or "'Orrel," as it is called locally. Wherwell is one of the greenest and prettiest of the Test villages, though scarcely equal to Freefolk or Longparish. The river flows in several branches through the Priory grounds and goes under the house itself. It is a paradisial spot for anglers, as trout are numerous in the Priory waters, and great fish fed with bread may be seen rolling about, under the windows. glassy trout-streams, the Carolian house and its lodge with great thatched roof, the cawing rookery in the high park elms, the adjoining rectory with that delightful thing, a well-trimmed box hedge, and the churchyard with its lych gate and its effigies in stone of knight and lady-all help to make the spot fit for some romantic story of old. And indeed Wherwell has had its romance, an ancient, tragic At Wherwell, Elfritha, the greatest beauty of her day, built a monastery to expiate her crimes. Not only did this cruel, ambitious woman do away with her son-inlaw Edward, but she also connived at the murder of her husband Athelwold. King Edgar bore this noble earl a bitter grudge for having deceived him in a love intrigue, and for having deprived him of Elfritha; so, luring Athelwold to Harewood on pretence of hunting, he there vilely To this day the spot of the crime may be seen at Dead Man's Plack, where a monument was erected by Colonel Iremonger, a former owner of the Wherwell estate; it is among the hazel and oak underwood on the north side of the road between Andover and Longparish; the way to it is under an avenue of great beeches, and when May is in full splendour, you pass by sheets of blue hyacinth. It would be pleasant to linger a long while in these scenes, were not many a mile of the Vale of the Test still to be traversed. Chilbolton Common — the village is on the opposite side of the stream to Wherwell - is not a mile from the Priory, and here, if on foot, one may cross the river and reach Testcombe Bridge by the other road which we left at Newton Stacey. Testcombe Cottage is in a dell-like spot, where the river has been diverted into several branches that run through the garden. The mid-Test and its scenery are to be seen well from the grassy slope by the roadside, a hundred yards or so from Testcombe, on the Chilbolton side. river is divided by an islet on which grow enormous clusters of willow-herb and tall handsome reedmace. Then there are great beds of reeds above and below the islet, among which many coots and moorhens clank and Grasshopper warblers and teal may both be chatter.

A Fine View

heard between Chilbolton and Testcombe on summer nights, and the whole land abounds in bird life.

And now the Test loses somewhat its wildness and its look of seclusion, and taking its tributary, the Anton, by Fullerton Bridge, flows on a full-fed stream. Leckford it breaks up into several branches, covering a wide extent of water-meadow, here winding through scenes of luxuriant vegetation, and reaching the little town of Stockbridge two miles or so further down. But in between Leckford and Stockbridge on the right-hand side of the stream are Longstock and Hazel Down higher above, the chalk hills at this point being larger and finer than any other on the Test; and there is an exhilarating view of Hampshire hill and valley from the summit of this down. Standing on the turf by the rather rough road made of chalk and flints which leads to Andover, looking to the far north, one gets a glimpse of Doles Woods on the horizon. with the house a speck in their midst, only to be seen at all distinctly by even long-sighted eyes when the sun shines upon its slate roof. Close by is the wooded height of Danebury just north of the scene of Stockbridge Races or Bibury Meeting, now no more. Danebury Hill has the finest of the many camps of early British origin, with deep fosse and large vallum. Evidently this camp was once a great work, and the making of it must have employed many hands. Danebury was perhaps one of a series of ancient camps-including Quarley and Balksbury to the north-west, and Worlbury a few miles to the south-east, on the other side of the river, which were scenes of fierce warfare between early British and Saxons. No doubt there is still room for plenty of fresh excavations at these ancient stations, and the soil must hold many remains of the warriors of those dim days, but we can scarcely hope ever to find enough to tell us at all clearly the history of those struggles. It is easier perhaps for the geologist to put together and describe the great wild creatures that roamed the forests and hunted and were in turn hunted by

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the men of the Stone Age, than for the historian to tell us who exactly were the people that made these Hampshire strongholds, and who the foes that came to storm them. Few of her secrets does the earth give up more

grudgingly than these.

Stockbridge, though it sleeps soundly now, has had bustling days in the past. Money and ale flowed freely at electioneering times in the last century, when, according to Gay, cobblers could "feast six years upon a vote," whilst in much more recent days it was a busy town for a few days every summer when the Stockbridge Races took place. Stockbridge is the headquarters of the best trout-fishing club in England, as Longstock is of the oldest, the former being now called the Stockbridge Club and the latter the In the room in the Grosvenor Hotel used by the Stockbridge Club there are some cases of trout of great size. one or two running up to 10 lbs. in weight. There are also superb grayling in these waters, a 3 lb. fish being by no means exceptional at Houghton or the stretches below. Below Stockbridge the road still closely follows the stream, now on one side now on the other, whilst sometimes there is a way on both. The line from Andover to Fullerton is also as a rule very close to the water, passing Horsebridge and Mottisfont on its way to Romsey and Southampton; and yet I cannot say that anywhere in the Test Valley does the railway spoil the scenery, except possibly at Fullerton, where there is an unsightly junction. The rich vegetation of the valley is its chief beauty, and this is hardly affected by the railway.

The charm of the summer passes slowly from these water-meadows, and even on mild October days the scene is full of charm. During that month, splendid red-bodied dragon-flies are sometimes to be seen, hawking up and down over the watercourses, whilst handsome stone-chats and grey wagtails with yellow breasts are common enough birds in the meadows. The reeds, like the trees, have their autumn dress, and masses of them turn a bright yellow when

Country Gentleman's Life

the elm leaves are beginning to drop and the ash trees to show that fine lemon tint which is one of the most delicate hues of the season. There are several admirable estates in this valley with homes close to the water-side, such as Bossington and Mottisfont Abbey; and what life more wholesome and excellent than that of the country gentleman who, with affairs of Church and school and parish business generally, and the management of his own property and the pleasures of sport with rod and gun, has his hands full throughout the year? The river and the river-side alone may well take up a good part of his time. There he will see to the catching of his eels for market, and the growing of his cresses, and perhaps the harvesting of his reeds as well as of his fine grass crops. In the May-fly time and in the summer evenings you will find him by the river with his rod; in some of the bright days of autumn, very likely at the same place trying for one of his big grayling; and later, with his gun and retriever, walking the osier and reed beds and the marshy places for duck or snipe, an occasional pheasant or rabbit. And you may feel sure the man who loves a life like this, with duty and pleasure judiciously mingled throughout the year, will take delight in the quiet beauty of the scenes in which his lot is laid. The Vale of the Test is well loved, as it deserves to be, by those who live in or near it.

There are spots well worth seeing close to the Vale of the Test between Stockbridge and Romsey, such as the plain oblong church of Little Somborne, which is believed to be older than any portion of Winchester, and King's Somborne, a royal demesne at the time of the Norman Conquest. And for antiquaries, there is the village of Broughton on the Wallop or Nine Mile Water, believed to be the Roman Brige which appears in the Itinerary of Antoninus. Certainly there seems to have been a Roman settlement at this place, whether it were Brige or no, and in the British Museum there is a large pig of lead, discovered here in the eighteenth century, bearing an

inscription in reference to the third Consulate of Nero; its destination was probably Rome, and it may have been on its way to Clausentum (believed to be the Bitterne of to-day) when lost or abandoned at this spot. There is ancient Michelmarsh, too, a village which, like St. Mary Bourne, has had its own historian. But, nearing Romsey, we may well desire to hurry a little over Greatbridge, where the Test is "every square inch a ripple," to spend a long while in the Abbey Church.

Romsey Abbey will soon be celebrating its thousandth anniversary, if we agree to fix 907 as the year of its foundation. Florence of Worcester in his Chronicle tells how sixty years after that date Edgar the Peaceful, king of the English, placed nuns in the convent at Romsey which his grandfather, Edward the Elder, had founded; and outside, on the wall by the Abbess's door, there is a curiously interesting relic of some long-lost building, it may be of the nunnery itself. It is a figure of Christ "reigning from the tree," and it closely corresponds to a drawing of the Crucifix in the manuscript of Archbishop Ælfric's Sermons of the tenth century. Time has eaten into the stone, but the outlines of the figure are still perfectly distinct, and it remains one of the most striking fragments of the kind in any Hampshire church. Fortunately, during the Civil War it escaped the rough hands of Waller's iconoclasts, which were laid heavily on the church itself. Romsey Abbey, thanks largely to its indefatigable vicar, the late Mr. Berthon, has been restored with great care and taste, though much remains yet to be done, especially to the roofs of the south chancel aisle and south chantry, which are in decay.

This abbey is a rare specimen of the skill and sense of beauty possessed by the Norman architects. The rounded arches, the grand massive pillars, and the beautiful zigzag work are pure Norman, whilst in the western part of the noble nave (which is higher than Winchester's) there are the pointed arches and the more elaborate work of the

Romsey Abbey

architects of the twelfth or thirteenth centuries; but Norman, Early English, and Transition are all blent into one harmony, the glorious Norman prevailing. The carved chancel screen has come down intact from the age of William of Wykeham; the Norman clerestory has

remained untouched: fortunate is the country which holds in trust. for the joy and education of generations to come, such heirlooms as these! It is a bold thing to say, but I do say that I find Romsey Abbey almost as fine as Winchester Cathedral. Sometimes you may get it all to yourself, as I did last Christmas Day: the tramp of feet and the whispering of voices in such a place are good to miss.



Embley Park, the birthplace of Florence Nightingale, with its beautiful gardens, lies a mile from Romsey on the road to the New Forest. Some people may desire to leave the Test at this point, and make for the centre of the New Forest, which is scarcely ten miles distant. It is up and down hill across the Blackwater, a small Test tributary with high banks, and through the villages of Ower and Cadnam, which is at the edge of the Forest. I cannot commend it, however, as of great beauty or interest.

Broadlands, once the home of Lord Palmerston, and perhaps the most famous place in England for trout of a great size, is just outside Romsey on the east side of the stream, and in winter black-headed gulls may often be seen

flying about the grounds, for, as the crow flies, the place is only some five miles from Southampton Water. Gradually the Southampton road leaves the Test, here a strong From Romsey to Redbridge—the Reed broad river. bridge of old—where the Test widens into its estuary, the stream holds some grand salmon, and the rod-fishing fetches very high rents. One may go to Southampton by the road along the west bank, which more or less closely follows the course of the stream, but though there are pleasant enough spots on the way, the Test by this has lost its wild and romantic scenery, and neither Redbridge nor Millbrook are

particularly fascinating.

Southampton to-day is scarcely what you would call a handsome town, and its growing suburbs add nothing to whatever charms it may possess. The busy streets on hot summer days have a garish look to one who has lately been luxuriating among the green meadows and silver streams of the Test. Still the High Street, with its teeming life, and some of the alleys and back streets have bits of ancient architecture here and there, remnants of the gates and boundaries of Southampton of long ago, for this is not a town of mushroom growth, like many populous places in the Midlands and the North of England. It is good to go down to the great docks, which cover many acres and are served by hundreds of miles of iron rails, and watch the craft of all sorts receiving or giving up a merchandise of infinite variety, which finds its way daily to this thriving port. The vastness of England's sea-borne commerce is nowhere brought home to us more vividly than among the workshops and boiler factories and packet yards and docks and storehouses of a town like Southampton.

The history of Southampton is for the most part commercial, but there is plenty of play for the imagination, if whilst looking on the scene at the docks one cares to let the mind travel back to the distant past. Somewhere near here, says the tradition, Canute a thousand years ago delivered that rebuke to his flattering courtiers which forms

Canute

one of the history lessons that English children rarely forget. It is nowhere told more graphically than by the old writer of Chronicle, Huntingdon, whom Camden quotes: "Having caused his chair to be placed on the shore as the tide was coming in, he said to it, Thou art my subject, and the ground I sit on is mine, nor can any resist me with impunity. I command thee, therefore, not to come up on my ground nor wet the soles of the feet of thy master. But the sea immediately coming up wetted his feet, and he springing back said, Let all the inhabitants of the earth know how weak and frivolous is the power of princes: none deserves the name of King, but he whose will heaven, earth, and sea obey by an eternal decree. Nor would he ever after wear his crown, but placed it on the head of the crucifix." This may be classed perhaps among the pleasant myths of our earlier historians, as may the stories of the heroic Sir Bevis, told also in relation to this place, but there are records of Southampton, in Norman and Plantagenet times at any rate, which we may accept with less reserve. The town of Hanton, destroyed by the Danes, rose phænix-like to become one of the greatest ports of the western world, and then burnt and harried by Genoese pirates, recovered again and drew to its lovely blue waters rich argosies from the East. Hither came galleys laden with merchandise-wines from France, butts of Malvesy, carpets from Eastern lands, and cloth stuffs and luxuries of divers kinds, many of which would be taken up to Winchester and disposed of at the great fair of St. Giles. Most of her trade in Norman times was done with Venice. but the vessels of Bayonne came up the Solent too. From Southampton, as I write, great troopships, amongst them the huge Kildonan carrying her three thousand men, are taking out our soldiers to the war in Africa, and it is curious to reflect that six and a half centuries ago there set sail from this same Hampshire port the vessels that carried out an English army to fight at Crecy. No doubt there were stirring scenes, pride and sorrow strangely mixed,

Hampshire

then as yesterday, when the time came to say good-bye. Southampton must have pathetic memories for many of those who in the autumn of 1899 travelled down thither to say the last words to husband, or father, or brother; and



that scene when the great ship, let loose from her moorings, glided from the dock side is the last that some of us will forget in all our livessoldiers covering every inch of deck cheering as one man, and emotion on the face of every soul ashore-who indeed can ever forget it? Many other partings and sad wrenches Southampton sees and will see of which the world hears not. But she is also the happy place of reunion for those whose lives have been set far apart for a long while, and

almost any day at the docks, when a big passenger ship comes in, you may see people, who have come from London and elsewhere, waiting, with faces full of joy, for the first sight of their dear ones and friends. There is a great deal of human feeling and emotion oddly mingled with the commerce of the Southampton Docks.

Southampton in the past was no doubt a much more sightly city than it is to-day. In Henry VIII.'s reign it had, in the quaint language of Leland, "one of the fairest Streates that ys yn any Town of al England, and it is well builded for Timbre Building." Traces of faded beauty, as we have seen, are still to be found in the High Street

Netley

and lesser thoroughfares and alleys. The Norman arcaded walls, St. Michael's Church, and other buildings tell of a city once fair to look upon. Edward VI. was impressed by the fine appearance of Southampton, and declared it had "for the bigness of it as fine houses as be at London." It was quite a fashionable seaside place, too, at a much later date, as we glean from Camden, who speaks of the "elegant and commodious" buildings and of the "considerable company" which came to bathe in the sea. For sea-bathers Southampton has now no attractions, but great numbers of people pass through the town on their way to the Isle of Wight and to the New

Forest, which is at hand. We ought on no account to go away without seeing the ruins of Netley Abbey, which are on the east side of Southampton, opposite the New Forest.

Netley ruins are as beautiful to-day as they were in the time of Horace Walpole and of Thomas Gray, by both of whom they



have been described glowingly. "Oh, the purpled Abbots! what a spot they had chosen to slumber in!" said Walpole, who could only see the æsthetic side; but Gray, to whom a spot like this would appeal as much as the spires and towers of Eton itself, preferred to picture the Monk rather as an ascetic, walking in the shade of the hanging meadow telling his beads and resisting the tempta-

Hampshire

tion to gaze upon a scene over-splendid for the eye of a holy man. The "blue glistening sea" at Netley, says Gray; "the Southampton sea, deep blue glistening with silver and vessels," says Walpole: and it is in truth the water which helps greatly to make beautiful Netley matchless among the ruins of the South of England.



library of libraries, the Bodleian. I am here assuming the case of one who truly rejoices in noble buildings and the noble purposes to which they are put, and who comes to Winchester mindful of her great and wonderful story. But we have it from Dean Kitchen, whose little monograph I hope will long be a standard work on the subject, that Winchester's residents are not less charmed by what they see day after day and year after year than are Winchester's visitors. She is "a city which wins the undying affection of those who dwell under the influence of her charm." "It is not in death," says the same warm-hearted writer, "but in the beautiful tranquillity of serene old age that Winchester reposes in her sweet green valley low down among the swelling hills that compass her about. No English city has a nobler record in the past, or a life more peaceful in our rushing, hasteful age."

Yet Winchester, though famed rather for her story of Saxon and Norman days, and for the beauty of her buildings, than for her trade or prosperity to-day, has by no means slid into rust and decay. A brighter walk than the High Street it would be hard to find in any county town of about the same size. The shops—among which is a most excellent book store, a branch of Southampton's "Ye Old Booke Shop" - are varied and attractive; whilst the builders have respected many old walls, windows, and roofs, and such modern houses and improvements as they have given the best parts of the town, cannot be called brutally obtrusive. Thus, the general effect is new and old mingling with one another, if not insensibly, at least without any very glaring contrasts. Sometimes when the sun beats down from a cloudless sky the High Street is rather sultry, so that one may wish that it had the breadth of St. Giles at Oxford or "the Broad" of the same city; but then Winchester has what Oxford has not, trout streams of exquisite purity. It is very pleasant on a hot summer's day to lean over the bridge, by the very spot where St. Swithin built his bridge more than a thousand years ago,

Winchester Cathedral

and listen to Itchen roaring by the mill-wheel, or see the fat trout poising themselves in the narrow stream that runs by the Abbey gardens. Winchester is not a city which

can be rushed through. To enjoy the Cathedral and the School and St. Cross you must give up to them two long days at the very least, and then, if you can stay no longer, you will go, promising to return by-andby. The grey Gothic Cathedral, surrounded by its beautiful old redbrick deanery buildings with their bits of green lawn, is on the flat, the city dropping down to it from the steep on which the barracks and the old County Hall are set: whilst eastward lie the hills of white St. Giles and St. Catherine. crowned with the clump of trees seen in many a picture of Winchester. It is not the Cathedral of the



time of Egbert the Empire-maker, of the saintly Swithin, or his perfect pupil, Alfred, whose millenary we are about to

¹ Lovers of English oak, old and new, should turn to the right past the mill, and see the fine old rectory, now a furniture store. This is in Cheesehill Street.

celebrate; and therefore it does not belong to that period of our history in which we are now taking so great and proper an The churches of the Anglo-Saxons have gone, leaving less trace than the works of Celt and Roman who preceded them by centuries. But it is the Cathedral of the first of the Norman and Angevin kings, outlined by the Conqueror's kinsman Walkelin, consummated by William of Wykeham. The massy tower, the vast transepts are Walkelin's. The stones, they say, came up the Itchen from Southampton, fetched thither from Quarr Abbey in the Isle of Wight, and for wood for his roof the Bishop-builder went no further than Hemphage Wood, by the sweet valley watered by the Itchen, and distant only a few miles up the stream. Walkelin was not a man to do things by halves, so with "carpenters innumerable" he set to work, having his cousin William the First's permission, and cleared Hemphage of every tree save one, the Gospel Oak. For this deed Walkelin had presently to abase himself and crave pardon of the angry king, but to his glory some of those very trees are to be seen to-day, safe and sound after their nine centuries of service. Truly we may be proud of our oaks.

In the western front of the Cathedral, with its superb central doorway and its great window rich in Perpendicular tracery, you see the work of Edingdon, whose fame has been overshadowed by the greatness of his successor Wykeham, of whom Dean Kitchen has well said: "Very few are they to whom God has granted the happiness of having been able to achieve so much in their time." To Wykeham we owe three great national institutions, the completed Cathedral, Winchester School, and New College, Oxford. His works seem as undying as his fame.

I leave it to another hand to describe in detail the interior of Winchester Cathedral, with its seven exquisite

¹ The Cathedral, St. Cross, and William of Wykeham's School are described in some detail in the Gazetteer in Part III. of this book.

Roman Remains

chantries, rich altar-screen, Norman font, and many other objects of beauty and interest, and turn back to the Winchester of Saxon times.

The spade has given proof, and could give more, that Winchester was an important station during the Roman occupation. It was Venta Belgarum, the "white city" from which went forth the great Roman roads, that can be discerned in various parts of Hampshire to-day. One of these roads led to Silchester, the Calleva Attrebatum of the Romano-British, passing Popham Lane near the Micheldever Station of to-day. It was along a part of this road that Kingsley, in his historical romance "Hereward the Wake," pictured the "Last of the English" coming with his forty knights to see King William at Winchester. "Over the Blackwater by Sandhurst, and along the flats of Hartford Bridge, where the old furze-grown ruts show the trackway to this day. Down into the clayland forests of the Andredsweald, and up out of them again at Basing on to the clean crisp chalk turf, to strike at Popham Lane the Roman Road from Silchester, and hold it over the high downs, till they saw far below them the royal city of Winchester."

But the Roman occupation of Venta Belgarum, the Caer Gwent of the Briton, though no doubt important owing to the nearness of the place to Southampton Water and the station of Clausentum, and to its accessibility from Portus Magnus—Porchester—is to-day only of interest to antiquaries. It is the story of Winchester under the great Saxon kings, which has given her the fame that fades not. Whilst Wessex stood first among the kingdoms, Winchester was the capital of England, so that the history of the city from Egbert to the Norman Conquest, and indeed for some time afterwards, is little less than the history of England itself. As we have seen, there are no remains to-day of the great churches in which St. Swithin and his predecessors preached the Gospel brought to Wessex by Birinus in the seventh century, but the British Museum

and the Bodleian Library at Oxford do actually possess, the former the original of Ethelwulf's Charter of 854 or 855, the latter the Tropary of Ethelred. In the Charter or Donation of Ethelwulf, the king, under the good influence no doubt of his Bishop Swithin, gave a tenth part of the crown lands of Wessex to the Church. booked the tenth part of his lands," says King Alfred's Chronicle, "to God's praise and his own eternal welfare." The Tropary of Ethelred was an MS. compiled for the use of the organ at Winchester Cathedral during the reign of Ethelwold, when Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, was inspiring the monastic revival movement during the latter part of the tenth century, and it gives the music used at that time in the St. Swithin's service at Winchester. We are often reproached by foreign critics for what is looked upon as our overweening pride in strength, wealth, and Empire. But no one could justly blame us for being proud of possessing treasures like these, which, with Alfred's Chronicle and William's Doomsday Book, form a collection of priceless value. What Teutonic country but England can claim to possess an official history, written by one of its kings a thousand years ago, or an official national survey compiled by another of its rulers two centuries later? A mighty fleet of iron ships and riches to draw upon in times of need and an Empire on which the sun sets not are great things for a nation to have, and should make for patriotism, without which all the material resources of a country are as wretched dust. But there are other things that go to adorn the life of a nation, and are intellectual rather than carnal in their glory; that serve even to remind us of the wise statesmanship of the good and great rulers who moulded us into a nation, gave us religion, laws, and literature. There is a lamentable saying, heard too often in England to-day, that money will buy anything. It is a piece of dangerous and lying cynicism. Rob us but in thought of the morals of Milton, the tongue of Shakespeare, the perfect patriotism of Alfred the

King Egbert

Great, and see how we shrink and dwindle from our high estate!

Winchester is no great trading place, nor does she help to equip the armies and fleets which two other Hampshire towns, Aldershot and Portsmouth, hold and send forth to defend the Empire; but it was within her walls that Birinus, first Bishop of the Cathedral, offered Christianity to Wessex, that good Ethelwulf fostered the Church which Cynegils and Cenwalh had established, that Alfred with his own hands wrote the history of his beloved people, that Doomsday was kept by order of the Conqueror. She has therefore a claim upon the affection of all patriotic English people, and of Americans too, who should feel proud of the

ancient records of the Anglo-Saxon people.

We may look upon the greatness of Winchester as beginning with King Edgar, under whom Wessex became the overlord of Mercia and Northumbria. That was at the commencement of the ninth century, but no doubt the Empire-founder of the Saxon kings was Egbert, who died in 836, and whose bones are said to still lie in one of those lovely chests which rest on the choir screen of the Cathedral. Egbert laid the foundations of the kingdom of England, ruled an empire where Cynric had ruled a kingdom. He was the first of a long succession of Saxon kings, none of whom seem to have been really bad, several of whom were good and brave and intelligent. There was Ethelwulf, the monkish king, who, inspired by Swithin, did not hesitate to arm and take the field against the scourging Danish host that had begun to overrun England before Egbert ruled over Angle-kin; and then came Ethelred to carry on the struggle; and after him, Alfred, the hero-king of our history. Alfred, born at Wantage in Berkshire, a land of downs as is the country near Winchester, like Ethelwulf, came under the influence of Swithin, than whom few princes have had a wiser mentor. It is a pity that round both king and bishop some stories scarcely sensible or illuminating have been suffered to grow, till it

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has come about that English children cannot think of Swithin apart from forty days of rain or shine, or Alfred apart from burnt cakes. Swithin, unfortunately for us, had no one to paint so fine a portrait of himself as Eadmer painted of Bishop Anselm, but the good lives lived by those whom he taught and watched over in their youth tells strongly in his favour. His own acts, moreover, "smell sweet and blossom in the dust." That he had constructive genius is shown by the fact that he caused the bridge that bore his name to be built, and that the wall round the city,



which was made at his advice, long guarded from the Winchester Danes. It is certain. too, that he strove strenuously for Church as well as State, and it is scarcely rash to attribute number of churches in the Winchester of old to some extent to his How modest energy. was Swithin is shown by his desire to be

buried, not in the Cathedral but in the garth without, where passers-by might tread over his body and the rains fall on his grave. Swithin died in 862, after having served Egbert as priest, and advised and helped several later kings, and helped to mould and set young Alfred's character.

In 871 Alfred, preferred to his brother's sons, was chosen king, and for a long while all his energies must have been taken up in the work of beating back the Danes, who had succeeded in burning Winchester during Swithin's life, and who were now closing in again upon Wessex. After many struggles and disappointments, Alfred managed to inflict a decisive defeat upon Guthrum and his horde, which resulted in the great Peace of Wedmore. Wessex was

Anglo-Saxon Chronicle

definitely divided from the Danelau, and Winchester became more than ever the city of the English. chester Alfred reigned, making it the home of literature and art and education. He started the great Chronicle and for many years kept, with his own hand, this unique diary of his people. Thanks to Alfred, says Mr. Freeman, we alone among the Teutonic peoples have "a continuous national record from our first coming into our present land." Several copies of the Chronicle were made. and until lately it was believed that the MS. now in the library of Corpus, Cambridge, was Alfred's own. On this subject I have consulted Mr. C. W. Moule, fellow and librarian of the College, who has kindly replied to me: "It was once thought that the copy—in our Parker Collection of MSS.—of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, or rather of the Alfredian Chronicle, which brings the narrative down to 802 and forms the first thirty-three pages of the existing volume, was the original, written under the eyes and editorship of King Alfred. It is now, however, the general opinion of scholars that neither any other existing copy, nor ours, is the original. Our copy—i.e. the thirtythree pages—is all in one hand, and was certainly written at Winchester (indeed the volume does not seem to have gone to Canterbury before the eleventh century) not long after Alfred's time, but perhaps not even directly from the original. The second volume of Mr. Plummer's valuable book. 'Two of the Saxon Chronicles Parallel,' contains the Introduction to his work, and in this Introduction he inquires into the origin and growth of the Chronicle, and into the relative value of the MSS. of the Chronicle. quote one sentence. On the whole, I think the general tendency of our inquiry has been to lower somewhat the prestige of A'(i.e. of our C.C.C. copy), by disproving its claim to be an original, and showing that it is . . . a copy of a copy,' i.e. he thinks he has shown it was copied not directly from Alfred's original (which he calls Æ), but from a very early copy of that original (which he

calls æ). This æ he believes to have been 'the common original,' as far as the year 892, of our copy A and of two other existing copies (B and C), and of those parts of two others (D and E) which are common to them with A, B, and C. As to this point, namely, whether our copy is 'a copy of a copy,' there may be different opinions, though the evidence Mr. Plummer adduces is strong: but it seems to be certainly not the original Chronicle of Alfred. That original, it is to be feared, is for ever lost. Mr. Plummer's Introduction is most careful and of great interest to all who concern themselves with the Chronicle. Our copy, I may add, even if its prestige is somewhat lowered, remains a

most precious document."

It is as the projector and the editor of the Chronicle, and as the translator of several works, amongst them Bede's History and Boethius's "Consolation of Philosophy," rather than as an author, that Alfred shines out from the darkness of an almost bookless age in England; and though Venerable Bede, author of the Historia Ecclesiastica, and poet Cædmon, of the famous Anglo-Saxon sacred epics, preceded him by upwards of two centuries, we need scarcely hesitate to look upon our hero-king as the father of English Literature. Alfred, says Mr. Green, "created English literature": with him "English History begins." We may still dispute with warmth about the merits if not about the greatness of Cromwell, and may differ as to the character of William of Orange; some indeed have striven to show that the Red King himself was far from being the very bad man all the writers of Chronicle painted him: but no serious person questions Alfred's great qualities as ruler.

The evidence of Asser, Alfred's biographer, is now practically unquestioned, and to-day we find all who have studied the glorious Alfredian period of our history agreeing that this king's single aim was to do his people good. The light that beats upon a throne has exposed the follies and weaknesses of many rulers, but the more it

The Happy Warrior

beats on Alfred, the nobler he seems to emerge from the ordeal. We see in him the benign statesman and the great editor. Alfred is the "happy warrior." Many centuries ahead of his time, he sees the value of education for his people, and makes Winchester the home of learning, literature, and the arts. Compared with the grand era of Alfred, the reigns of many later kings of England seem to belong to a dark and uncivilised time. You may certainly skip over all the reigns between the beginning of the tenth century and Edward the First to come to a time as good as Alfred's. Edward the First was no doubt a greater legislator than Alfred, perhaps a greater organiser of England, but not so perfect a king. We might well apply to this great ruler and delightful Englishman, Milton's eulogy of Shakespeare:—

"What needs my Alfred for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in pilèd stones?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir to fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument!"

Winchester's golden age is the reign of Alfred, but her greatness by no means leaves her on his death a thousand years ago. Among Alfred's successors we find good and strenuous warrior kings, such as Edward the Elder, who could claim to be king of all England, and Athelstan, who overthrew Dane and Heathen at the famous battle of Brunanburgh: and several of these kings profited by the wise counsel of Dunstan, the great Church-Statesman. But the greatest king of Anglo-Saxon times, who ruled after Alfred, was Canute the Dane, and then we see in Winchester the centre of a kingdom, stretching from England to Scandinavia. He is the puissant king, about whom the fascinating old legend of the flattering courtiers and the waves of the sea-shore is told: he the lover of justice who

forbids any Dane, presuming on his ruler's origin, to wrong an Englishman. We may look on Canute as an alien or an interloper, but we must admit that he is the greatest figure of Anglo-Saxon England after Alfred the Truth-teller. The Dane, too, has left his mark on Wessex, and his language appears to this day in the names of some of our villages. Canute's bones, according to tradition, lie in one of the chests on Bishop Fox's screen, keeping strangest company with those of William Rufus.

Alfred was the greatest of the early educationalists, but five centuries after him there appeared at Winchester the man whose triple achievement. Winchester Cathedral, Winchester School, and New College, Oxford, has been quite unimpaired by all the years which have passed between his time and ours. It is not long since both Winchester College, which Wykeham commenced in 1387, and New College, Oxford, which he conceived on behalf of Winchester scholars, celebrated their five hundredth anniversaries, and neither institution was ever held in higher repute than it is to-day. The names of boys intended for Winchester must be years on the books; whilst matriculation at New College, compared with that of a good many other Oxford Colleges, is quite a severe test. Delightful is it to wander on a summer's day through the courtyard and chapel and nooks and corners of Wykeham's foundation at Winchester, and when these have been seen, turn to the water-meadows by the old school, and follow the course of Itchen by Old Barge or down at St. Cross. The college is set in the quietest part of the city, and there are few, if any, glaring modern buildings to offend the eye at this spot. Much of Wykeham's own work remains practically untouched, such as the school, the magna illa domus of its founder, and now called the "Seventh Chamber." Winchester is a city of oak, and all the woodwork in the College was made from that splendid tree, except perhaps the groined roof of the chapel, which some believe to be of Spanish chestnut, and

Winchester College

the trenchers of the scholars still used for the midday meal, and always made of beech.

Winchester is the prototype of our great public schools which have played no small part in the making of England. Eton itself has to acknowledge its debt to this school, which gave it a first head-master in William of Waynflete. So every corner in the place and every college custom and antiquity is of interest to those who admire our public school system. One takes pleasure in seeing the familiar sign of the trusty servant and the eternally true motto, "Manners Makyth Man," and the names of past scholars carved on the wood of the old school and the pithy rule of life for the scholars—Aut disce, aut discede; manet sors tertia coedi—and even the black leathern drinkingjacks and other curios in the porter's lodge. These may be seen at any time, but to hear the famous Dulce Domum song, one must be present when the time comes for the school to break up in wild enthusiasm on the eve of the Midsummer holidays. Soon after that joyous chorus has ceased, the place sinks into a repose as sweet and deep as that of an Oxford college and its old gardens during the long vacation.

When Cromwell came with his cannon to storm Winchester, which, like Basing, was a Royalist stronghold, the College, thanks to the loyalty of two old Winchester boys who were amongst his officers, escaped, the rude troopers even sparing the figure of the Virgin Mary over the gateway: but other buildings in the city suffered. Close to the College are the remains of Wolvesley, the once sumptuous castle where Queen Mary received Philip of Spain. Cromwell's soldiers shattered Wolvesley, and laid rough hands on the royal palace of Henry the Third on Castle Hill above. Of the Palace, on the site of which the barracks now stand, there is little to be seen except the great hall with the "Round Table of King Arthur" of our beautiful old legends hanging above the seat the king

was wont to take.

British Arthur and Saxon Alfred and Danish Canute and Norman William, these are the greatest rulers of whom this wonderful old town has associations and remains; and no less rich is her list of famous teachers and churchmen, amongst them Birinus and Swithin and Eadmer and Wankelin and Wykeham and Wayneflete of Eton. And when Cathedral and College and Castle have each been re-



verently examined, there still crowd upon one many other objects of beauty and interest in the city. In the High Street, half-way up the hill there is the West Gate, which was the boundary of Winchester on that side in the time of the third Henry; and the City Cross and Godbegot House 1 with its rich woodwork. of Soke Bridge and the mill, there is the steep white escarpment of St. Giles's Hill, where Waltheof, last of the great English rebels against

William the Conqueror, was executed, and where Walkelyn first held the great St. Giles's Fair which made the Winchester of Norman times a centre of commerce. Then there is the site and the few lingering fragments of Hyde Abbey, the Newar Mynstere which Alfred the Great made as a burying-place for himself and those who followed him; and there are many lesser churches in different parts of the city. But the grandest building

^{1 101} High Street.

Dulce Domum

of all after the Cathedral (and indeed quite equal to the Cathedral itself in beauty of conception and execution) is the Hospital Church of St. Cross, which, as we have seen, may be reached by a path through the meadows by the shining Itchen. The Norman builders had a horror of monotony, as shown by many specimens of Gothic art in England, but such rich and splendid variety as St. Cross Church has is rarely to be seen. Wykeham and Cardinal Beaufort and Bishop Henry de Blois all seem to have had a hand in St. Cross, though the last named, who was the founder of the Hospital in the twelfth century, must be awarded the chief honour. So great is the variety of design in St. Cross that it almost may be said each pillar, arch, and corbel has a feature of its own. days charity was entirely in the hands of the religious houses, and the hospitality of St. Cross was extended to every wanderer who came within its gates. stranger," says William Howitt, "from the days of King Stephen to the present hour, on presenting himself at that wicket but was, and is, entitled to receive bread and beer."

From St. Cross one may find one's way across the stream and ascend St. Catherine's Hill, "Hills" as it is called by the School. This is the place where tradition says the author of *Dulce Domum*, a lad kept from home during the holidays, used to wander, cutting out the mizmaze which may still be seen in the turf and in the end dying of home-sickness. They say that he pined away his life during his solitary holidays and died under the tree where he wrote the *Dulce Domum* song. The *Domum* Tree was shown not so many years ago. 'Tis a legend, with perhaps as little foundation on fact as those very early Winchester stories about Swithin and Alfred and Dunstan, but at least a pretty and an innocent one.

ITINERARY THE SECOND (continued)

GLORIOUS WINCHESTER

II. DOWN AND DALE

Roads about Winchester—Roman road to Sorbiodunum—Road to Stockbridge—Near Crawley Clumps—A fine view—Crawley village—Popham Beacon—The Candovers—The Bullington stream—Hampshire farm-houses—Importance of agriculture to England—Old peasant families—Winchester to Selborne—Itchen village—The Tichborne Dole—Battle of Cheriton—Truffle-hunting at Cheriton—Twyford—Keble's Hampshire home—Memories of Winchester.

INCHESTER is set in a pleasant land, the chief features of which are the rolling chalk downs to the north and the rich meadows of the Itchen south and. north-east. There are some excellent roads from the city piercing the surrounding district, and many trips by road or rail may be made from Winchester. The line from Waterloo to Southampton passes through the town and takes the traveller along the Itchen by the pretty little village of Shawford, where the lower parts of the stream are seen at their very best, and by Bishop Stoke, famous among trout fishermen, Stoneham, where fine salmon are still taken, and Bitterne at the estuary, in which antiquaries have recognised the Roman trading port named Clausentum. A second line comes into Winchester from Farnham and Alton, following closely the greater part of the upper Itchen above the

¹ Near Stoneham is Wood Mill. "At Wood Mylle," in the quaint language of Leland's "Itinerary," "is good takings of salmon."

To Stockbridge

city, and having stations at the small town of Alresford and the village of Itchen Abbas.

But to most thoroughly enjoy the country about Winchester you must drive, or cycle, or go afoot. Due west of the city there are still some remains of the Roman road from Venta Belgarum to Sorbiodunum (our Salisbury) to be The Roman road ran straight to what is now Kings Sombourn across the Test, and thence probably northward by Broughton — which, as mentioned in a previous chapter, may be the Brige of Antoninus—and Buckholt, a forest that has long ago disappeared. by this road in 1086 that William the Conqueror travelled to Sarum to receive the oaths of fealty from his barons. He went on from Sarum to Normandy, and England never saw him more. North of this ancient thoroughfare are two excellent modern roads leading out of Winchester, one to Stockbridge, the other to Andover. The Stockbridge road runs through the village of Week, which has a small, very picturesque Norman church. a lonely road, and between Week and Stockbridge only one inn is passed, the unambitious Rack and Manger; but the last mile or two of the twelve to be covered between the Itchen and the Test towns has scenery worth seeing. The road is here unfenced, passing over high breezy downs, with little oak and birch coppices, full of furred and feathered game, lying on the left-hand side. Lainston and Stockbridge there is not a building, I fancy, within sight of the road, which near Worlbury Hill, with its British camp and white horse cut in the chalk, reaches a point where a fine view of the Vale of the Test can be enjoyed before the descent into Stockbridge town is made.

For extensive views, however, and for the best scenery of these bracing Hampshire downs, the more northerly road from Winchester towards Andover is the best. This, too, was once a Roman road, leading from Venta Belgarum to Corinium (Cirencester), passing through Harewood Forest and East Anton, a hamlet of Andover. It is up and down

Hampshire

hill to the top of the down, on which are the sheltering beeches known as Crawley Clumps. Here, near the milestone, are several fine views of north Hampshire. Quarley Clumps show up on the left at several points; Harewood Forest and Doles Woods five miles beyond, and finally, lofty Conholt, in the blue distance, may all be seen to the north-west; and if you know the landmarks of the northwest parts of Hampshire, you will be able to distinguish the barren hills of Combe north of these three, with Sidown



and Beacon Hill clear on the horizon due north of where you stand. On a warm summer day I like to sit down on the roadside turf by Crawley Clumps and eat my sandwiches there, for it is a fair spot for a midday picnic. Near this spot, which is five miles from Winchester, a road to the left leads through the belt of beech-trees over Crawley Down, into Crawley village. On the down the view is at least as fine as on the road by the Clumps, but by far the finest view of all among these high downs is near the White Hart inn between Crawley village and Leckford. One may reach it by going down into the hollow in which Crawley village lies, and, turning to the right just before the church is reached, following the rough grassy drove that winds round into the high-road between Stock-

Crawley

bridge and Sutton Scotney; but this way is not possible for cyclists or for people who are driving. The alternate and the easier way is to leave Crawley Down and the village to the left, and take the first turning to the left two miles further along the Winchester and Andover road, reaching the White Hart in another three miles from that

point.

A few hundred yards north-west of the lonely-looking little inn and up the small road to Leckford is the view which to my mind is unsurpassed by any in the interior of Hampshire. It is superb. Doles and Combe and the wooded heights, on which the distant out-of-the-world village of Linkenholt is perched, are all seen clearly to the north, and I fancy that I have distinguished, lying west of Doles Woods, a portion of Collingbourne Woods in Wiltshire, which belong to the great Savernake estate. I shall never forget my feelings of delight when that view first opened out before me one autumn day, whilst I was cycling among these downs. It was an entire surprise, for I expected to find no more views that day equal to those I had been enjoying from the Andover and Winchester road and Crawley Down. Crawley village, which lies in one of the few sheltered spots among these windy exposed downs, is of no particular interest or beauty. The church, which has some Early English work, is surrounded by fine timber, and can show one tall vigorous yew. Did Thackeray, I wonder, think of his "Vanity Fair" characters as living in this district? Sir Pitt Crawley's place, we know, was near Winchester, and in this county we find both a Crawley and a Pit.

The down country is seen perhaps at its wildest about Crawley, but branch and lesser roads east of this Winchester and Andover highway will take one through a lonely and thinly populated land. Between Winchester and Crawley Clumps there is the road on the right, leading with an arrow-like straightness to Wonston and thence through Bullington to Whitchurch. They who love

strong fresh air and an open country should visit Worthing Down to the east of the Winchester and Andover road, crossing the line north-east of the racecourse and returning to the city by the Basingstoke road. Two stations from Winchester is Micheldever, formerly known as Andover Road Station. At Popham Beacon, a high spot close by, there is a beautiful view of north-west Hampshire. The hills about Kingsclere and Burghclere stand forth finely to the north, and woods and hills lie stretched out even to the Wiltshire border. It is a good plan, I think, for the cyclist to take his machine by rail from Winchester to Micheldever Station, and ride back by one of several pleasant ways. He may ride to Steventon, where Jane Austen spent her girlhood, and strike the Basingstoke and Winchester road at Popham Lane, a journey in all of some twenty miles, or he may lengthen the way by going farther east and returning to Winchester through the Candovers and past Lord Ashburton's place, the Grange. The latter way is through a flat, tame, and uninteresting country, but it gives a good idea of the agricultural heart of the country. Until the summit of the hill on the north side of the Grange is reached one will look in vain for anything like a good view of the country. From that hill many miles of North-west Hampshire are to be seen far beyond Micheldever. clear autumn day I thought I could distinguish Harewood Forest, and even Doles Woods on the chalk hill heights beyond. The villages Preston Candover, Chilton Candover, and Brown Candover have no particular interest or beauty. Of the three, Preston is the most attractive and the largest, whilst Chilton Candover has an avenue of vews believed to be very ancient. The old church at Preston has now all but gone, the small portion still standing being used only for burial services. On the whole I do not recommend this way save to those who desire to visit all parts of the country.

Much more inviting is the road south-west from

Hampshire Farm-houses

Micheldever, which takes one six miles down into the fair Vale of the Test close to the hamlet of Bransbury. From Bransbury it is nine miles to Winchester through Barton Stacey; I have touched on both these villages and their surroundings in the first Itinerary of this volume. Instead of riding right down into the vale of the Test one can turn to the left at Tidbury Hill, five miles from Popham Beacon, and make for Winchester through the beautiful village of Bullington and by Sutton on the Bullington tributary of the Test. This way will save a few miles, but it is scarcely so interesting as the longer route. Bullington is not the only pretty village on this bright little trout stream. East of Sutton, through which one passes by the straight, direct way to Winchester, is a group of villages by the Bullington stream, Wonston, Stoke Charity, and Micheldever, which is over two miles south of the station. Hunton has a tiny church with a tiny red-brick tower, and is, like Bullington Church, of Quakerish simplicity. Stoke Charity has a shingle spire, and Micheldever a fine stone tower. Each building is worth examining. Stoke has a tomb in a finely panelled recess, and Micheldever still retains its ancient embattled tower which belongs to the Perpendicular age of architecture. Along this little valley, with its neat villages and churches hidden among the elms, vou will see several of those red-brick farm-houses which are such delightful features of agricultural Hampshire. Ivv covers the walls of some, and the gardens are bright and well kept. I rejoice in a Hampshire farm-house with its great farmyard, and sometimes with its orchard surrounded by a red-brick wall adorned by nature with yellow and grey lichens, clusters of red apples just showing over the top to make the mouths of the passers-by water. Places of ancient peace these old houses look, so solid and comfortable; so uninfected by the spirit of change and the garishness of city life. People talk carelessly of agriculture being a spent force, an industry decayed beyond repair in this country, but what a strange, sad-looking land

our old England would be without its farm and agricultural village life and scenes! England, say what they will, is agricultural yet, and it is that noble industry which has played a great part in making her what she is to-day. These downs and dales breed the men who are the grit of the working classes in the towns of England, and who man our Navy and Army. Call no English village, no matter how remote its position and how sleepy its appearance, unimportant. The ancestors of the woodman and carter and shepherd have all had a hand in the making of England. Truly the labour of the peasant is one of dignity, worthy the respect of patriotic Englishmen. In these villages, too, we may find many good old English families. Often a family will dwell in the same thatched cottage generation after generation, and in the same sequestered village century after century. Tradition has it that, in the year 1100, Purkess, a charcoal-burner of the New Forest, was given an acre or so of land as a reward for conveying the dead body of the Red King part of the way to Winchester: Lord Palmerston mentioned in a debate in the House of Commons, that in 1859 there was still a Purkess owning the very land granted to his forbear. Who after this could say that there were not fine old families among our sturdy English peasants?

A trip from Winchester to Selborne and back is easily accomplished in a long summer day. The journey from Winchester to Alton by train takes only about fifty minutes, and at Alton one can hire a carriage at one of the inns and drive over to Selborne, the distance being five miles. The cyclist will find the road between Winchester and Selborne a good and direct one, and the distance not over twenty miles, and he may return by train from Alton or Medstead. The way is by the valley of the Itchen as far as Alresford, and thence by Ropley and East Tisted villages, a verdant land of much quiet beauty. The more interesting part of the journey is that between Winchester and Alresford. The upper Itchen is not in my opinion

The Itchen Valley

equal in the beauty and romantic character of its scenery to the upper Test. It has no wild marsh like Bransbury Common, and no villages quite so fair as Longparish or Wherwell, but the vegetation is luxuriant, and several of the churches are most interesting. There is King's Worthy church—the king being William the Conqueror—with its ancient cross let into the eastern wall, and Martyr's Worthy with fine Norman doors, a feature which never ceases to delight me in many of our old country churches. It is possible that the first mile or two of the road, after Winchester has been left behind, may disappoint a little considering its reputation for beauty, but at Itchen Abbas the scenery is really delightful, if on a small scale. On the Avington side of the stream there is a great variety of foliage, though the timber is not large, and in summer the riverside is a perfect jungle of green things. cottages, and prosperous houses standing in pleasant grounds, and the rectories all along this happy valley are tempting In May the cuckoo shouts from early morn till sun-down, and nightingales, reed and sedge warblers are scarcely ever silent for an hour during the twenty-four. At Avington Park, which is on the side of the river opposite Itchen Abbas, various scarce and interesting birds have been found. Of wood and water, which the birds most love, there is plenty here, but Hemphage Wood, south of Avington, has long since disappeared, though some of its once noble oaks, as we have seen, still adorn the roof of Winchester Cathedral, thanks to Walkelyn. East of Itchen Abbas is Itchen Stoke, with a modern church that may interest the traveller of two or three centuries hence, when time, slowest but surest of beautifiers, has roughened and toned down the walls and roof. A little distance beyond this village the road crosses the stream, and one may bear to the left for Alresford, or to the right if the village of Tichborne and the battle-field of Cheriton The direct way to Selborne is through Alresford, but there is another though a much longer way by Tich-

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borne, Cheriton, Bramsdean, and Filmer Hill. Tichborne is decidedly a pretty village. The mansion looks more ancient than it actually is, the old moated house having been pulled down at the beginning of the nineteenth century. At Cheriton the country is undistinguished, but at Bramsdean it begins to improve. The Fox Inn, with its long windows and white woodwork, is a picturesque old hostelry, and a little beyond this quiet spot the road has lawns of turf on either side. Here is the late Colonel Greenwood's miniature Avebury or Stonehenge, and the cairn of stones under which he had his charger buried. At the George Inn one must take the turning to the left, and mount that long steep hill, Filmer. Near the top is the new line from Alton to Fareham, which when finished will pierce one of the fairest districts of the country, the land of the Meonwaras, lying a few miles to the southwest. And now comes a park-like district with much short crisp turf and many beeches, and presently East Tisted and after that a four-mile ride, past Var Down on the right and Newton Valence on the left, into the village of Selborne. But I must turn back many a mile to say something of Tichborne and of Cheriton, which lie by the head-waters of one branch of the Itchen.

The name Tichborne is familiar to every ear by reason of the great trial of a quarter of a century ago, but a famous story of much older date, probably partly true, partly mythical, clings to the place. For centuries the great Tichborne Dole drew the poor once in each year to the village, and the legend that survives is to this effect: When the Lady Mabella lay sick unto death, she besought her husband Sir Roger de Tychborne, the founder of the Norman-built church which stands upon the hill away from the village, to grant her the power of leaving a charity in the shape of a dole of bread to be given to the poor each year, at the feast of the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary. He promised, towards the proposed charity, the produce of as much land as she could

" Crawls"

travel over on foot. The sick lady rose, and being set down in the park, in spite of her excessive weakness and her nearness to death, did contrive to crawl round a goodly piece of land. The space round which she moved still bears the name of "Crawls," though more than a hundred years ago the form of the dole—originally consisting, it is said, of 1900 small loaves—was changed, a sum of money being distributed to the poor in its stead. Lady Mabella, the story runs, after being taken back to her bed to die, foretold the prosperity of her family whilst the dole was continued, but left her curse on any descendant of hers who should be so mean as to abolish it: the Tichborne family, she prophesied, in such a case would become extinct.

Cheriton has a story of less ancient times to tell. Hampshire has many battle-fields, among them Cerdices Ford, near Fordingbridge,—the Charford of to-day—where the Saxons threw back the British host, and Basing, where Alfred defeated the Danes, and possibly Ellingham, which is thought by some to be that Ellandune where Egbert, after patiently waiting for more than twenty years for his chance, shook off the yoke of Mercia: but no Hampshire fight of historical times, unless we except the hot struggles round Basing House at the same period, equals in interest the Battle of Cheriton in 1644. To the south-east of the village, in Lamberry Lane, there are still to be seen traces of the hot fight in the form of mounds which are supposed to cover the bodies of soldiers killed on that decisive day.¹

Mr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner, whose birthplace, Ropley, is only a few miles from Cheriton, in his famous book "The Great Civil War," gives a brief but graphic description of this defeat of the Royalist army by Waller, which, says Lord Clarendon, broke all the measures and altered the whole scheme of the King's Council. The opposing forces were

¹ About "Lamberry Mounds" various coins and fragments of armour of Stuart times have been discovered.

fairly equal, that of the Parliamentarians, which consisted in all of 10,000 men, being slightly superior in numbers. The position seemed favourable in various ways to the Royalists, who were under the cautious Forth, a general of the stamp of the old Roman, Fabius Cunctator. The Royalists held the road to London, and the Parliamentary troops, in case of a defeat, knew well that they could not look for help from Essex and Manchester, owing to fiery Rupert's recent successful engagement at Newark. In this dispiriting case Waller and his council decided on March 28, the night before the battle, to retire from their position a mile or two south of the Royalists and close to the village of Hinton Ampner. Mr. Gardiner thus describes the battle of March 29, and the events that led up to it:—

"A council of war decided to retreat, and in the dark hours of the night Lisle learnt from the sound of rolling wheels that it had already commenced. If, however, the retreat was begun, it was soon countermanded. Whatever military prudence might dictate, the advice of the council of war was hateful to the sturdy Puritanism which made much possible to man by believing all things to be possible 'Surely,' said Captain Birch to Hazelig, to God. 'we fear whether that were God's cause we have in hand; for did we assuredly believe it, when He calls us to fight with His enemies, we should not run from them; for man's extremity is God's opportunity.' As officer in charge of the outposts, Birch took care, by keeping his men in contact with the enemy, to make it difficult for the army to draw back. Time was gained, and at the break of day Waller, who probably repented of the pusillanimous decision of the preceding evening, took advantage of a thick mist which filled the valley to throw a considerable force into Cheriton Wood on the higher ground in front of his right wing. Some two hours after dawn Lisle, finding himself outflanked, fell back from his advanced position, leaving the ridge to be occupied by Waller.

Battle of Cheriton

"The occupation of Cheriton Wood was not the only act by which Waller vindicated his title to be the best chooser of the ground' amongst the commanders of his day. Between him and the Royalist army lay a depression, shallow by the wood on his right but broadening out into a wide and comparatively deep valley opposite his centre and left. At the bottom was an open common, whilst the hedges on both sides were covered by enclosed fields. Waller's quick eye saw how to utilise the accident of the locality, and, abandoning the usual practice of drawing up cavalry on the wings, placed his horse on the common in front of his foot, in order that it might be ready to attack the enemy's cavalry if it poured in disorder out of the lane which offered its only means of access to the

open ground.

"In spite of his gout Forth had come out from Alresford to take the command of the Royalists. He had entrusted the left wing to Hopton, who, as soon as he saw the advantage which had been gained by Waller, ordered Colonel Appleyard to clear Cheriton Wood. After a sharp struggle Appleyard effected his object, and Hopton would have gladly pushed the success home by a charge with both horse and foot along the ridge on which the bulk of Waller's army lay, especially as it gave signs of being shaken by its failure to hold the wood. Forth, however, always a cautious tactician, shrank from the risk involved in Hopton's proposal. It would be better, he thought, to allow the enemy the choice between an attack at a disadvantage and a retreat which, as the Royalists were in possession of his line of communication with London, could hardly fail to end in disaster. If Waller's army were ruined, not only would Kent and Sussex lie open to the invaders, but Manchester and Essex would perforce be summoned to the rescue, leaving Rupert time to complete his preparations for the defence of the North against the Scots.

[&]quot;Such were the chances which hung upon the fortunes of

the day. In the Royalist armies, generals might scheme aright, but victory or defeat depended on the ill-considered zeal of some high-spirited officer, too untamed to allow military discipline to stand in his way when he was burning to strike a gallant blow at the rebels he despised. time it was young Sir Henry Bard who, in defiance of orders, galloped down the hill into the fatal valley at the head of his regiment. Unsupported for a time, he was soon surrounded and his followers annihilated; but this movement had made it impossible for Forth to persist in his Fabian tactics, and Sir Edward Stawell was despatched to the succour of the impetuous Paladin, too late to be of service to his comrades. For a full half-hour Stawell fought on. He succeeded in driving back the enemy's horse on the common; but he flung himself in vain upon the Parliamentary artillery drawn up behind the hedges on the hillside beyond. His troops were driven back in another rout, and he was himself left as a wounded prisoner in the enemy's hands.

"If Stawell was defeated, it was not because he was left entirely without support. Other cavalry regiments had been ordered down, but the lane which led to the open ground was so narrow that the reinforcements arrived slowly, and as soon as the Parliamentary horse was again in possession of the common, it could fall upon each regiment as it entered and overpower it before help came. Never, by the confession of friend and foe, had the Cavaliers fought so vigorously as they did under these adverse circumstances, and if cowardice was shown at all on their side it was only by the soldiers of the Queen's Regiment. which was composed mainly of Frenchmen who were without spirit for a fight in which their national sympathies were not engaged. For three hours the gallant English gentlemen struggled in vain to win the common. Yet, if they could not win the open ground, their foot lining the hedges on the northern slope made it impossible for Waller to push his advantage home. At last Hazelig spied a

Truffle-hunting

gap between the enemy's horse and foot. Thrusting his troopers into the unoccupied place, he gained a position which decided the battle. Sullenly the Royalists drew back, leaving their best and bravest, amongst them Lord John Stuart, one of Lennox's gallant brothers, and Sir John Smith, who had snatched the standard from the secretary at Edgehill, dead or dying on the ground.

"And now Forth, braced up by adversity, which had

befallen his army through no fault in his own strategy, showed true skill and thoroughness in generalship. He gathered together his force and withdrew without the loss of a gun. He marched first towards Winchester, and then turned north, making for Basing Castle. Yet in spite of this, the defeat was a heavy blow for the king's cause, and in particular it made the cherished scheme for the invasion of Kent and Sussex impossible. Cheriton proved that neither strategical skill nor Rupert-like dashes of brilliant cavalry could make up for the want of discipline which was a fatal defect in the king's force."

About Cheriton truffle-hunting was at one time a regular business among a few folk, as it seems to have been in other parts of the south country. The Rev. Henry Barber, vicar of Cheriton, has told me that in 1896 there was buried in the churchyard in this village, an old man called Isaac Leech, who lived chiefly by truffle-hunting. He has often been known to find several pounds of truffles a day in the downs called Gander or Winchester Downs, and also in the hilly places close to the village. His old dog still (1899) survives. It is about the size of a roughhaired terrier, white and curly-haired all over. It belongs to a woman in the village called "Miss Shuttle."

We have been travelling round Winchester, beginning at the old Roman road to Sorbiodunum, which ran due west from the city, till we have reached the Winchester and Alresford road, which runs due east after Headborne Worthy is passed. Turning now to the south of Winchester, we find the road that runs past St. Catherine's Hill along the Itchen and through beautiful Twyford. Twyford has often been called the Queen of Hampshire villages, and it is a charming spot. This village is set irregularly on a hill overlooking the Itchen. Its modern and comfortable small houses go not ill with the older homes of the peasantry, and clearly the gay gardens of Twyford are a joy and pride to the cottagers. Three beautiful ash-trees, their trunks covered with ivy, grow



by the roadside on the little hill at the foot of which the village begins, and one sees with pleasure, among those true south-country village trees, the darkfoliaged, bird-beloved elms, the rectory with its pleasant view of Shawford across the Itchen, and even the saddler's little shop in the main street with its spick and span win-

dows. A sweet spot altogether. A mile beyond Twyford Park the Fareham road leaves the river valley and passes by Fishers Pond and Marwell farm, through a flat land of oaks and pasturage, to Bishops Waltham. It is not a pretty road at all, and I would advise those who wish to see the fine old ruins of Waltham to visit the place when they are staying in or near Portsmouth rather than Winchester.

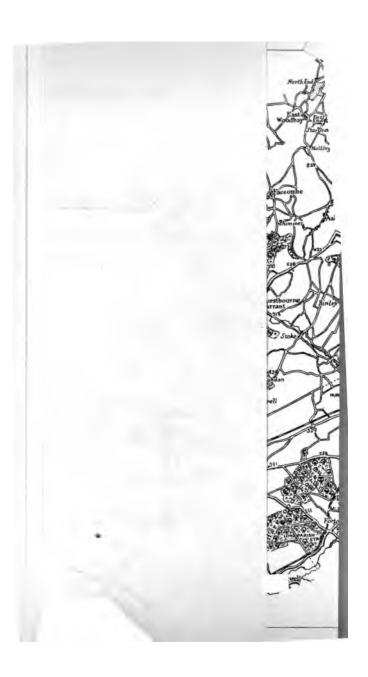
Twyford is on the east side of the Itchen, a little under three miles from Winchester. On the west after Itchen, and about opposite Twyford, lie Compton in its combe and Shawford and Otterborne close to the stream, with Hursley further west on the Romsey road and five miles from Winchester. This is a nice group of Hampshire villages. Hursley, which has found its historian in Miss Charlotte

Hursley

Yonge, is chiefly famed for its connection with the author of "The Christian Year." What Eversley was to Kingsley, Hursley was to Keble. The Manor of Hursley came to Richard Cromwell through marriage, and at the death of that ghost of a ruler in 1712, passed into the hands of Sir William Heathcote, whose descendants still possess it.

"There are few places," says Woodward in his "History of Hampshire," "to which one would take a foreigner who really wanted to understand the country life of England sooner than to Hursley. The church and its belongings close upon the beautifully wooded park, the little indications here and there of taste and refinement presiding over the affairs of the parish and village of Hursley, tell wonderfully their own tale of that peculiar but happy relation of things which represent the special idea of the English village."

At Hursley I end these rambles round Winchester. Many, very many pilgrims come and will come year after year to the city from all parts of England and America, with no time to spend in roving among these downs and dales of mid-Hampshire. But they who do see this country will recall long afterwards the glittering troutstreams and crake-haunted meads, and uplands swept by the keen life-giving air, and old villages steeped in peacefulness-memories that go well with thoughts of the grey towers and the solemn Cathedral transepts and the legends and true stories which belong to the fairest city of the Anglo-Saxon world.



rally be made the headquarters of those resire to thoroughly explore this delightful country. The has good hotels, and is a junction on the main of the London and South-Western Railway. From the lower than the New Forest and Southampton—but scarcely chester—are reached easily, and trips to Salisbury, and Savernake Forest are even simpler. Inset but the least accessible bit of scenery is in the hots of the chalk in the north, and the only railway winchester and Southampton, through East Woodhay Winchester and Southampton, through East Woodhay winchester, two little stations lying close to Highclere artle, the most famous though not the wildest spot in hese Hampshire highlands.

This branch line has only a few trains on week days and some at all on Sundays, and I do not think it can be made use of much for exploring North-west Hampshire, unless one is staying at Whitchurch a day or two, or else in Berkshire. On the main line, there is a small station in between Whitchurch and Andover, namely Hurstbourne, but one cannot get conveyances there, neither is there any village nor inn nearer than St. Mary Bourne, referred to in the first Itinerary. Andover, therefore, remains the best place from which to see the north-west corner; and to reach the chalk heights one must drive, ride, cycle, or walk.

The fine air of Hampshire has been praised by several old writers, notably in his "Worthies" by Fuller, who calls it "most clear and bracing." Benjamin Martin in his "Natural History of England," published about the middle of the last century, set much store by the air about Andover. "The air in this county," he says in his account of Hampshire, "is fresh and healthy, especially about the Downs of Andover, where it is as pure and sweet as any in England." I cannot say I have found more tonic in the air of the downs here than on those about Winchester or the Berkshire border, but this con-

fession is scarcely a disparagement of the air of the Andowshills. The whole district, which this chapter will deals with, is at least locally famed for its wholesomeness, and great is the age at which many of our peasants are gathered to their fathers: it is no strange thing to find men of eighty and over, working a long day in the fields, or sometimes on the flint roads, or in the woodlands, and that speaks well of both air and earth. The market-town of Andever, which for some reason or other, obscure to me, has come to be called Andover, has no very stirring history to tell about, and its large church, built in the Early English style, is modern; but the surrounding country is full of interesting spots, and within a mile or two there

is plenty of nice scenery.

At East Anton, a mile from Andover, two great Roman roads cross each other, one the Port Way that ran from Sorbiodonum, where Salisbury stands to-day, to Calleva Attrebatum, the modern Silchester of North-east Hampshire; the other equally, if not more, important road from Venta Belgarum or Winchester to Corinium, our Cirencester, then a very important place indeed. Port Way goes through Amport and Monxton, crosses the sparkling Anton close to the town, and afterwards passes East Anton, St. Mary Bourne, Bradley Wood and Pamber, and finally the buried town at Silchester, whilst the Cirencester road lies through Hatherden and Tangley. and enters Wiltshire at Conholt Park. Roman resolution and masterfulness are surely shown by nothing better than these roads, portions of which we are only too glad to avail ourselves of fifteen centuries after the departure of their makers from Britain. The Romans in Britain seemed to set at naught obstacles which might be looked on as serious to-day, and the Roman road went straight as a die for long distances. Apparently the road from Winchester to Cirencester took an absolutely straight line till it reached what is now Conholt, where it seems to have turned, at something approaching a right angle, westward,

Romans in Hampshire

and after running a mile or two in that direction to have twisted sharply round again to resume its way north. And not only were those great roads very straight, but also very substantial: I suppose the Romans must have got a great deal of hard work out of the tribes whom they thoroughly subjugated: if they had been able to stay in Britain a few hundred years more, they might have braced up the people, whom they conquered and instructed, to ward off many a fierce invader of later times. roads, their towns, and their fine villas, which we are excavating now in various parts of the country, and the way in which they seized upon the camps and fortifications they found in Britain, and used these works for their own purposes, show a vigour and cleverness which may well fill us with admiration to-day. The remains of Rome in Britain show no sign of a senile or decaying people.

But the roads are by no means the only remains in our peaceful Hampshire of this imperial people, who once dominated all the country hereabouts. The Roman pavement discovered at Thruxton in the Anna Valley in 1823 has now been removed to the British Museum, and there is no villa in this part of the country such as the splendid one at Brading, but there is the undoubted Roman camp at Fosbury and the site of an important Roman station at Finkley, only two miles outside Andover. Fosbury Camp or Haydon Fort, close to where the Roman road from Winchester to Cirencester turns sharply to the west at Conholt, is some eight miles from Andover, and is just within Wiltshire. Fosbury—old writers called it Knoll Ditches—is of quadrangular form, with its angles rounded It had, one can see at once, deep intrenchments and formidable ramparts, and to this day contains two bits of water called Woodmore and Little Woodmore Ponds. "In cutting through the embankment at the west entrance," writes Mr. Stevens, "I am informed some iron spear-heads were found, and I have a formidable iron arrow-head from the same source which appears to be Roman. The raspberry, most likely another Roman introduction, grows within the fortress. In further testimony to the place being Roman, the Roman road from Venta or Winchester runs up to this hill, and after making a remarkable curve at the end of Chute Park, on account of the steep valley (which deviation conducts it in front of a small hostelry at Scot's Poor), it continues in a direct line to the station Cunetio on the Kennet at Mildenhall." Mr. Stevens goes on to say that in his opinion the ponds we see at Fosbury to-day are survivals of ponds, which were probably there in Romano-British times, and, further, he is of opinion that Haydon Fort was originally occupied by British, whom the Romans drove out: its size is considerable, being from east to west more than a quarter of a mile across, and it is now believed that these large camps were originally British.

It was Mr. Stevens who made the extremely interesting discovery of a Roman building at Finkley farm in 1871. Scraps of pottery and rough fragments of tiles disturbed by the plough had been constantly coming to the surface of the soil, and in the same year the foundations of a regular dwelling-place were brought to light. Fireplaces with ashes in the hearths were found in the building, oyster shells, bones of the Celtic shorthorn (Bos longifrons), bronze buckles and rings, nails, keys, arrow-heads, punches, Roman coins relating to the period from Trajan to Valens, together with a good quantity of ware. Finally, close to the undoubted remains of Roman people, were found pit-homes of an earlier Celtic inhabitant. The excavations which Mr. Stevens made were not, unfortunately, on a large scale, and there is room for plenty of fresh discoveries, if at any time the deeply interesting work be renewed; but enough was brought to light to show that there must have been a station of some importance at Finkley. Mr. Stevens and other authorities have come to the conclusion that no other site suggested by various writers, as likely to have been that

¹ The cultivation of the gooseberry, on the other hand, was unknown to the Romans.

Devil's Ditch

of the famous Vindomis of the Itineraries of Antoninus, more completely meets the requirements of that work in regard to distances, &c., than Finkley. The buried buildings were found close to the Port Way, and along this same Roman road, a mile beyond Finkley House, there is to be seen a remnant of what is known as Devil's Ditch. so named, I have no doubt, by the country folk of this district in old days: even now superstitions of all kinds are rife among the north Hampshire peasantry, and I should not be surprised if I heard that some of them still believed that this boundary mark had been caused by the devil flying over it. Dr. Guest, in his work on Belgic ditches, &c., conjectured that the Devil's Ditch was originally part of an ancient earthwork, seen also at Beacon Hill near Amesbury in Wiltshire, and close to Walbury Camp in North-west Hampshire. Devil's Ditch or Dyke has been traced in both Harewood Forest and Doles Wood, and it has been suggested that it is the same as the Van Dyke at Bransbury referred to in our first Itinerary. Dr. Guest thought it might have been the boundary line of a Belgic settlement which had Winchester as capital. It is an unfortunate fact that the most patient and learned antiquaries cannot often do without these "mights" and "coulds" in treating of ancient earthworks, and it is often the case that the more a matter of the kind is looked into the more disinclined is the student to commit himself to definite assertion; and yet the more we read and see of these marks, the hieroglyphics, as it were, of our obscure predecessors, the more they fascinate us. In the most secluded spot in the glorious Hampshire wood, where my own boyhood was dreamt away among the birds and butterflies and wild flowers, there is a mound which we believe may be an unopened barrow or tumulus, and I cannot pass the spot without a feeling of great interest. The word "tumulus" or "camp" or "ditch" in Roman letters on the ordnance map always has a fascination for me.

Finkley was at one time part of a forest which bore that

name as well as Doiley, or Digerley, and Chute. In the twelfth century and later, a great portion of this country must have been covered with woods, and there are references to a forest—a real wood forest—at Andover. At Doiley almost the last remnants of woodland were grubbed within my own memory. We read of boarhounds as well as greyhounds at Andover in the time of King John, and the Rolls of the Crown of the time of Edward II. contain accounts of perambulations of "Fynkely," "Chutes, Hants," and "Dygherlye." I suppose there were confirmed poachers at Andover in Charles I.'s reign (as there certainly have been in the reign of our Queen), and in several of the villages round about, for one may read how persons of "dissolute carriage and behaviour . . . armed and prepared with gunnes, charged with powder and shott, crosse bowes, pikes, buck stalls, and other unlawful weapons, netts, and engines, and also with greyhounds, mastives, and fferretts, did hunt, chase, and kill, and destroy or cause to be destroyed, two bucks . . . and the same persons during the last 7 years had in like manner destroyed 40 bucks, does, and fawns, twenty hares, one hundred couple of coneyes, twenty pheasants, ffortie patridges and other beasts and fowles of the forest, chase, and warden." The perambulations do not give us any glimpses of the wild life, other than game, in our Hampshire woods in those days, but the fauna was no doubt richer and more varied than it is to-day. The "marten cat" is mentioned by one old writer as an inhabitant of Chute Forest. Birds of prey were probably The raven lingered on well into the present century, and in the Rev. James White's diary there are several references to the raven breeding in Abbotts Ann Great Wood near Andover.

From Finkley, if walking or bicycling, one may make a very pleasant tour through Smannell, Woodhouse, and Little London—"Little Lunnun" the country people call it—three little villages clustered together in an Arcadis of their own, and along a beautiful green lane at the out-

Doles Woods

skirts of Doles Woods. The woods are private, though leave to pass through them can sometimes be obtained from the owner and the lord of the manor, A. W. Dewar of Hurstbourne Tarrant. They rise to a height of over six hundred feet above the level of the sea, and abound with exquisite bits of sylvan scenery. Nightingales, blackcaps, and garden warblers, the three sweetest English woodland singing birds, abound in all parts of the woods, as indeed in most oak and hazel coppices in Hampshire, but one must not expect to hear anything of their songs after the middle of June at the latest, for by then most of our singers are lapsing into silence for the rest of the summer. The green lane at the outskirts of the wood is a public way; it is called Port Lane End, which will naturally remind one of Roman Port Way a mile or so distant, but I cannot say I have heard on good authority of any connection between the two. Beautiful is Port Lane End on a fine day in full spring or summer-tide, and secluded the grass-grown way thither from Little London or through the copse at Woodhouse, that village of thatched roofs and one fine old farm-house with a clump of great elms in its paddock. You feel you are indeed off the beaten track while roaming among these small roads and pathways through copses and deep-Children's happy voices outside the few rutted lanes. solitary cottages may sometimes fall on the ear, and a field labourer or woodman on his way home toward evening will now and then be met, but a deep peace and undisturbed joy broods over nature in these by-ways. I recollect that sometimes gipsies used to camp out on a piece of turf in the middle of Port Lane End, but though Romany faces and vans are to be seen often enough about north Hants, I have not noticed any at this particular spot of late, or the ashes of their wood fires. Twayblade and great butterfly orchis grow here and there in the woods close to the lane, and if you are lucky you may sometimes see a splendid emperor butterfly float down from one of the oak or ash trees which are his high thrones, and settle on the path

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where the grass is short or has been quite worn away. has a vivid purple glow on its strong muscular wings, which makes it the finest of our English butterflies, though the white admiral, which was to be seen in plenty about this very lane in July 1899, is thought by some to be even more graceful in flight. Two miles from Smannell, and about three from the ancient remains at Finkley, the lane, which gets prettier and prettier as we near its end, leads into the high-road between Andover and Newbury, and by this road it is four miles back into the town. The road slopes gently up to Doles Woods almost the entire way from King's Enham, a hamlet with an ivy-covered farm-house, a few cottages and an old church, is half-way between Andover and Doles. The church and rectory are a hundred vards or so up a branch road which winds about among the quiet fields leading to Andover Junction, through Charlton village. Strange that this little nook has a history of importance, scraps of which are still recorded! It was actually a residence of Wessex kings, and the place from which Ethelred the Unready issued some of his statutes. The cosy rectory adjoins the tiny church: it has some good old English oak, and a back garden with green slopes, and some rows of splendid red double dahlias, which are good to look upon.

In a grassy field lined with big elms, and very close to the church, there wells up, when the springs are fairly full, the radiant water of the Anton, another branch of which rises between Foxcott and Charlton. The two little streams join without a sound by Shepherds Springs, and speedily gathering fresh supplies flow through Andover, where they turn their first mill-wheel. There are few lovelier things than the head waters of a Hampshire chalk-stream gushing up from the green, and I have a great fancy for discovering their uppermost trouts. The Anton must be a fattening little stream, for so high as Shepherds Springs I have seen fish of over a pound in weight.

Enham House is three quarters of a mile on from the

Hurstbourne Common

church, and its rook-favoured trees overshadow the highroad. The old house was destroyed in the eighties by a
fire, which resulted in the grievous loss of a life, and a
modern red-brick one stands in its stead. Then there is
nothing, not even a thatched cottage, till Doles Lodge is
reached. Doles House itself stands high up and deep
amongst its oak and hazel woods, with a view of blue hills
beyond Andover. In the time of Elizabeth, when Chute
Forest—of which this wood formed part—still existed,
there was a lodge at Doles for the royal bowmen, but of its



Doles Wood

site nothing is known now. On the left of Doles Lodge as one goes on north, lies Hurstbourne Common, a dry and breezy spot interspersed with thickets of gorse and thorn bushes and with bracken, and great quantities of the handsome ragwort or St. James's Wort. The scenery between Andover and this invigorating common may be described as small, though to my mind it is ever charming; but now at the top of Hurstbourne Hill—it is a hill—we reach a spot which commands as beautiful a view as any in North Hampshire. The high straggling hedges form a kind of natural frame for a picture I have looked on very many hundreds of times, and never, I hope, without some upraising of the spirit. A rich picture it is, full of colour and variety, of field above field and farm above farm, which the eye follows till it rests upon the white top of the road that winds up to the

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Three-Legged Cross and on to noble Highclere Park: Sidown and Beacon Hills are on the right, and the barren heights about wild Combe on the left; Hurstbourne Tarrant nestles far below in the deep valley of the Bourne; and Doles hanging or hanger, near by to the east, completes this lovely summer scene. It is the heart of the Hamp-

shire highlands.

The high ridge on which we stand extends down the valley to St. Mary Bourne and Hurstbourne Priors, gradually lessening in height, and up the course of the stream (which is usually dry in summer) into Wiltshire. Just beyond Conholt within Wiltshire it reaches an altitude of over eight hundred feet. The whole ridge is well worth exploring, but for the most part it must be explored on foot. The lover and searcher after choice wild-flowers may not go unrewarded, for there are certain spots where botanists have found the pyramidal orchis (Orchis pyramidalis), the green musk orchis (Orchis monorchis), the bee orchis (Orchis apifera), the fly orchis (Orchis muscifera), bird's-nest (Neottia Nidus-avis), two or three of the helleborines, and the barley grass of the chalk woods (Hordeum sylvaticum). The badger, I am glad to say, still finds a home in these hills: in the open downs and high farm-lands you will hear after nightfall the wail of the stone curlew; and if an entomologist, you may—I don't say you will—have the great good fortune of finding in one of the woods of this country the scarce brown hair-streak butterfly.

Hurstbourne Tarrant is just short of six miles from Andover, and a little way down the hill the old milestone, which I fancy must have told its tale to some centuries of wayfarers and may do service for centuries more, says, "Sarum 23 miles, Newbury 11, Andover 5, Oxford 37." The village was a favourite place with William Cobbett, who rode and stayed here constantly with his friend Mr. William Blount, then living in the old red-brick farm, the

Between Hurstbourne Tarrant and St. Mary Bourne, I believe, and on the north side of the Bourne.

William Cobbett

second house on the left you come to at the foot of rough Hurstbourne Hill. Cobbett had a fine eye for the country through which he rode, and he had a way of getting a great deal of first-hand information about the condition of the labourers and of the agricultural interest, wherever he went. He had a pretty rough tongue, but could recognise a good squire or Tory as well as a bad one, and he was not ashamed of his ardent love of a bit of sport with hound or harrier.



His book the "Rural Rides" is full of strong thought, and it can be read more than once. It is said that Hurstbourne Tarrant is to have a light railway before very long, the line coming up the Bourne Valley from Hurstbourne four miles off, but a beginning has not yet been made. The position of the village is a very pretty one, and at the old George and Dragon there is excellent refreshment for man and beast. The Manor of Hurstbourne, of which the owner of Doles is lord, was Crown property, I believe, in the reign of Henry III. The king made a grant of it to the Abbey of Terent in Dorsetshire, but at the Dissolution Henry VIII. granted "Husborn" to the Marquess of Winchester. It passed to Lord Charles (?) Paulet, who lived probably

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at the farm-house (then no doubt a mansion) at Woodhouse. This lord seems to have mortgaged pretty freely. He lies in Hurstbourne Tarrant Church, with his wife Dame Margaret Paulet by his side. Dame Margaret was no doubt a martinet in her day of power, and I recollect in my childhood being told by villagers how her ghost haunted the woods of Doles. One story always represented her as dressed all in red, driving rapidly after nightfall along the road through the woods, and disappearing by the pond at the edge of Hurstbourne Common. Her uneasy spirit haunted other parts of the woods also, and particularly, I think, the fir-tree walk. Many villagers would never think of walking after dark in Doles, for fear of meeting the terrible apparition clad in red. Certainly a great lonely wood like this is a weird place on a dark night, when the yapping fox and the screech-owl are abroad. Afterwards Doles and manor passed into the hands of the Wright family, and from them to David Dewar, the owner of Enham, in whose family it still remains. Hurstbourne Church is Norman, and the aisles and nave are separated by Early English arches. It has been restored recently, and has a shingled tower.

The road past the church and rectory leads down the very pretty little valley of the Bourne through Stoke to St. Mary Bourne, and one may get back to Andover that way by turning off at Stoke and taking the rough and lonely road over the hills and through Ridges, a beautiful outlying part of Doles, and Smannell; or else go on through St. Mary Bourne and Hurstbourne Park, and so back to Andover by the London road which skirts the extreme north of Harewood Forest—some seventeen miles in all. It is a restful country this, especially the Bourne Valley.

A wilder, finer country lies to the north and the east of Hurstbourne. One may follow the dry bed of the Bourne up through Ibthrop and Upton. Vernhams Dean, a mile and a half further on, is close to Fosbury Camp, and after seeing that one may turn back to Andover through Conholt,

Tangley

Tangley, and Hatherden. They who love wild places many miles away from the nearest town, and the exhilarating air of high spots will do well to travel along this road, but there are stiff hills to climb, and the round is much longer than the last-mentioned one. Tangley Church is not quite so interesting as some who have rushed rather hurriedly through this part of Hampshire have supposed. It is always good to find the squire or the clergyman of the parish taking a great interest in the story of his own district, and often, were it not for the intelligent researches of one or both, many valuable facts concerning local history would be lost for ever. Mr. Charles Merceren, the lord of the manor at Tangley, has kindly given me a few hints about the church and the district. He reminds me of the curious fact that a number of very big sarcen stones formerly existed in Tangley Churchyard, of which only three now remain, several having been broken up early in the century for road-making. Was this church built in a so-called Druidical circle? It must have been a tremendous business bringing these stones to a high place like Tangley, where even a century and less ago the roads were few and very rough.1

So much for the little Bourne Valley in both its upper and lower parts. There are two other tours which can be well made from Hurstbourne. First there is the lonely road which goes north from Hurstbourne up Netherton Valley to the remote village of Combe and the highest spots in the chalk in England. Only very occasionally does any stream flow down Netherton Valley, but when the great chalk sponge is heavy with the accumulation of many storms of snow or rain, a rivulet has been known to rise several miles north of Hurstbourne Tarrant, and almost as high up as the Saxon Wodens or Wansdyke. One spring is called the Cock-pit, whilst a spring in the upper valley of the Bourne is known as the

¹ A Druidic circle is said to have stood on the site of the present church at Twyford, near Winchester.

Hen-pit. The union of the two streams at Hurstbourne Tarrant is called the "meeting of the Cock and Hen," but it very rarely occurs.

Netherton Valley is exceedingly pretty. The unfenced road has a broad, perfectly flat expanse of smooth turf on both sides, and a mile from Hurstbourne it passes through the woods of Faccombe, those on the left-hand side sloping down from a fairly steep hill, and both containing a great quantity of rabbits and other game. Netherton Valley is a fine place for a gallop, the turf being soft and elastic. old church at Netherton was demolished some years ago and a new one built in its stead at Faccombe. church, I have been told, were two sets of armour belonging to Sir Edward Dymoke, champion to Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, but they vanished when the church was pulled down. The chancel of this old church I recollect very well, for when a lad I used to ride from Doles to Netherton every day to be coached for Oxford: it was still standing in the eighties, and contained monuments to the Dymokes, particularly to one of Charlecote. What connection the famous family had with this out-of-the-world hamlet it may be very difficult to discover now. Every relic in our old churches ought to be treated with the utmost care: the destruction of such treasures may be a loss to the nation as well as the district.

The road from Netherton to Combe is a rough one, for the steam roller has not yet reached this primitive country. I can scarcely recommend the district to the cyclist. On the left, high up among the hills, is Linkenholt, which has a very deep well sunk in the chalk, and on the right the village of Faccombe. The church at Linkenholt is Early English. The country gets wilder and wilder as we go north, and the road is for the most part unfenced. I have tried to describe the district of Combe and the view from one of its hills in "Wild Life in Hampshire Highlands," and though the description is indeed far from adequate, I

Combe

do not know that I can improve upon it. "This range of chalk hills viewed from a distance invites close inspection. It may be reached from the south of Netherton Valley, and will well repay a visit. . . . Netherton rectory—its garden was once a rare place, I remember, for lilies of the valley is passed, and soon one enters upon a wild and remote corner of the county. Here again the beautiful redstart is quite at home, flying in and out of the thin old hedge in front of the intruder, more inquisitive, it would seem, than alarmed. On the left-hand side of the road the land is more or less cultivated, but on the right the great rolling downs have their way, forming in at least one instance something like an immense natural amphitheatre within the valley. Alternately waves of sun and shadow swept over the land when I last saw it one day in late summer, and between Hurstbourne Tarrant, the Uphusband of the earlier part of the century, and the remote and well-named village of Combe, I met but one small party of labourers, who were bringing home the last loads of the beautiful harvest of 1898: from Hurstbourne to the foot of the hill that leads up to Combe Church and the old dismantled manor-house—a distance of some four miles and a half-not another soul. . . . At Combe village one may well leave the road and follow a track leading to the top of the towering masses which divide the counties of Hampshire and Berkshire. From the breezy top at Combe Gibbet—the grim mark of a rough and ready age—or a little more to the south-east and nearer the hollow, within which is perhaps the most remote village in Hampshire, a noble expanse of country may be seen . . . the spire of Salisbury Cathedral—the 'speer' a North Hampshire man would call it—can sometimes be seen from the hills above the village of Combe; and if people who think we have no view to speak of in homely Hampshire. will note the distance between the two places on the map, they may see reason for modifying their opinion in this respect. I had not the good fortune to see the spire of Salisbury when last on Combe hills, but from the summit

of one of them I had a glimpse of heights in faintest of blue outlines far beyond Andover, with portions of green wooded hills nearer, and, finally, miles of rolling down spread around. Then, turning, I found to the north, north-east, and northwest, an entirely different kind of country. A land comparatively flat lay stretched out as far as the eve could reach. . . . Compared with the unfruitful downs through which I had lately come, and upon which I could still look by turning round and moving a few steps, the country embraced in this view was as one great garden where all things had been carefully tended and watered. Not a bare piece of land stood out in all that wide expanse; and where the trees and vegetation seemed most luxuriant in a country of luxuriance, it was my fancy that the great trout-stream of Berkshire, the Kennet, must be flowing. goodly portion of the Kennet must have been included within that view, although the water itself could no more be seen, either with the unassisted eye or with the fieldglasses, than could Newbury and pleasant sleepy old Hungerford-'a toune famous,' as Evelyn observed, 'for its troutes."

The great camp of Walbury is on the summit of the hill to the north of Combe village. It is shaped like a bell and is of a large size. Its ramparts have been beaten down and crumbled up by—who knows?—perhaps two¹ thousand years of exposure to the storms that sweep furiously over these high naked spots, yet the defences are still very distinct in parts, and it looks as though Walbury had been one of the greatest strongholds in this part of England.

To return to Combe. The church, which when I last saw it was in the hands of the workmen, and not too soon, stands higher than the small village, and has several gnarled and twisted yews. The farm-house which adjoins it is, or

¹ Perhaps three, if Walbury was the camp of the early Celts. Flint implements have been found at Walbury, and General Pitt-Rivers says that the Neolithic people made camps of great strength with their rude implements.

Birds about Combe

was recently, untenanted, and indeed in this land between Hurstbourne and the Berkshire border there are too many arm-lands if not farm-houses lying vacant—a sad feature of parts of our beautiful country. At Combe there was once nunnery, and judging by the size of the church in past imes, it was of some importance. Certainly few spots in he South of England, more secure than Combe from the lare and glitter of crowded cities and the influence of worldlings, could be thought of even to-day, and the nun who wished to shun such vanities would be well placed under he shelter of these hills. "Combe is quite the end of the world," we used to say on the south side of Hurstbourne Hill, its reputation in this respect being perhaps even worse han that of Linkenholt or Vernhams Dean, though as a natter of fact it is nearer a railway station (Hungerford) han either of those villages. Among interesting birds, he peregrine falcon and the rough-legged buzzard are seen bout Combe from time to time, whilst the stone curlew is ar from rare in the district.

The road from Hurstbourne Tarrant to Combe is not the nain road north, but a branch from the highway between Andover and Newbury, which is struck at a farm called Proserous a quarter of a mile without the village. The main oad goes north-east to Highclere, through Doiley or Dyley, once a forest but long since grubbed. Up a by-road on the eft is Ashmansworth, and on the right Cruxeaston. The oads are very stiff, and in bad weather the travelling is hard. A century ago they must have been terrible. Cobbett, in lescribing his trip to Hawkley hanger, near Selborne, says: When we got to the bottom I bade my man, when he hould go back to Uphusband, tell the people there that Ashmansworth Lane is not the worst piece of road in he world." However, when the roads are in good repair -and the flint roads of Hampshire are sometimes exeedingly good—these villages may be reached easily nough. Ashmansworth is 700 feet above the sea, whilst Cruxeaston, where Lord Carnarvon has a well of the great

depth of 420 feet, also stands high. Neither village has much of a story to relate. Cruxeaston once had a grotto made by seven sisters named Lisle. Pope had heard of this grotto, possibly through his friend Spence, who was a native of Kingsclere, not very far off, and he made it the subject of some lines on the "nine rural sisters," very characteristic of the school of poetry of that age, stilted and artificial. Highelere village is about six miles from Hurstbourne Tarrant, and from the top of the hill at the Three-Legged Cross there is one of the fairest views in Hampshire, not surpassed by many in the South of England. It has been said that from one or two points about Highclere on a fine clear day you can actually see the Isle of Wight, as well as the valley of the Thames; but I do not know of any one who has seen the former, and I cannot quite credit the statement, though Cobbett is responsible for it. It is thirty miles from Highclere to Southampton, as the crow flies, and over forty to Portsmouth. Still from one or two of these hill summits you can see the country through which the upper Thames flows, and may get glimpses of three, possibly four counties besides that on which you stand. Walbury Hill, by the way, is higher than Leith Hill in Surrey, being, according to the Ordnance Survey, 975 feet, whilst wooded Sidown and bare Beacon Hill just south of Highelere Park are both considerably higher than Clactonbury Ring in Sussex.

High clere is the most beautifully placed park in Hampshire. Its views are magnificent, and the uneven character of the ground delights the eye. "The prettiest park I have ever seen," said Cobbett; but the word "pretty" is scarcely a good one, as we use it now, for this stately spot; "noble" would do better. The cedars and the great masses of rhododendrons with their dark green leaves and gorgeous blooms, the oaks and ancient hollies of Penwood, the sheets of water called Milford Lake and Duns Mere—by these is Highelere to be remembered rather than by its castle, or even its rich gardens and spacious terraces.

Ancient Camps

It is in Penwood amongst its favourite hollies that the woodcock has occasionally been known to stay and breed, and in the same part of Highclere the lily of the valley, according to a Newbury botanist's list, used to grow. On Sidown the flower lover may perhaps find in late summer the fragrant lady's tresses (Spiranthes autumnalis). It is a district which certainly ought to be very rich in its wild life. Beacon Hill, like Walbury, has a great camp, and Ladle Hill to the east a lesser one. There are many



tumuli scattered about these hills, seven grouped together at one spot, between Litchfield and Burghclere, and, if it is a fact that these barrows mean battles, there must have been some fierce struggles here in that story-less age of Britain. To drive a brave foe from these strong camps could not have been accomplished except at a great loss of life to the storming parties. In the barrows at Beacon Hill and elsewhere charcoal, apparently that of beechwood, has been found, and Mudie thought this might show that cremation was practised by some of the early people in Britain.

About six miles east of Highelere is the small town of Kingselere, on the fine downs of which some of the most perfect of English racehorses are exercised, those belong-

ing to Mr. Porter's stables. Kingsclere is best reached from Overton, on the main line of the South-Western, about five miles off, and it is quite worth a visit. name tells plainly enough that it was once a much more important place than it is now. Kingsclere has had associations with Saxon, Norman, and Plantagenet kings, and halfa-dozen monasteries and religious houses have received its lands as endowments at various periods in English history. On the road to Whitchurch is the site of Freemantle Park, where Fair Rosamond, Henry II.'s unhappy mistress, according to Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle, had a King John had a hunting-box at Freemantle, which he frequently visited. Kingsclere Church is an old and fine building of the Norman era, and it was once closely connected with Rouen, to whose Dean and Chapter its manor was given by Henry I. Rouen Cathedral was being built at the time of the gift, and no doubt the revenues from Kingsclere went towards paying for that grand church. The connection between the two places lasted till the time of the third Edward, and the name of the Cannons of Rouen, it has been suggested, is still seen in Cannon Park and Cannon Park Farm and Heath in Kingsclere parish. Kingsclere," said Mr. Shore in an interesting paper on the district, read a few years ago, "the settlement of cottagers in the Dell, the descendants or modern representatives of the cottars of Norman time, is unique in Hampshire. Some of these cottages are themselves centuries old—a circumstance that points to the great age of the pit itself. Some of the old inn signs—the Crown, the Falcon, and the Swan-must be of great antiquity. The Crown is one of the oldest English inn signs, the Swan was a favourite badge of some of the Plantagenet kings, and the Falcon Inn has a history extending back to the fourteenth century. Its reign reminds us of the ancient sport of falconry, for which the open downs here afforded such an excellent field." A small stream which feeds the Enborne—the river dividing for some miles Hampshire from Berkshire-

To Harewood

rises at Kingsclere and soon drives several mills. Domesday Book mentions no less than seven mills at Kingsclere. The mills in those times appear to have been remarkably numerous, considering the thinness of the population, and it is said that there were nine on the little Wallop tributary of the Test. They were, however, probably quite insignificant in size and power, only capable of grinding a very little corn at a time.

We will now return to Andover and explore some of the country to the east and west of the town. Three roads leave Andover from the west side of the town. One runs north-west by the side of the railway to Hurstbourne Station; another—the London Road—by Harewood Peak and the northern edge of Harewood Forest to Hurstbourne Priors: and a third over Bere Hill and through Harewood Forest to Longparish. This last road is much the most attractive, and it is a pleasant trip of twelve miles from Andover through Harewood, Longparish, and Hurstbourne Priors, and then back home by the London Road. Andover is in the Anton Valley, and there is a long hill to be mounted just outside the town. The elms at the beginning of the hill have, struggling over their trunks and boughs up to a height of thirty and forty feet, immense masses of wild clematis. For a few minutes after the summit is reached, we find ourselves clear of town environs, which are rarely beautiful. The road passes through a deep cutting in the chalk and under a small foot bridge, and soon after begins to descend towards Harewood and the Test.

The view enjoyed at the top of Bere Hill of the heights towards Quarley and towards Tedworth in Wiltshire, now the ground of the annual Military Manœuvres, we exchange for one of Doles Woods to the north, lying clear-cut along the horizon, and of Sidown, ten miles away in a northeasterly direction. Harewood is straight ahead, and beyond the downs around Micheldever Station, lovely in the blue dress with which distance clothes them. In the

thick hedges grows the wayfaring tree with white bloom, and later on with its familiar red and black berries. When the sap descends its leaves turn pink, like those of the cornel tree or dogwood, and take their share in the work of making our Hampshire autumns so full of colour. I have a note in my diary of this road on a mid-July day.



On the turfy bank under the hedges the sweetsmelling yellow bedstraw was growing in quantities, and visited by many marble white butterflies and burnet moths with crimsonspotted, metallic wings. In the scraps of gardens of the isolated cottages passed between Harewood Smannell (for came by a rough by-road through the farm-lands), cabbage and seven sisters roses were in full bloom. Vetches, blue and vellow. clung to the hedges, with bindweeds, white and pink, and of the clematis there could never be too much.

Late greenfinches, turtle and ring doves still warmed their eggs, and the hum of the insects among the oaks was a continuous wood melody. Mid-July is, however, a little late to see the summer in its perfect freshness among the Hampshire farm-lands; it is in mid-June that the colours are at their very best, when the wheat fields are great sheets of emerald green, and the sandfoin fields of pure pink. There are places between the beginning of Harewood and Longparish which tempt the traveller to tarry and enjoy the shade of the trees on the right-hand side of the road, or the fresh

Clatford Church

air of the heath with its short grass and dwarf gorses on the left. The road between Longparish Station and Hurstbourne has already been travelled over in this book. Another way back to Andover is the road past the little station to Wherwell, and thence home up the very steep hill at that village and past Upping copse, where there are some finer views of the Test and of the country round. Andover than can be seen on the Hurstbourne Priors road: the distances are about the same.

The Anton flows south-east after leaving Andover. Its valley is in nowise to be compared with that of the splendid stream it enters by Fullerton, but it is a pretty water, and at the Clatford villages most alluring to the angler. Upper Clatford and Goodworth Clatford, both nice villages, are within a stroll of Andover. hidden among its pollard lindens is the little church of Upper Clatford, within a few yards of the Anton stream. Its low square tower, weather stained and beaten, and its dark red-tiled roof are very picturesque, whilst the churchyard is trim and well-kept, as God's garden should be. When I last entered the church, it was gay with its harvest decorations, a beautiful custom which happily is so well kept up in many of our Hampshire churches. Upper Clatford Church is said to be quite eight hundred years old, and is more interesting perhaps and more venerable in appearance than Lower or Goodworth Clatford Church, with its shingled spire. Between the two the road is leafy and pleasant on burning summer days. The district just south of Andover is full of ancient remains. The site of a Roman cottage has been found just without the town on the Winchester road, and close at hand are the ancient camps of Balksbury (now a ploughed field) and Bury Hill.

The Anton has her Anna or Pillhill, most diminutive of chalk streams, which flows through a delightful little land, and joins the larger water below Rooksbury mill. The brook rises at Fyfield when the springs are high, and is strong enough to drive a mill at Monxton. Set close together

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in its dainty valley are a group of villages, Kimpton, Fyfield, Thruxton, East Cholderton, Amport, Monxton and Abbots Ann, with a sixth village, Quarley, near at hand. The valley is sprinkled with charming houses and gardens, and has Amport House, the seat of the Marquess of Winchester, whose water is full of trout. It always seems to me to bespeak prosperity and comfort, and it is certain that so many villages and churches would not have sprung up had the valley been a sterile one. Of the churches, Thruxton is perhaps the most noticeable. It is a good though small specimen of flint work, containing a good brass erected in memory of Sir John de Lisle, and a tomb of Purbeck marble: these mark the site, the rector thinks, of two chantry chapels which have wholly dis-

appeared.

At Fyfield Gilbert White's brother, James White, was once rector, and one or two of the Selborne letters are addressed from this village. The Rev. James White left a diary which has never been published, and which, I believe, is not now in England. It is the chronicle of a delightful eighteenth-century clergyman and scholar, and lover of the countryside. Like Gilbert, James was a careful observer of nature in his parish, and his diary is full of the minutiæ of life in the country. Here is a record perhaps about the curing of a ham, or the date at which the family cheese was brought home; there a note concerning some natural phenomenon or the arrival of "the truffle man." Thus: "1780. Janv. 6—truffle man came; absent near six weeks, very few found, 7th time; " "1784. 8th Oct.-Ravens and rooks on ye trees warbling;" "1784. May 6 -Whirly puffs of whirlwind seen last tuesday in many places moving from N. to S. Hats hung up to dry taken up to a vast height into the air. Prognostic of dry weather. Hats taken up by the whirlwind on tuesday were pursued towards Quarley, but kept on flying in the same direction like an air balloon." A diary like this is indeed, if I may use an expression which has been done almost to death, "a

Weyhill

human document." It gives us not only a look into the garden and the parlour and even the larder of an eighteenth-century country clergyman, but shows us the good man in the bosom of his family, enjoying of an evening after his parish duties the delights of music and literature. Books were few in those days, and a journey to London a great, sometimes an even arduous affair, and yet culture was not wanting in such pleasant country homes as the rectory at Fyfield. The Whites have disappeared from Fyfield as completely as they have from Selborne, but I heard the other day with interest that a descendant of one of Gilbert's brothers was lately employed in restoring one of our north Hampshire churches. The Fyfield diary is in the possession of a member of the family.

There are one or two other places in this part of north Hampshire which I cannot quite pass over. Quarley's ancient church and its so-called "Mount" are west of the Anna. The wooded hill, which has a great camp, is a familiar landmark throughout almost the entire north-west corner of Hampshire, and from its beech-crowned summit there is a fine view of this county and of the Wiltshire downs. Weyhill has a station on the Midland and South-Western Junction Railway that runs between Southampton and Cheltenham, and for centuries has had a famous yearly fair, where a good deal of business in Farnham hops and in sheep is still done. In the eighteenth century Weyhill Fair was a great institution, where a brisk trade was driven in a multitude of articles, and where many people who had the ready money were accustomed to buy their winter's And then, too, in much later days Weyhill was an animated place at Michaelmas, and I well remember the disappointment we felt as children if we missed the best day, that of the "pleasure fair." Its glories have shrunk since then. The curious old Court of Pie Poudre, called by the country people Pipowder, was always presided over by the mayor of Andover. It was established for the purpose of settling disputes and offences at the fair, in simple

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and summary fashion, while the dust was on the feet of the offender.

North-west of Weyhill is Appleshaw, where a good deal of Romano-British pottery was found lately. At Redenham House, outside the village, lived General Webb, under whom Thackeray made Henry Esmond serve in the Blenheim campaign, and his beech avenue is still there. South Tedworth on the Wiltshire border was the home of Assheton Smith, the most famous foxhunter who ever Tedworth House, which is now Government property, was perhaps the greatest sporting home in England in Squire Smith's time, and stories of the great foxhunter's iron will and nerve are still told by folk living in the country of the Tedworth hunt. "Nimrod" called Assheton Smith "the best and hardest rider in England," about the year 1840, and much the same was said of him by other sportsmen of the time. The master was in his time scarcely more famous than his huntsman George Carter, who is described in Sir William Eardley Wilmot's spirited book, "Reminiscences of T. A. Smith, Esquire; or, the Pursuits of an English Country Gentleman." Assheton Smith died in 1858, and was buried at Tedworth. He was a severe man when crossed or interfered with, and was ready on such occasions with the hard word or the hard blow, but he was not by any means a mere brute, and on the contrary did much, by the example of temperance he set, to improve the tone of foxhunting. In his youth Assheton Smith was a fine cricketer, playing in big matches for All England, and on several occasions in the early years of the century for Hampshire against All England. Hampshire, by the way, had then a very strong team; and the wonderful batting feats of Major Poore and Captain Wynyard in 1899 at Southampton and elsewhere, leads one to hope that the county's prowess on the cricket field may come to be considered as a thing not altogether of the past.

I must now end my account of north-west Hampshire, but I want to point out that from Andover several places of

Stonehenge

great interest in Wiltshire are easily reached. Salisbury is only three stations west of Andover on the main line, and it is very interesting to see the Cathedral with its glorious spire and compare the whole building, which is of rare beauty, with the fabric at Winchester. Stonehenge is reached by road from Salisbury, or better from Porton, the second station after Andover: from Porton to Stonehenge is about six The railway passes up the Anna Valley and soon reaches the clean Wiltshire downs. The road lies over the downs and through the village of Amesbury, with which the name of King Arthur has been bound up by tradition. Amesbury is a handsome village with a very fine and very old church, and the place is as a little oasis in the wilderness. The Avon rushes over the weir, and the banks of the stream are well wooded. The spot is bright and at-Two miles beyond Amesbury, Stonehenge suddenly comes within sight, and the noblest plain in England opens out before the traveller: it is an exhilarating moment for him when he reaches this point. The turf round the great trilithons is smooth as a lawn, and it is good to lie down among the mysterious ruins and hear the wind whistling or moaning amongst them. Some of the sarsen stones toppled down over a century ago, but time and tempest have not yet quite wrecked Stonehenge, though they have left grim marks on what remains upstanding still. One of the stones lying across two others has a jagged edge, others have small round holes pierced deep into them, and others again broad shallow basins which hold the rain-water. In an interstice between two of the stones, I noticed, when last at the wondrous spot, that a wagtail had made its nestfor the birds are no respecters of places! The great scene of the capture of Tess of the Durbervilles in Mr. Hardy's strong but painful story, is laid, it may be remembered, at Stonehenge; he caught the spirit of the place.

With the wind at one's back it is a good cycle ride from Stonehenge to Andover. One day last autumn, with a high wind behind me, I "coasted" along the flat and down some of the hills, more than once a mile or a mile and a half at a stretch. From the summits of several of the hills, notably from one on the Amesbury side of Thruxton Hill, there are splendid views of the great Plain, the appearance of which has not inaptly been compared to the ocean heaving after a spent storm. It is a fascinating country with its mighty sarsen stones, and many barrows of the ancient dead, its great clean wind-swept downs, and its hollows where often by day the white tents of the troops may be seen, and after dark their red camp-fires. And in the midst of barren and treeless wastes there is a streak of silver and bright green marking the course of Avon, one of the most beautiful streams in the South of England.

The third and last place I have to mention as being easily reached from Andover is Savernake Forest in East Wiltshire. not many miles from the border of the north-east corner. The train from Andover—it is the Midland and South-Western Junction line—takes one to Savernake Station in less than an hour, and then the best course is to ride, drive, or walk through the forest to Marlborough, seven miles off. Savernake Park or Forest has no rival in the South, unless it be Windsor, and I cannot think that all people will declare for the latter. It is superb. The Grand Avenue, which is five miles long, is the finest road within Savernake, and you enter it soon after passing through the gates. either side of this road there is a broad belt of beech trees. almost as straight as firs, with their foliage meeting high overhead. When the sun shines down and casts its light on the grassless ground beneath these trees the effect is beautiful; and there is something weird about it too, even in the daytime, by reason of the grey boles of this long army of tall beeches. The Grand Avenue would not be monotonous if these belts of straight beeches with their long naked trunks continued throughout its whole five miles, but they give way to oak and ash trees, and to beeches of a great girth but of the ordinary park type, with their limbs much lower down on the trunk. Some of the trees look

Savernake

as though they had hundreds of years of strong life before them, but others are beginning to crumble in parts, and some are in the touchwood stage. There are open glades without a tree to show, and there are knots of firs with soft, mossy, grassy drives under their shade. Finally we come to the tall beeches again and the meeting of the emerald green foliage high overhead. Under the beeches, which are as upas trees, nothing flourishes, but amongst the oaks and gnarled thorns, which are in thousands, there is a dense undergrowth of bracken—the fern beloved by pheasant and Birches there are too, some of great girth. is one monarch birch close to the Grand Avenue, which at a foot from the ground measures more than thirteen feet round. The ground rises and falls in all directions, and the road is like a switchback; but the five miles are too soon over. Savernake is the Chatsworth of the South.

ITINERARY THE FOURTH

CHARLES KINGSLET'S COUNTRY

Four great Hampshire authors—Basingstoke—The Rev. Charles
Butler's book on bees—Old Basing and its church—
Siege of Basing Castle: gallant resistance of Powlett: the
place stormed by Cromwell—Description of the ruins of
Basing—Hackwood and Herriard—Nately Scures and its
church—Castle near North Warnborough—North Warnborough village—Odiham—Hook and its old hostelries—
Bramshill—Eversley—Country round Eversley—Strathfieldsaye—Country near Strathfieldsaye—Silchester and its buried
Roman city—From Silchester to Basingstoke—Fleet Pond—
Queen Elizabeth at Elvetham.

FOUR names great in English literature are associated with Hampshire, namely, Gilbert White, Jane Austen, Charles Kingsley, and Alfred Tennyson. What were Jane Austen's feelings towards the county in which she was born and lived nearly all her life—it was not, alas! a very long one—we cannot gather from her beautiful stories, but it is certain that our three other great writers were ardent lovers of Hampshire. There was no village to White like Selborne, none to Kingsley like Eversley, and no seas and cliffs to Tennyson like those of the Isle of Wight. Kingsley greatly admired various parts of Hamp-His lovely ballad, "The Keeper's Daughter," shows him to have been saturated with the spirit and romance of the New Forest, and no descriptions of the chalk streams of Hampshire and their valleys are, in my opinion, equal to those contained in "Yeast" and other writings of his. But his own corner of the county was his

Basingstoke

and I do not think I shall be regarded as bold by o knew him well in giving the title of "Charles 's Country" to a district which will include, beersley and its immediate neighbourhood, Strathfieldchester, Basingstoke and Old Basing, Hackwood riard Parks, Odiham, Aldershot and Farnborough. e spots were known to him, and concerning several comething of great interest to say. The main line London and South-Western Railway passes through ttre of this district, which is reached sooner from n than is any other part of Hampshire, the train to Farnborough and Basingstoke being excellent. st station (on the main line) for Aldershot is Farn-1: Winchfield and fleet are best for Eversley, from they are distant, the one about six, the other about iles; and Basingstoke for the ruins of Basing Castle use and also for Silchester. I do not like to tie down to a certain number of days, or to advise them "this or that district in a stated time, or in "doing" afine themselves to some particular route. upon the time the traveller has to dispose of, so pon his fancy for seeing very thoroughly some parplace at the expense, if I may so put it, of others in The condition of the roads, the weather, and ther considerations militate against tours cut and eforehand and set down on a printed page. ne I wish to be as helpful as possible to strangers ounty, and to suggest, where practicable, good headas well as pleasant trips. Basingstoke is the best stay at, if you want to explore this district, and est good inn to Silchester is the Wellington Arms at d Turgis, just outside the gates of Strathfieldsaye. gstoke, seen from the line, is not at all an attractivetown, seeming to be little more than a mass of nous, modern red-brick workmen's dwellings; but

inns and hotels at Basingstoke, Farnborough, Aldershot, III., "Gazetteer."

after walking down the hill from the station and up the hill into the town, you will find it not so bad as it looks. There is a certain amount of life and bustle in the place on market days, nor are all the streets so flaring red as those seen from the railway; whilst its Tudor church and the Holy Ghost Chapel are both worth examining. Nor is Basingstoke by any means without a history. In Doomsday Book we find it linked with Kingsclere and Hurstbourne Tarrant, as bound to provide one day's entertainment to the king, which probably meant a certain tax, or measure of corn, &c., to be supplied for the use of the royal household; and it has been the birthplace or home of several Englishmen of some note in their day; for instance, Sir James Lancaster, an explorer in the far North in Elizabeth's reign; and John of Basingstoke, author of a Greek grammar, of which Fuller, who spent some time at Basing House during the great siege, speaks highly in his "Worthies"; and the Rev. Charles Butler, author of a strange little work on bees and honey, which no person who takes an interest in the subject should fail to examine when in the reading-room of the British Museum. I must quote one droll passage from this little work, which was originally written in Latin. The virtue of honey is described by the author. "It purgeth and cleanseth the Eyes, nourishes and breedeth good Blood; it preserves natural Hear, and prolongs Old Age: Physicians use it also to preserve Medicines for long keeping, and it's good both for outward and inward Maladies. . . . It's good against the biting of mad Dogs and Serpents being drunk, good against Sickness and Surfeits." The bee, according to Butler, has a host of enemies, such as mouse, woodpecker, sparrow, great titmouse "called the Colemouse." swallow or "Progne." The title of the book is very lengthy, after the fashion of long ago. It is called "The Female Monarchy or the History of Bees. Shewing their Admirable Nature and Property, their Generation and Colony, their Government, Loyalty, Art, Industry,

)ld Basing

inemies, Wars, Magnanimity &c. Together with the ight ordering of them from time to time and the sweet profit arising therefrom." The honey of Hampshire has been praised by various writers, including Fuller, who also has good words for the fresh air and clean streams of the county.

Two miles east of Basingstoke is the fine village of Old

Basing. The village, though at the time I write scarcely beautified by the broadening of railway, which passes close by, is charmingly placed on the Loddon stream. It is a village of old red brick, and has stood stock-still for many generations, whilst Basingstoke has prosperous and rather plain. The stream flows through beds of great reeds, which look especially beautiful when the autumn wind stirs their



grey feathery heads; and the mill on the north side of the railway is well in keeping with the old-world character of the village. The large parish church, with its seventeenth-century red-brick tower, and red-tile roof is, I always think, one of the finest in the county, and the restorer has not laid a heavy hand upon it. It was originally a Norman building, and some Perpendicular work was given to it by one of the Powletts in the early part of the sixteenth century. There is not much of interest perhaps inside the church. Several Dukes of Bolton were buried in the family mausoleum, but the gallant Cavalier, with whom the name of

Basing must be for ever bound up, rests at Englefield in Berkshire: they should have buried him near the scene of

his glory.

The story of the fight made for Charles I. by John Powlett, fifth Marquess of Winchester, in his castle at Basing, is one of the most moving of the Civil War in England, and a visit to the ruins of the great house enhances its interest for us all. With the exception of Winchester, I consider there is no place of greater historical interest in Hampshire, and I have often wondered how it is that no great novelist has laid his scene at this romantic spot.

The original castle of Basing was built about the time of the Norman Conquest by one of the De Ports, of which family the present Paulets are a branch, and in the sixteenth century a second and a much more magnificent mansion was built by the first Marquess of Winchester. This splendid person did everything on a lavish scale. He made for himself at Basing the stateliest house in England, and entertained Queen Elizabeth, who, according to the story, declared that if the Marquess had only been a younger man she would have had it in her heart to have taken him as a This William Powlett held high office under three sovereigns, and when asked how he had managed to do it, replied wittily, "by being an osier and not an oak." 2 And it is recorded that before his death in 1572, at the age of ninety-seven, he had seen no less than one hundred and three persons descended from himself. He, as he cynically admitted, was the osier: the nobler oak was to follow in Charles I.'s reign. Soon after the opening of the Civil War, John Powlett was driven to prepare his house for resistance to the Parliamentary troops, receiving from Oxford, as an addition to his own small force, a hundred

¹ Amport, the Hampshire seat of the present sixteenth Marquess of Winchester (the fifteenth Marquess was killed at the terrible Battle of Magersfontein in 1899), takes its name from the De Ports.

^{2 &}quot; Ortus sum e salice non ex quercu."

" Aymez Loyauté"

musketeers "which marching with speed and secrecy (from Oxford) the 31 July 1643, were thrust into the place which from that time became a garrison." Fortifications were hastily improvised, and soon after, upon the news that Waller was about to march upon the place with a strong army, one hundred and fifty men were added towards its defence. The story of the siege from July 1643 to November 1644 is told in the diary of the Marchioness of Winchester, John Powlett's second wife, a noble lady, who was " just, tender, and true, neither unduly rejoicing in prosperity nor cast down or disheartened in adversity." Her journal opens with a description of the place. "Basing Castle, the seat and mansion of the Marquisse of Winchester, stands on a rising ground, having its forme circular, encompassed with a brick rampart lyned with earth, and a very deep trench but dry. The loftie Gate-house with foure turrets looking northwards, on the right whereof without the compasse of the ditch a goodly building containing two faire courts, before them is the Graunge, severed by a wall and common roade, again divided from the foot of Cowdreys Downe by meades, riverlets and a river running from Basingstoake, a mile distant from the west, through Basing towne, joyning from the east, the south of the Castle hath a parke and towards Basing towne, a little wood, the place seated and built as if for Royaltie, having a proper motto Aymez Loyauté. Hither (the Rebellion having made houses of pleasure more unsafe) the Marquisse first retired, hoping integrity and privacy might have here preserved his quiet. But the source of the true villainy, beareing down all before it, neither allowing newtrality or permitting peace, to any that desired to be less sinfull than themselves, enforceth him to stand upon his guard, which with his gentlemen armed with sixty musquets (the whole remainder of a well-furnished armory) he did so well that twice the enemies attempts proved vaine." have quoted the whole passage, as it is well to show that the Marquess was not of a turbulent nature, and that he

fain would have lived in peace during troublous times if he could have done so with honour and safety. His castle, however, was a very important stronghold on the great road to the west, and it was impossible to avoid being drawn into the quarrel. So the Marquess took up arms, and from that moment never looked back. He "saw the thing out," as we say nowadays, with a calm intrepidity which could not have failed to win the admiration of many a generous opponent. The siege was commenced by Colonel Norton and Colonel Harvey, who were soon beaten off and forced to retreat to Farnham, and in November 1843 an army of seven thousand horse and foot sat down before the castle, with Waller in command. So spirited was the defence of the garrison, however, that Waller withdrew to Farnham after serious loss, and soon afterwards the king's army under Lord Hopton came and helped in the work of fortifying the place. In the spring of 1644 the Parliamentarians resolved to starve out Basing, if they could not storm it, and a few months later renewed the siege in great force. From that time till October 1645 fighting at Basing went on with occasional intermissions, and altogether no less than two thousand men were killed in the many skirmishes and sorties and in the artillery attacks upon the place. Culverins, demi-culverins, and grenades were used against the walls, but after each attack the defenders set to work to repair the damages done by the Parliamentary soldiers, and again and again we find them making brave sorties, killing many of the enemy, filling their gaols with prisoners. The stories of the sorties, told in a lively way by the Marchioness, really remind one very much of those of brave garrisons in our own time. Now a party would come out of Basing at night to seize or destroy one of the big guns of Colonel Morley; on another occasion "to see the countenance of the enemy fifty foot are sent towards Basingstooke under the cover of a mill and hedge, whilst our horse forced theirs into the towne, they re-enforced our orderly retreat, drawing theirs

Cromwell at Basing

on in danger of our foot, who galling them they stand the coming of their owne, twixt whom some volleys being spent, ours are commanded in." Garrison parties go out at night to forage for themselves and horses, and at times the defenders begin to get pinched for food. The Marquess himself is shot "through the cloaths" on one occasion, on another hurt by a shot, a good many men are killed within and without the works, and others desert. But the defence never wavers, and twice the Marquess loftily declines to surrender. His two refusals are so characteristic of the man that I must give them here. Colonel Morley in July 1644 summons the Marquess to deliver up the place in order "to avoid the effusion of Christian blood." Marquess replies, "Sir, It is a crooked demand and shall receive its answer suitable. I keep the house in the right of my Sovereign, and will doe it in spite of your forces; your letter I will preserve as a testimony of your Rebellion. Winchester." And on the second occasion, he replied to Colonel Norton: "Sir, Whereas you demand the House and Garrison of Basing by a pretended authority of Parlt., I make this Answer, That without the King there can be no Parlt., by His Majestie's commission I keep the place, and without His absolute command shall not deliver it to any pretenders whatever. I am, yours to serve you, Winchester." So the struggle goes on, provisions, just when they were sorely needed, often supplied "as if by miracle," as the Marchioness says in her journal, until, in September 1645, a greater than Waller or Morley is despatched from Bristol to take Basing.

Cromwell arrived before Basing in October 1645 with three regiments of horse and three of foot, and a fierce attack was made upon the place. Having battered down large portions of the walls overnight the Parliamentary troops waited till the morning, Cromwell himself in prayer and meditation, and then rushed in and stormed the place "like a fire flood." The life of the Marquess was spared,

¹ Basing was stormed on October 14, 1645.

thanks to Colonel Hamilton, whom he had lately taken prisoner and treated handsomely, but many poor creatures died like rats in the vaults, in which they were shut up through a fire which broke out and raged furiously. were heard appealing piteously for aid, but could not be reached among the falling ruins. And though the Parliamentary troops seem as a body to have behaved fairly well, there were not lacking scenes of sad violence. Robinson, a player, though he appealed for mercy, was brutally shot by Colonel Harrison, the Anabaptist, who is said to have done this deed with the words, "Cursed be he that doeth the Lord's work negligently"; whilst the brave daughter of Dr. William Griffith was killed by the soldiers because she bitterly upbraided them for their rough treatment of her father. Altogether about a hundred persons in the house were killed at the storming, and three times that number made prisoners. The loot was great, including much splendid furniture with many objects of art, and Cromwell himself received out of it a substantial reward. Peters, who made a relation of the storming of Basing to Parliament, called the old house "a nest of idolatry" and the new one even more sumptuous, either of them fit to make an emperor's court. At Cromwell's suggestion leave was given to the whole countryside to come and carry away the ruins, and use the brick and stone for building. stormer might well "thank God that he could give a good account of Basing." And yet to this day there are quantities of brick and stone on the site of Lord Winchester's stronghold. The area of the works, with the garden and the intrenchments, covered a space of over fourteen acres, and one may roam about over a large extent of green on an eminence covered with fine old ash and thorn trees, among which are many traces of the wrecked building. On the top of the hillock, and around the site of the well, there are portions of wall, some of them propped up by timber buttresses, and signs of the massive strength of the

¹ It has been valued at no less than £200,000.

"The Great Loyalist"

place are seen on every side. Great masses of ivy, having stems as thick as the trunks of small trees, have established themselves among the massive walls and must have been growing there for centuries. The ruins are not visited so much as one might expect. You may wander about them for an hour or two without meeting with a soul: and then perhaps you will try and realise some of the stirring scenes and long-stilled life and passion of those most desperate days at Old Basing. The figure of John Powlett stands out grandly. We may admire the power and iron will and absolute belief that he was doing God's work, which mark Oliver Cromwell's work here as elsewhere. But it is Powlett's part in this affair, I confess, that appeals to me, that seems the nobler one. Mr. Robert Mudie in his work on Hampshire has pointed out most admirably that it was loyalty rather than royalty, which so distinguished the Marquess. In defence of the course he believed right and had espoused, he was ready without a selfish thought to sacrifice all his worldly possessions, if need be, and to lay If the king, he declared, as he stood in his down his life. ruined, flaming house, had no more ground in England than Basing he would adventure it to his uttermost. Well was Powlett named "the Great Loyalist," well did he live up to the motto which his house bears to-day—Aymez Loyauté. There is a story which one need not hesitate to accept, since it is quite in accord with the spirit of the man, that with a diamond he scratched this motto on each window in Basing Castle during the siege. You see the motto on the hatchments of the family in Basing Church, and it has come to be as familiar to Hampshire folk, who know the history of their county, as the arms of the Faithful Servant of Winchester College. Basing Castle was never rebuilt, though a smaller house arose in its stead, which has also disappeared long since. The chief fragment of the old building is the gatehouse on the north side, covered with ivy and still tenanted. Over the garrison gateway, where you enter to wander among the ruins above, cut in stone,

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are the arms of the Powletts—three swords in pale, points in It is a fine remnant which I hope will long survive. The canal from Basingstoke now runs round a part of the ruins, with waters as crystal-clear as those of any chalk stream, and years ago, when it was being cut, large numbers of cannon balls, swords, and skeletons were brought to light: doubtless the earth about holds many more fragments of the great siege. There is "Oliver Cromwell's Dell," a chalkpit near the village, and "Slaughter Close," a field close to the bridge across the water. Powlett's life, as we have seen, was spared, but under a charge of high treason he was imprisoned with his wife in the Tower, and his lands were taken away from him. Ultimately he retired to Englefield, his wife's place, and at the Restoration his property was given back to him. For the great losses he had suffered, however, he got in the end absolutely no recompense, only handsome promises. Such was the brave Marquess's reward when the king came by his own. On his monument at Englefield is an epitaph by Dryden, which has these fine lines :-

"Ark of thy Age's faith and loyalty,
Which (to preserve them) Heav'n confin'd in thee,
Few subjects could a King like thine deserve,
And fewer such a King so well could serve."

If one is staying at Basingstoke, a long summer's day will be sufficient for seeing not only Old Basing ruins and church, but perhaps something of Hackwood and Herriard Parks as well. A good plan would be to take the Alton road from Basingstoke in the morning, and going round Hackwood and Herriard, to return northward by the road on the east of these two parks and reach Old Basing in the afternoon, a round altogether of, I suppose, some sixteen miles. Hackwood Park is large, with beautiful trees, and many deer roam and browse among its knolls and dells. The house is about two hundred years old, but has been much altered at various times. It belongs

Nately Scures

to the Duke of Bolton, who does not live there, however, and it has been the home of various Powletts. The first Duke of Bolton was a strong Hanoverian, and a statue of George I., of no æsthetic merit, stands in front of the house. Herriard Park, two miles on, is also a very pretty one, though much smaller than Hackwood, and there is a public pathway through it.

From Basingstoke one may go through Old Basing,

Nately Scures, Hook, Hartley, and Hartford Bridge to Eversley, Charles Kingsley's village, if the lastnamed place has not been or is not going to be, explored from Fleet or Winchfield. In length this tour would be about the same as the Basingstoke, Hackwood, and Herriard one: but there is no place at Eversley at which you can stay for the night, and to find good quarters, should



you not be returning to Basingstoke the same day, you might do worse than go on to Heckfield, or to Strathfieldsaye, where there is a good inn. Nately Scures Church, though close to the high-road, will probably be missed, unless a careful look-out for it is kept. It is about three miles from Old Basing, adjoining a farm-house on the right-hand side of the road. Do not on any account overlook this tiny Norman church; it it certainly one of the smallest, if not actually the smallest, in England. It is flint-made, plain outside as a Quaker's place of worship. A noble oak, growing in the field without, stretches its branches over a

good portion of the little churchyard. The place, as I saw it on a late autumn day, had a somewhat forlorn look. The grass grew rank, and the weeds had asserted themselves among the graves of the poor. On some of the graves were little jars, even marmalade pots and the like, containing, alas! plants withered away long since; and there came to my mind, with a pang, as I moved amongst these graves, that utterly pathetic sonnet of Hood's:

"It is not death, that sometimes in a sigh
This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight;
That sometimes these bright stars that now reply
In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night:
That this warm flesh shall perish quite,
And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow;
That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal sprite
Be lapped in alien clay and laid below;
It is not death to know this,—but to know
That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves
In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go
So duly and so oft,—and when grass waves
Over the past-away, there may be then
No resurrection in the minds of men." 1

A mile or two on from Nately Scures Church is Hook. But just before reaching the village, if time does not press, one may turn to the right and go five or six miles out of the way in order to see the village of North Warnborough and the little market-town of Odiham. Both places have their ancient historic associations. On the right-hand side of the road a mile north of Warnborough is a ruined tower, which formed part of a castle built in early Norman times. Nine centuries have passed since its daring little garrison—thirteen men all told—held out for a fortnight against Louis

1 But Tennyson:

"O last regret, regret can die!
No-mixt with all this mystic frame,
Her deep relations are the same,
But with long use her tears are dry."

-In Memoriam, lxxviii,

Old Posting-houses

of France, only surrendering in the end on condition that their freedom and even their arms were left to them. And the great Simon de Montfort, champion of English liberties in Plantagenet days, is known to have stayed at this castle, and sported in the district, whilst King David of Scotland was confined within it for eleven years. The village of North Warnborough is on that beautiful little chalk-stream the Whitewater. It has some very old cottages with the upper storeys overhanging the lower in a manner not often seen in Hampshire villages. Odiham, formerly called Woodyham, lies a mile further south. It is an old town, with a church in which several schools of architecture are mingled together, and several good enough inns, such as the George. There was once a royal palace at Woodyham, and King John stayed here at the time of the Magna Carta gathering of the Barons at Runnymead.

Leaving the well wooded and watered park of Dogmersfield a mile on the right, one may turn back towards Eversley, to reach again, near Winchfield House, the road from Basingstoke to London; or else go back by North Warnborough, across the common 1 and through At this village, which has a station on the main line of the South-Western, there is a fine old posting-house called the White Hart. I like these old houses, which have seen of course their best days, but still keep up a brave appearance, and often I have found them excellent in their comforts. Jolly spots they must have been before the iron roads were laid: and long may they linger, even if mere shadows of their former busy bustling selves! Other old inns are sprinkled along the road we have now reached, the Old White Hart, the Raven, and the odd little Crooked Billet. We have left the chalk, and are passing through a district which reminds me of country just outside North London. The road is good for cyclists, but it is not pretty, and there is no relief till the long

¹ In Gough's Camden the common is given as a habitat of the marsh gentian or Calathian violet (Gentiana pneumonanthe).

straggling Hartley Row is passed and the dark Blackwater crossed at Hartford Bridge. Then there is a steep hill, and we are in a new land. The magnificent firs on the right and the deep dense pine-woods on the left bring instantly to mind Charles Kingsley's essay, "My Winter Garden." "I respect them, those Scotch firs. I delight in their forms, from James the First's gnarled giants, up in Bramshill Park-the only place in England where a painter can learn what Scotch firs are — down to the little green pyramids, which stand up out of the heather, triumphant over tyranny, and the strange woes of an untoward youth." Here among the glorious heather and the densely packed small firs and the giant trees, as big perhaps as any in the British Isles, we feel we are in the heart of Charles Kingsley's beloved district. How he revelled in this strong wild place, all who know his life and writings recognise. He was always in love with England and her "peaceful, graceful, complete English country life and country houses," but most of all in love with the England round his own Everslev.

To reach Eversley the first road to the left must be followed at the top of the fir-crowned hill, and then it is barely two miles to the village across the wilds of Eversley Common. Bramshill, by far the noblest Jacobean house in Hampshire, and hardly excelled by any in England, is on the left among its pine-woods. "Next Basing," says old Fuller in his "Worthies," "Bramsell, built by the last Lord Zouch in a bleak and barren place, was a stately structure." Bramshill House remains to this day a perfect specimen of the best architecture of the seventeenth century. It is owned by Sir Anthony Cope, who, like his ancestors, takes a pride in this old-world house, and has suffered no Philistine hand to be laid upon it. pleached alleys, and balustrade terraces, and noble old hall and rich ceilings, and great fireplaces with dog irons, and wainscoted walls, and floor of old shining oak and broad staircases,—all have been carefully preserved, and to look

Bramshill

upon them is to be carried back to days of romance. Bramshill is built of brick, and its mullions and dressings are of stone from Headington near Oxford. Sir William Cope, the father of the present owner, called the style of the house English Renaissance, and he considered the terrace front was its greatest beauty. The beauty of the pierced parapet he declared to be unequalled in any other

example of English Renaissance. troco terrace is at the eastern end, and here the old game of troco was played, some of the rings, cues, and balls being still preserved at Bramshill. Bramshill naturally enough has a ghost, who is called the White Lady, and is said to haunt the flower-de-luce bedroom. whilst an old oak chest is still pointed out as the hiding-place and coffin of poor



Ginevra of Samuel Rogers's poem, and of the much more familiar "Mistletoe Bough" of Haines Bailey. As a matter of fact the chest originally identified with the story was removed from Bramshill nearly a hundred years ago, but perhaps this does not matter greatly: Bramshill is the kind of place that must have its curious, pathetic stories, well proven or no. Bramshill is mentioned in Doomsday, from which we learn that about the time of the Conquest Hugh de Port held the estate. Curiously enough, before the time of the Lords Zouche, the estate was for a while in the hands of the Powlett family, a branch of the De Ports,

having been granted to William Powlett, Lord St. John, by Edward VI.: it became Sir John Cope's in the end of the seventeenth century. The chief and the finest avenue to the house is that from Eversley through the noble Scotch firs, some of which have a girth of over twenty feet at their roots. Dark pine, purple heather, yellow gorse—you will recall them lovingly when you think of a late summer day spent at Bramshill.

Eversley church, rectory, and farm are just outside



Bramshill Park, at the bottom of rather a steep descent from the common. They stand alone, the village being about a mile off, on the Berkshire border. After the wild moor above, it is a change indeed to suddenly find oneself in this green sheltered spot. The church and the churchyard, with its trimmed yews and its shrubs, are both of singular charm, and I know of no small tower more beautiful than that of Eversley, its red brick covered on one side with immense masses of ivy. Within, the church is decorated in perfect taste, and there is a sense of warmth and light and completeness about it, such as I have seen in

Strathfieldsaye

but few English parish churches. The rectory and the well-kept farm-house, which are on either side of the church, are also delightful places.

Eversley village is by the Blackwater, a peat-stained stream which comes from the Aldershot moors, and receives the far cleaner Whitewater north of Heckfield and on the border of the county: Wellington College and Sandhurst are a few miles north-east of Eversley, on the other side of the Blackwater and in Berkshire: Bramshill Common and Hazely Heath, in between two branches of the Whitewater, lie to the west and south-west, with the villages of Heckfield and Mattingley beyond. It might be good, if one had the time, to cross the border, and passing the fine old house called Bannisters, seek beyond to the north-east the spot where Charles Kingsley when foxhunting saw the view of which he has given us this picture: "Grand old moor stretching your brown flats right away towards Windsor for many a mile. Far to our right is the new Wellington College, looking stately enough here all alone in the wilderness, in spite of its two ugly towers and pinched waist. . . . Close over me is the long firfringed ridge of Easthampstead, ending suddenly in Cæsar's Camp."

From Eversley to Strathfieldsaye is five miles. Strathfieldsaye was a free gift of the nation to the Duke of Wellington. Within the house there are various things of interest, and they can point out the Duke's own rooms, which have been little interfered with. "Copenhagen," the horse that carried Wellington at Waterloo as well as during the Peninsular War, was buried in 1825 in a meadow close to the gardens. Strathfieldsaye Park has plenty of excellent timber, including a long avenue of Cornish elms, and there are one or two good oaks, in particular at the gateway by the Wellington Arms, the house which the Duke built for his stud-groom who was with him throughout his later campaigns. At this point one may go south-west through Sherfield Green and by the

little trout-stream called the Lyde, a tributary of the Loddon, or south-east through Hartley Wespall, and Rotherwick to Hook. The first part of the latter road lies through a nice country, the village green of Hartley and the beautiful old red-brick tower of Rotherwick Church being pleasant to the eye. But most people will wish to take the road to the north, and crossing the Loddon, which flows through the park, make for Silchester and the buried Roman city. On the way a portion of the broad, straight Roman road from London to Silchester will be seen, now all grass-grown. The distance from the outskirts of the park to Silchester farm and church is not, more than four miles, but the latter part of the journey is through a rather hilly country.

I am bound to say that the first view of Silchester is apt to disappoint. If you go expecting to find such perfect excavations and wonderfully preserved tessellated floors as are to be seen at the Roman villa near Brading, you will be sadly disillusioned; and indeed, unless you are there when the excavations are actually taking place during the summer months, you will see next to nothing of the buried city. In the late autumn the trenches, which the Society of Antiquaries employ a body of men to dig for the purpose of bringing to light more about the Calleva 1 of the Romans. are filled up, and the land is again put under cultivation. The Silchester Excavation Committee of the Society has been regularly and systematically exploring fresh ground within the walls for ten years. Its discoveries are published in the Archaologia of the Society, and in another part of this volume will be found some account of these, as well as an explanation of the plan of Silchester. I shall confine myself here to a few remarks about the great walls of the city and the general appearance of the place.

¹ Calleva Attrebatum was the Roman name for the place, but it is the Saxon name which has survived, Selceaster (the dwelling-house, fort, or town): the Celtic name was Caer Segont (the fortress of the Segontiaci).

The Silchester Walls

I have said that Silchester is likely to disappoint those who come prepared to see Roman remains anything like those by Brading. But the huge walls with which the Romans surrounded the city, and which still survive, especially on the north side, have lasted marvellously through a period of at least fifteen centuries. You have your first sight of the wall in the farmyard close to the



church, and it is hard to realise that that solid mass of stone and rubble belongs to so remote an age. The walls look indeed, about the farmyard, where they are best preserved, as though built a few centuries ago at the most. They are surrounded by a dry moat covered with soft green turf, and are covered with huge stems of ivy, whilst brushwood and even trees grow out of and amongst them. The moat is a beautiful spot in summer, and many birds build and sing amongst those wondrous fragments of Imperial Rome.

I cannot improve on Lord Jeffrey's description of the

spot in 1817. "It is about the most striking thing I ever saw; and the effect of that grand stretch of shaded wall, with all its antique roughness and overhanging wood, lighted by a low autumnal sun, and the sheep and cattle feeding in the green solitude at its feet, made a picture not to be soon forgotten." How comes it that whilst the walls have in parts stood out against the siege of so many centuries, the city itself has sunk completely below the soil? Mr. Frederick Davis, in an interesting article on "The Romano-British City of Silchester" in Mr. William Andrews' "Bygone Hampshire," explains the cause. Calleva, he considers, disappeared through no sudden or dreadful disaster, neither by siege, sack, nor storm. After the Roman exodus from Britain, the city by-and-by was deserted, for it was not then the custom of the people of these islands to live in such places; and forthwith would begin the work of gradual demolition, the British people no doubt carrying away the stones, not easy to get in Hampshire at that period, and so levelling building after building to the ground. So, man and the elements combining, Silchester sank, only its great walls defying both agencies of destruction. Finally, came the work of the worms. Day after day, year after year, century after century, the earth swallowed by these mouldmakers is ceaselessly ejected, brought to the surface, till the Roman city, for which we now curiously pierce and search the soil, bringing to light each season fresh trophies and outlines of buildings, is sunk inches, nay, actually feet beneath the surface. And without these worms, which have covered up the city, there would be no crops to support life in England to-day!

Close to the farm, within the walls of the buried city a little to the south of the east gate, stands Silchester Church. It may be looked upon perhaps as a kind of successor of the temples in the Roman city, traces of which have been discovered close beside it. The church is built from the stone and flints, wreckage of Calleva Attrebatum, and is believed to date from the twelfth century. Within the church

About Bramley

there is an interesting carved oak Perpendicular screen to be seen; without a Norman pillar with escalloped mouldings. The north doorway arch, with dog-tooth mouldings, belongs to the Early English period, as do several windows. The fine spreading yew tree in the churchyard with the surrounding elms may recall, as the present rector of Silchester has happily observed to me, the lines of Gray—

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade, The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

The distance from Silchester to Basingstoke is about eight miles, rather longer if one goes through what remains of Pamber Forest and turns aside to see the beautiful old place called The Vine. The Vine is close to the village of Sherborne St. Johns, and it should not be missed, if permission to see the gardens and the chapel, which Horace Walpole declared to be the most heavenly in the world, has been obtained. The way through Bramley, which lies north-west of The Vine, is a smiling, pleasant one. scenery is on a small scale, but there is a warmth about this country which one appreciates. The fields are small, and the hedges many, and several of the bottoms have small streams trickling through the pasture fields, the small Lyde being crossed a little south of the bright and tidy village of Bramley. It is when we see a district like this that we can understand what Americans so often tell us about our country looking like a well-tilled garden. Hampshire has plenty of scenery of this character, and often it is pleasing to find oneself among these compact little fields and hazel coppices and neat villages and farm homesteads after passing through moor and heathery waste: these latter, too, we have in Hampshire, and in this very corner of the county, as the country to the south of Eversley and Aldershot Common Of Aldershot and Farnborough, which lie in the pine district of North-east Hampshire, I do not propose to speak here, beyond saying that both are worth visiting, and that they who go to Aldershot should cross the border

if possible and see the Bishop of Winchester's Palace at Farnham; but I should not like to pass by Fleet Pond or Elvetham Park near Winchfield without a word. The South-Western Railway runs along the north side of this sheet of water, and to my delight, the last time I passed the place in daylight, I saw swimming about quite close to the line a fine specimen of the great crested grebe. Fleet has many water-fowl at all seasons of the year, and these are not subjected to the incessant persecution which is driving the birds away from so many English lakes. When the wind stirs the surface of the water into miniature waves



and the sun sparkles down upon them, Fleet Pond is a fair sight. Fleet village, Winchfield, and Hook lie in a district the pretty scenery and pure air of which are becoming known to Londoners, and many small houses and cottages are

springing up about the railway stations. This might be

called the London corner of Hampshire.

At Elvetham in 1591 Queen Elizabeth was as splendidly entertained by the Earl of Hertford—by whose name one of the bridges across the Blackwater is still called—as she had been by Lord Winchester at Basing. An account of the three days' entertainment was printed and published by John Wolfe and sold at the "Little Shop over against the Great South Dore of Paules." Great were the preparations of the ambitious lord. There were raised against the occasion "a great common buttery. A pitcher house. A large pastery with five ovens new built, some of them fourteene foote deepe. A great kitchen with four ranges, and a boyling place for small boild meates . . . a boilinghouse, for the great boiler. A roome for the scullery. Another roome for the cookes lodgings." In a large pond

Queen Elizabeth

in the park curious water sports and plays were produced for the amusement of the Queen. A splendid "canapie" was placed on the ground for her to sit upon. It was of "greene satten, lined with greene taffeta Sarcinet, everie seame covered with a broad silver lace; valenced about, and fringed with greene silke and silver, more than a handbredth in depth; supported with four silver pillers moveable; and dekt above head with four white plumes, spangled with silver." Virgins and nymphs addressed the Queen, in each case in verses stuffed with flattery—

"Elisa is the fairest Quene
That ever trod upon this greene,
Elisaes eyes are blessed starres,"

and much more of the same character. But these compliments did not cloy the Queen, who "was so highly pleased that she openly protested to my Lord of Hertford, that the beginning, the processe, and end of this her entertainment, was so honourable, as hereafter hee should finde the rewarde thereof in her especiall favour."

ITINERARY THE FIFTH

GILBERT WHITE'S COUNTRY

Ways of reaching Selborne—Changes about Selborne—The Selborne yew—The Wakes—Night-jar and honey buzzard at Selborne—Scenery at Selborne—Gilbert White—White compared with Walton—White's family—White's refined humour—Selborne Priory and Church—Around Alton—Prince Edward and Adam Gurdon—Chawton—Jane Austen at Chawton and Steventon—Her charming stories—Villages near Selborne—Hawkley Hanger—Woolmer Forest—Queen Anne at Woolmer—Blackmoor—Lord Selborne's home—Lord Robert Cecil at Headley—Liphook—The Anchor—Scenery about Liphook—Country about Petersfield.

HAMPSHIRE is a county rich in delightful villages and hamlets. She has Twyford near Winchester, crowned long ago the queen of her villages; Hurstbourne Tarrant lying deep in the sequestered little valley of the Bourne, and shut in by the Hampshire highlands; Freefolk and Longparish and Itchen Abbas hidden away among the elms and alders of her glittering chalk-streams: but in variety of beauty and in association not one may compare with Gilbert White's Selborne. Every reader of the best book of natural history in the language is eager to see the spot for himself. It is true that many editors of White's book have done their best to describe the village and its neighbourhood, and to show what has been taken during the century which divides us from the time of the old naturalist, and what left; but then—to take a slight liberty with a line of Tennyson's:-

"Things seen are mightier than things read,"

Ways to Selborne

and were the editions of Selborne a hundred times more numerous and more full of description and illustration than they are, one would be none the less keen to make a pilgrimage to the village. There are several ways of approaching Selborne, and it is not easy to decide which is the most pleasant. Most people go to Selborne from Alton, a neat and prospering little town on the London and South-Western Railway. It is a walk or drive of five miles through a country open and breezy, but not especially interesting till the great Hanger, the glory of Selborne, comes within sight. Spring or summer, when the birds that White loved and watched are busy with their nests and songs, are the best seasons to visit Selborne, but this Hanger is a splendid sight, as is the Nore Hill hard by, when touched by the fiery autumn, and they who were so fortunate as to visit the place late in October 1800 will scarcely forget the fineness of the colouring. It is not to be wondered at that White, with this Hanger close to his garden and within full view of his windows, should have come to think beeches the best of all trees; and the beeches of the Hanger, if not so stately as those of Savernake Forest, are fine specimens. Then Selborne can be reached by a quiet back-road from the pretty and well-kept village of East Tisted, and that is a very nice way, for the hedges are high and thick, and there are glimpses of the smooth park lands of Rotherfield and by-and-by of Selborne Common and the Nore Hill. A third route is from Liss near the Sussex border through delightful Empshott, and a fourth along the Oakhanger Road and into the village by one of those deeply sunk roads White tells us of, the origin of which so mystified Charles Kingsley. The best plan is to follow at one time or another all these ways to Selborne, and judge for oneself which is the most charming; but it is not an easy decision to come to.

The physical features of Selborne have not of course undergone any great change since White's time. The Hanger, Nore Hill, the Lithe, the Common, the two small

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trout-brooks—one bound for the North Sea and the other for the Channel-and the deep roads or hollow lanes between Selborne and Oakhanger and Selborne and Alton are no doubt just as they were in the eighteenth century: to find serious alterations on the face of the earth we have to go out of the village to Woolmer Forest, from which the Bins Pond of White's time has disappeared. the village itself there certainly have been changes. Several very ugly red-brick cottages have sprung up in the main street since I first saw it some eighteen years ago, and the old-world village shop with its quaintly crowded windows is giving way here as, alas! in other Hampshire villages, to something in the nature of general stores—a change it is hard to be reconciled to. The church has been a good deal altered and restored, but the glorious old yew is in the churchyard yet, wrapped in its "thousand years of gloom." In his "Antiquities of Selborne" White devotes a whole letter to the subject of yews, and this particular one, he says, "is upwards of twenty-three feet in the girth, supporting a head of suitable extent to its bulk. This is a male tree which in the spring sheds clouds of dust, and fills the atmosphere around with its farina." The tree is in perfect health and vigour, still shedding its clouds of pollen, and at the present time (Mr. Kaye, the vicar of Selborne, tells me) has an adumbrage of no less than twenty-four yards, and at four feet from the ground a girth of twenty-five feet Almost opposite the churchyard and the Plestor or village green in front of it is The Wakes, Gilbert The Wakes has been considerably added White's house. to, but there is still standing plenty of the house which we can call White's, and in the hall there are cases of birds which are well in keeping with the dear spot. The beautiful osprey you see upon entering would have been much better left at Frensham Pond or wherever it was taken from, but at any rate it recalls to us White's note to Pennant concerning the bird shot "about a year ago at Frensham Pond, a great lake, at about six miles from hence,

The Wakes

while it was sitting on the handle of a plough and devouring a fish. It used to precipitate itself into the water, and so take its prey by surprise.' At the back of The Wakes are the beautifully kept garden and lawn to which the naturalist, as his Garden Calendar shows, devoted much time and tender care. It is with something like a quickened pulse that one steps out into the garden. The summer-house,



which was dropping into ruins when I first visited the place many summers since, has now quite gone, but Gilbert White's sundial remains. In the meadow just without the lawn there is an old oak, the very tree, it has been suggested, round which White watched the night-jar in pursuit of the fern-chafers. "The powers of its wing were wonderful, exceeding, if possible, the various evolutions and quick turns of the swallow genus. But the circumstance that pleased me most was that I saw it distinctly, more than once, put out its short leg while on the wing, and, by a bend of the



Hollow Lanes

bird even so far back as White's time, though there is a record in Montagu of one being shot at Highclere in the eighteenth century. A pair or two of ravens still linger on in the Isle of Wight, where they may be sometimes seen abour the Culver Cliffs of Freshwater; and some of the oldest inhabitants can recollect the time when these birds used to nest in the high and remote Tangley Clumps at the extreme north-west of the county.

What helps to make Selborne so attractive and varied in its beauties is the number of different soils and sub-soils, which are found running into and beside one another close to the village. There is chalk and gault, and the upper greensand series, and chloritic marl, and the lower greensand, in which the hops flourish to-day as they did in the naturalist's lifetime. The result is a country of a more broken and abrupt character than can be looked for among the chalk downs or the chalk valleys, and much diversity, too, in the vegetation. The hollow lanes of Selborne, one of which leads towards Alton and the other towards Woolmer Forest, add greatly to the interest and beauty of the place, and are very good ground for the According to White, they have been sunk many yards below the level of the ground on either side, partly by traffic, partly by the action of water. There is at least one deeply, but not so deeply, sunk road in the nice country between the villages of Stratfield Turgis and Rotherwick in the north-east of Hampshire, which looks as though it had been made through the fields like a railway cutting. Every nook and corner in Selborne is worth exploring, for there are pretty views at many points. For extent there is no view equal to that seen from the top of the Hanger, which is reached after a stiff climb up the "zigzag," but there are some choice glimpses from the churchyard and from the lane leading to the Forest. Even the view from the chief parlour of the Queen's Arms is not to be despised, reminding one, as it may, rather of a scene in Devonshire than Hampshire, and the banks of the

little streams are very pleasant spots on warm summer days. Looking through the visitors' book at the inn last autumn I saw one name of singular interest, given under the year 1889—Huxley. Mr. Grant Allen has shown how White, in one or two of his inquiries, as it were all but raised the veil, which hid the wondrous scientific theories or discoveries of the age of Darwin and Huxley from his own. It is pleasant to know that one of these great thinkers made his pilgrimage to the village of the reverend and simple-minded student of nature, whose single recorded boast was that he was born and bred a gentleman and hoped to be allowed to die such.

Gilbert White is by no means the single field naturalist of the type who has given us a delightful work on the natural history of his own country or district. He had several successors, such as Knapp, author of the admirable "Journal of a Naturalist," and in later times, Jesse, himself an editor of "Selborne" and the writer of various pleasant books on natural history. He has had successors, who, like himself, have been men of letters and scholars as well as observers of nature, but never a rival. His title to rank as the writer of the most delightful book on natural history in the language is as secure as is Walton's to rank as the best of all angling authors. We read "The Natural History of Selborne" with a joy that never diminishes, because of its acute observation of wild life in very many phases, of its entire truthfulness, of the literary skill and the charming style—for none but a real man of letters could have described for us the songs of the blackcap and redstart and the nesting of the honey buzzard and the raven as White did. And we delight, too, in the picture it gives us, in our age of unrest and competition and push, of an easy-minded, scholarly, good gentleman of the eighteenth century living a wholesome and useful life in a quiet country village. White was at peace with himself and all the world, and it is interesting to notice by the dates appended to his MS. notes, which Markwick first

White's Serenity

edited in 1802, that many of his observations were made at a time when Europe was in convulsions over the French Revolution: indeed the book was first published by brother Benjamin White in 1789, the year of the fall of the Bastille. On the tremendous day of that event we find White writing of his favourite fern-owls or eve-And in this we may compare him with Walton, who was angling peacefully by Dove or Lea when civil war was rending his country. It would not be well, perhaps, if the calm spirit and easeful mind that White and Walton showed were universal in a country, for such qualities do not make for empire and great prosperity; but they are salutary as antidotes; and, moreover, men such as these will surely never be found bad citizens or destitute of a strong if quiet patriotism. We have a right to be proud of Englishmen like White and Walton, and to be pleased at the homage which America pays to both. In the visitors' books at The Wakes and the Queen's Arms, you will find the names of many Americans, who have come to see White's village. In his introduction to the edition of "The Natural History of Selborne" (published in 1800) the late Mr. Grant Allen says nicely: "I confess I can never read a page or two of White's without recalling to my mind those exquisite lines of Austin Dobson's which sum up for us the ideal eighteenth-century gentleman :—

He liked the well-wheel's creaking tongue—
He liked the thrush that stopped and sung—
He liked the drone of flies among
His netted peaches;
He liked to watch the sunlight fall
Athwart his ivied orchard wall;
Or pause to catch the cuckoo's call
Beyond the beeches."

Such of a surety was Gilbert White's ideal: and we may almost add of him in Mr. Dobson's apt phrase, "His name was leisure! Time was not then money; it was

opportunity for enjoyment, for self-development, for culture. And as such White used it, with a consciousness of dignity and a sense of worthiness in life which have almost faded out of our hurried modern existence." These are admirable words, and one cannot help half wondering at and half pitying the frame of mind habitual to people who can describe well-lived lives like White's as idle or wasted.

Before quitting Selborne, I must give what perhaps should have been given before, a short account of the career of Gilbert White. He came of a family which, as the tablets in the church show, had been connected with Selborne two generations before his own. Gilbert White, grandfather of the naturalist, was a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, was given the living of Selborne in 1681, and his tombstone is to be seen in the church as well as the memorial to his grandsire. He died in 1727, leaving one son, John White, the father of Gilbert, who was born at Selborne—at the vicarage, not The Wakes—in 1720. Gilbert was educated at Basingstoke Grammar School, and in 1739 he matriculated at Oriel. In 1744 he was elected a Fellow of his College, and later we find him curate at Swarraton, near Alresford. But if White left Oxford after taking orders, he was back there again in 1765, for he was then one of the proctors for the year. By 1755 he had settled for good at The Wakes at Selborne, was curate of Farringdon near by, and a gentleman of easy He declined several College livings which were offered him, and preferred to spend the rest of his life in his own beloved village. "Thus his days passed, tranquil and serene," writes his nephew, "with scarcely any other vicissitudes than those of the seasons, till they closed at a mature age on June 26, 1703."

The Whites, it is clear, were altogether an intellectual and well-informed family. In the third Itinerary I have referred to the diary of the Rev. James White of Fyfield, on the other side of the county; a second brother, the publisher, produced some of the best scientific works of

The White Family

the day; whilst a third, Francis, after retiring from business, devoted himself to pursuits kindred to those of Gilbert. I esteem the little series of letters to Robert Marsham, published in Mr. Harting's edition of "Selborne," scarcely less than the immortal ones to Pennant and Daines Barrington, for they have chinks which let in beams of light upon his life and views on other things besides natural history. Thomas evidently retired from business a rich man, for, in a letter to Mr. Marsham, Gilbert says: "As you love trees and to hear about trees, you will not be displeased when you are told that your old friend, the great oak in the Holt Forest, is at this very instant under particular circumstances. For a brother of mine, a man of vertu, who rents Lord Stawell's beautiful seat near The Holt, called Moreland, is at this very juncture employing a draughtsman, a French refugee, to take two or three views of this extraordinary tree on folio paper, with an intent to have them engraved." There is occasionally a certain undertone of sly humour and playfulness in White's talk about the wild life around him, which is very pleasant. We find it in this passage concerning the tree that was "under particular circumstances," and in the familiar story of Timothy the tortoise, whose shell, by the way, was long preserved at The Wakes, but which had disappeared when I visited the spot soon after Professor Bell's death. In another letter to Mr. Marsham. written a few months before his death, White speaks of his hatred of "the dangerous doctrines of levellers and republicans . . . the reason you have so many bad neighbours is your nearness to a great factious manufacturing Our common people are more simple-minded and know nothing of Jacobin Clubs." I am not quite confident that White would have hit it off with another lover of Hampshire, whose name occurs more than once in this volume, William Cobbett-though Cobbett approved of the way White spent his time.

It would be a pleasant task to go on chattering about

this good man, and to cover many more pages with talk concerning him, but there are other things in connection with "Gilbert White's country," besides the book and the life of its author, which must have attention. A large portion of White's own "Antiquities of Selborne" refer to the Priory of Selborne, which was founded by Peter de la Roche in Henry III.'s reign, a few small remnants of which, such as tiles and some scraps of masonry, may still be seen in the garden of the priory farm-house close to the village, in the wildly wooded Lithe. I learn from the Rev. John Vaughan that the everlasting pea and several less common plants, which White mentions, are to be found about this fair spot, and that the site of the priory fish-ponds may still be traced. To the monasteries and priories these stews or ponds were necessities, and every priory which had its pond would also have its small The Selborne Priory mill has left its name no doubt in Millfield, a hop-garden on the "white soil," which, the naturalist tells us, grows the brightest hops. The Selborne monks had their pigeons and rabbits too, as shown by the surviving names 1 Culver Croft and Coney Croft. These brethren of Selborne Priory fell into a lax way of living in the time of William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, who was forced to warn them of the error of their ways by a visitation. They had neglected celebration of masses, had not abstained from frivolous conversation, had suffered too many secular people (of both sexes) to pass through their convent, and some had been found highly ignorant and illiterate. Some of the canons had kept hounds and gone a-hunting. For these and other offences they incurred the stern displeasure of Wykeham, who however so far relented towards them before his death as to pay off the debts of the priory and to make it a free gift of one hundred marks. The evils the bishop

^{1 &}quot;Culver" was Saxon for pigeon, hence the name Culver Cliff, between Bembridge and Sandown in the Isle of Wight.

Around Alton

had complained of broke out again after his death, and in 1486 Wainsteet abolished the institution and gave its revenues to Magdalen College, Oxford. The church at Selborne is not of a great age, though it has some ancient portions. • As a whole it may be said to belong to Tudor times. There are several memorials of the White family, but the only one of general interest now is to the naturalist himself—"Fifty Years Fellow of Oriel College in Oxford, and Historian of this his native parish." "His headstone grey," as James Russell Lowell has called it tenderly, is in the churchyard, touching in its simplicity—"G. W. 26th June 1703."

Selborne, as I have said, is usually approached from Alton, though Liss on the London and Portsmouth branch of the London and South-Western Railway is about the same distance off. Alton has some good roads and pleasant country. It is a pretty road to South Warnborough village (which has a church with a fine Norman doorway), through a hilly and wooded country full of birds, amongst them the corn-bunting, which one does not always see so much of as one would like to in Hampshire. Then there is the valley of one of the branches of the Wey, between Alton and Farnham, which Arthur Young, the famous traveller of the last century, called the finest ten miles in England. In a wooded spot in this valley a combat once took place between Prince Edward, afterwards Edward I., and Adam Gurdon, a brave Hampshire follower of Simon de Montfort. Gurdon after the defeat and death of his leader entrenched himself in the woods, and Prince Edward, then a youth, fired by the spirit of chivalry and romance, challenged him to personal combat. Gurdon fell wounded, and the Prince offered him life and advancement if he would yield. Another account says he was sent off a prisoner after the fight to the Queen at Guildford, who was begged to treat him very mercifully because of his valour. Gurdon at any rate became a loyal subject of Edward's and was made keeper of Woolmer

Forest, near which was his manor-house, at the spot where Temple Farm now stands.

A mile south of Alton is Chawton village. Jane Austen, the writer of the pure sweet stories which at the present time are loved better even than they were when Scott and Macaulay and Lewis sounded their praises, lived with her family at Chawton from 1800 to 1817. The house is still standing. Part of it has been made into a workman's club, whilst the remainder is occupied by three families of working people, but it has been altered a good deal since her time. In the church there is a tablet to the memory of some members of the Austen family, Cassandra Elizabeth and her brothers. Jane Austen was quite a Hampshire She was born at Steventon near Oakley in woman. December 1775, and lived there till twenty-five years old. I went to see Steventon one day in the summer of 1899, and found it the sleepiest little spot one could imagine. The country is green and leafy, but the scenery is without distinction: there are no hills to speak of, no beautiful troutstreams, no fine old houses, no stately parks. The old parsonage where Jane Austen was born has gone, and there are no remains whatever of her or her family at Steventon. The spired church in which her father held service stands a little distance from the village at the edge of a hazel and oak coppice. It was in this quiet nook, seven or eight miles from the nearest town, that Jane Austen at twentyone years of age began to write that perfect story "Pride and Prejudice." In 1797 she was at work on "Sense and Sensibility," and in 1798 completed "Northanger Abbey." Where in the world did she get her knowledge of human nature—a knowledge so great that Macaulay was almost ready to extol her as the Shakespeare of her sex? What life could she have seen about Steventon a hundred years ago? In 1801 Jane went to Bath, and in 1805 to Southampton, where the family had rooms in Castle Street: in 1807, as we have seen, the Austens settled at Chawton, and four years after the story "Sense

Jane Austen

and Sensibility" was published, being followed by "Pride and Prejudice" and "Mansfield Park."

In 1817 her health broke down and she removed to rooms in College Street, Winchester, and died there the same year. The memorials of Jane Austen are but few, and it is clear that her life was uneventful. It has been said that the woman without a history is the happier. The life of Jane Austen, like her death, was placid; there is here no record of harrowing anguish, or anxiety, such as we find in the story of that strong sufferer Mrs. Oliphant. Nor in the scant materials which have been left for a "life," could the biographer find anything in the nature of a sad love-affair. Serenity is the word that best describes her career: and in this Jane Austen may remind one of Gilbert White, who was spending his happy days at Selborne when at Steventon, only about fifteen miles off as the crow flies, she was doing her French exercises and getting her first insight into the little world around her.

She has given us a small but very choice portrait gallery of masterpieces. The irresistible Elizabeth, as easy to fall in love with as Scott's Di Vernon, the alluring if sometimes rather irritating Emma, the worldly but very human Constance—they live and move to-day. You should read Jane Austen after one of the unwholesome, much-boomed, ephemeral novels of to-day, as Dean Stanley read his "Guy Mannering" to take the nasty taste out of his mouth. Jane Austen was buried in Winchester Cathedral, where she is to have at length a worthy memorial.

South and east of Selborne, there are many pretty villages and grey old churches, and views of the hills of Surrey and Sussex as well as Hampshire, to which two or even three days might well be given by the leisurely tourist. There is East Tisted on the London and Gosport road, which looks a model village, like Laverstoke, the cottages being large and neat, with handsome gardens; and well away from the high-road are Colemore and Priors Dean.

The churches of these villages are by no means famous, but most of them have something to show, which is worth going a mile or two out of the way to see. In the church at Colemore, for instance, there is the oaken chancel screen, and in the churchyard of Priors Dean the great yew tree. South of Selborne is Empshott, a beautifully placed village near the foot of a steep hill down which the road winds,



with the trees on either side meeting overhead. A mile from Empshott is Hawkley, with a hanger like Selborne's. "Out we came," writes the author of "Rural Rides," "all in moment, at the very edge of the hanger! And never in all my life was I so surprised and so delighted! I pulled up my horse and sat and looked. and it was like looking from the top of a castle down into the sea, except that the

valley was land and not water." The view from Hawkley Hanger is at least as fine as that from Selborne. But the most interesting place in this district is no doubt Woolmer Forest, to the east of Selborne and within easy reach of both Liss and Liphook stations on the South-Western Railway.

In White's time Woolmer was treeless, but since then it has been planted with Scotch and other firs. It is a wild barren tract of country quite dissimilar to any other part of Hampshire, except perhaps to the rough land about the Bramshill heights. Sand and sedge and bracken and boggy places oozing with peat-stained water, and in the

Woolmer

summer glorious masses of purple heather among the deep green pines, these are its features, with Woolmer Pond, a large shallow sheet of water, and several smaller ones, such as Oakhanger, Blackmoor, and Hogmore. Holywater Clump of firs stands out distinct in the midst of Woolmer, and from some of the neighbouring hills and hangers you can see the oaks of Alice Holt Forest lying far beyond to the north towards Farnham. It is a wild place now this Woolmer, a fact which came home strongly to me, as I stood by the Pond in the dead silence of a winter's evening not long ago, and listened for the cries of A mystery seems to lurk about the lonely recesses of this forest. An even more desolate and unreclaimed spot it must have been in the days when the crane and the wild boar and the wolf made its fastnesses their home: the names of these creatures still linger in the nomenclature of the ponds and the forest itself. And then at some more remote period in the past Woolmer was perhaps quite thickly wooded, for bits of bog oak, ebony black, were found there in the last century, and portions of other woods were probed out and taken by White to be of some aquatic species of tree, such as alder or willow. To-day Woolmer is once more becoming well wooded, as the firs and larches thrive well. There has been talk of its being made a sanctuary for British persecuted wild birds. I have never been lucky enough to see the black game or black grouse east of the New Forest, but it is said to exist in Woolmer, though White wrote of it as being as extinct as the red deer which were once driven in front of Queen Anne, who "came out of the great road at Liphook which is just by, and reposing herself on a bank smoothed for that purpose, lying about half a mile to the east of Woolmer Pond, and still called Queen's Bank, saw with great complacency and satisfaction the whole herd brought in by the keepers along the vale." There are two main roads through the forest, one running from Liphook to Greatham, the other from Greatham past Woolmer Pond straight into Alice Holt, and both are well worth following. Starting at Liphook Station one can go thence to Greatham and past Woolmer Pond, taking the first turning to the left, which leads to Blackmoor and Selborne, two miles further to the west. In 1865 Blackmoor estate was bought by the late Earl of Selborne, who built a church there, and made his home at the edge of the moorland.

The co-editor of an edition of White's "Selborne," with a taste for natural history and antiquities, Lord Selborne became greatly attached to this place, and in the "Memorials Personal and Political, 1865-1895," edited by his accomplished daughter Lady Sophia Palmer, we may find several good pictures of this fascinating country.

"The forest," he writes, "is a wild heathy tract, broken up into numerous ridges of moorland, with valleys below; its eminences covered with plantations, chiefly of Scotch fir; and among them, eastward, a very conspicuous and picturesque mound covered with firs of greater age and height than the rest, called Holywater Clump, and forming a fine central view on the whole eastern landscape. Beyond this lie, towards the north and east, a tract of richer land, Alice Holt, a forest of oaks, extending most of the way to Farnham, the parishes of Headley and Bramshott, and, on the horizon, the long line of Hindhead, dividing the counties of Hampshire and Surrey, blended indistinguishably with that of Black Down in Sussex, though between them is the valley of Haslemere, through which the Portsmouth Railway runs."

At Blackmoor quantities of fragments of Roman and British pottery, and thousands of bronze coins of the Lower Empire have been found, and there is good reason to suppose that the place was a settlement or oppidum of the Britons after the Roman Conquest. These discoveries were made whilst Lord Selborne was arranging his estate, but more than a century before that a large number of Roman copper coins were found in the dry bed of Woolmer Pond, as White tells us in his "Antiquities of Selborne."

A Famous Inn

A good many tumuli, too, are to be seen scattered about the forest.

Woolmer does not extend to the Surrey border, and between the forest and Hindhead there are several delightful little villages. Churt, where, according to Gould in his great work on British birds, the Dartford warbler used to be fairly abundant, is just across the border, south of Frensham Great Pond and the Devil's Jumps, but Bramshott lies in the extreme eastern corner of Hampshire, and Headley a few miles north-west. In 1865 the present Marquis of Salisbury was living in a small house in the latter village, and I cannot resist quoting from the "Memorials," a most interesting passage concerning the Lord Robert Cecil of those days, for it compares so well with the exaggerated accounts often given of the statesman in his House of Commons days. "As Lord Robert Cecil he had gained in the House of Commons the position of an orator of considerable debating power, holding himself more independent of party than most men on the Conservative side of the House. His style of speaking was vigorous, acid, and incisive. I was often in conflict with him; he was friendly to the Confederate States, and no man delivered harder blows against the Government in the contests of those days, of which I got my share, for he spared neither friend nor foe. Notwithstanding this, we were in private life fast friends."

At Liphook, a bright village, which I recollect I once reached with much satisfaction after a winter night's cycle ride through the forest, there is a famous inn called the Anchor. It was a merry hostelry of yore, a famous stopping-place for the coaches along that London and Portsmouth road, which many authors, Charles Dickens among them, have described. We may read of it in Pepys's amusing pages. The Anchor entertained several royal personages during the nineteenth century. William IV. was often there on his journeys to or from Portsmouth, and the Allied Sovereigns lunched at the inn in 1815 after

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Waterloo, Blücher being one of the party. Queen Charlotte stayed there, and the Duchess of Kent and our own Queen, then Princess Victoria. Those were great days for the Anchor, but life has by no means left the place, and there is good cheer and accommodation at the house for cyclist and tourist by road or rail. The great chestnut tree in front of the house is still vigorous.

Several districts of Hampshire have had their own



historians, though none of course have been so fortunate as Selborne. I have read with much pleasure a slim volume by the Rev. G. W. Godwin, called "The Green Lanes of Hampshire, Surrey, and Sussex," which is brimful of enthusiasm over this district. The scenery about Liphook is described in the book in a happy way. Wagner Wells, close to Liphook, Mr. Godwin calls a "little bit of Switzerland in Hampshire," and even if the description is thought by some to be a little far-fetched,

Sylvan Loveliness

they may well forgive him for what follows. From this point "the fourteenth-century tower of Headley Church is a conspicuous feature, while beyond is the sombre background of Hawkley Hanger. And what glimpses of quiet, far-away homesteads nestling in little green villages, and crowning hilltops here meet the eye. Nothing but absolute quiet and deep peacefulness, broken only by the lowing of the cattle and the tinkling of sheep bells. In these parts one may linger for hours in most delicious idleness without hearing the footfall of a human being." It is good to know of a place like this. I have found spots of beauty and absolute seclusion in all parts of Hampshire; but there are no doubt many more, some of which I hope to see before I die.

The railway from London to Portsmouth enters Hampshire about four miles west of Haslemere and runs past Liphook and Liss, the very names of which are always refreshing to those who know and rejoice in the district. Steep and wildly wooded hill-sides are close to the line, and there are little gorges, and bits of moorland, and green meadows, through which flow the branches of the upper Rother, here almost a trout stream. I scarcely know of such sylvan loveliness of a romantic character in any other part of Hampshire.

At Petersfield we shall find a patch of hop-land, and a few miles further south get from the train a fine view of the range of hills which runs from the country of the Meonwaras far into Sussex: some of these hills have an almost savage aspect, and it is a treat to see the sun disappearing from a clear summer sky beneath their dark, sharply defined summits. I have travelled between Petersfield and Portsmouth both by road and rail, and can recommend both ways, though I am not quite sure whether the scenery enjoyed on the latter is not finer. Certainly there is no other line in Hampshire, which runs through a country so romantic and varied in its charms as this: from Liphook to Petersfield it is a land to feast the eyes upon.

ITINERARY THE SIXTH

"THE BRITISH SEA"

A good name for the Solent—Leland at Portsmouth—Fight be tween English and French Navies off Portsmouth—D'Anne bault's bold plan—Byng shot at Portsmouth—Kempenfeld and the Royal George—The Eurydice—The great 1897 Review—The Dockyards—The Victory—Excursion from Southsea—Spring Vale, Sea View, and Bembridge—Haylin—Porchester—To the Land of the Meonwaras—Farcham Wickham, Soberton, Meonstoke, East Meon, and Hambledon—Titchfield—Hamble and Burlesdon.

SPEED, in his quaint and interesting map of Hampshire printed early in the seventeenth century, calls the Solent the "British Sea." The name has long since slipped out of use, and yet surely a more fitting one could not be found for the strip of beautiful water between the mainland and the Isle of Wight: it is indeed a "British Sea" which is overlooked by the home of our Queen by the greatest shipping port in the South of England, and by the naval headquarters of the Empire. The pulse of Britain beats nowhere more strongly than by the adamanting forts and dockyards, and mighty ships of war, for here in her very heart, her most vital and happily her least assailable part.

It has sometimes struck me as a curious irony of fate, that a spot so benign and so peaceful in its aspect as this Solent should bear on its bosom the most wondrous engines of war which human ingenuity has devised. It seems a place fit to carry the white-sailed craft of pleasure-seekers, such as are dotted over its blue loveliness through all the

nouth

r days: but its sterner lot is to offer anchorage to the hips and cruisers of the greatest of the world's navies, practising ground to these swift black imps the torats and destroyers, whose lurking-place is Portsmouth ir.

ve urged elsewhere that if any excuse is needed for Hampshire first on the list of counties to be dealt this series of books, it can be found in the fact that ital is Winchester, where the English people are to celebrate the thousandth anniversary of the t of English kings. Portsmouth, too, in this connecimportant, for it is the chief seat of the maritime n of the country, the home of that navy which the of King Alfred first conceived. Alfred, in his long struggle against foreign invaders, was the first of our o think of "faring out to sea with a ship host," and he vessels to be built after his own designs, with which and vanquished the pirates from the North in their "What our fleet, with all its glorious ns, all its uplifting effect upon the national heart, is ow, we all know. But few remember that we owe to Alfred." 1

smouth has no ancient history to compare with that hampton, much less Winchester, but it is not a town erday. It was an important shipbuilding port so far the reign of King John, though the great dockyards said perhaps to date only from about the beginning of teenth century. The crowded busy town of to-day embraces Portsmouth, Southsea, Portsea, Landport, osport, was in Leland's time "a town . . . bare le occupied in time of Pece"; but it had plenty of g then, and Leland tells us how in 1540 he "notid on te side of Portesmouth Haven . . a great Dok for ." Five years after Leland had passed through outh in the course of his itineraries, the Solent was

note from Mr. Edward Conybeare's brilliant little volume, I in the Chroniclers."

Hampshire

the scene of an indecisive and somewhat inglorious fight between the navies of England and France. It was the time when a French invasion really threatened England, and the spirit of the country rose splendidly to the occasion. The best blood in the land was hot for death or glory at sea, and the Willoughbys and Courtenays and Berkeleys and Seymours and Carews were among those chosen to command the English ships. "For the first time in her history," says Froude, "England possessed a navy which deserved the



name, and in the motley crowd of vessels which covered the anchorage at Spithead was the germ of the power which in time to come was to rule the seas." Lisle was the English, D'Annebault the French admiral. The English, having no galleys, as the French had, were at a great disadvantage, and could not hope to attack the enemy with any chance of success. One great English ship, the May Rose, heeled over whilst in action, and went down with her entire crew of six hundred hands, including the archers and Sir George Carew, her commander; but this befell through a misadventure, not through a successful attack by the French. Lisle was impelled to withdraw his ships into Portsmouth Harbour. D'Annebault, bold as a lion, desired

Admiral Byng

to follow and destroy the English fleet, but the pilots showed the feat to be impossible, and all the French could do was to land parties in the Isle of Wight, where they were speedily cut to pieces by the islanders, who lay in ambush among the hills and shot them with bow and arrow. Though unprovided with galleys, the English admiral had some long and swift frigates, and the weather and opportunity being favourable, he meant to steal out of the harbour and attack D'Annebault by night. The French, however, got wind of the plan just in time to weigh anchor and sail back to France. So in the end the invasion came to no more than Napoleon's great scheme two hundred and fifty years later.

We find Portsmouth after this event growing steadily in importance. It was near here that one of Blake's fierce engagements with the Dutch fleet was fought in the middle of the seventeenth century; and most of our great sailorheroes of the eighteenth century left names which must always be associated with the place. I mention two, both of whom died on the water; one the victim of a cruel mob and a base clique of party politicians, the other of mischance. The story of Byng's martyrdom is a very distressing one, but to his reputation, as to that of Admiral Cochrane, history has now done justice. In 1756, after an indecisive action against the French, Byng failed to relieve Minorca. His fleet was badly manned, and in this and other respects quite unequal to the enemy's. A great outcry was raised against the admiral, who was tried by court-martial. He was acquitted entirely of cowardice and disaffection, but the court decided that he had not done everything in his power to crush the French fleet and relieve the island. Accordingly he was condemned to death. Two upright men, Pitt and Temple, recognising the monstrous character of the crime about to be done, tried

¹ The grandfather of that gallant and resourceful soldier, Lord Dundonald, who rode into Ladysmith on February 28, 1900.

hard to save Byng; but they received little help from any quarter—certainly no encouragement from Fox, as Mr. Lecky shows too clearly—whilst Newcastle and his set behaved in such a way that historians have not hesitated to convict them of sacrificing the brave admiral in order to curry favour with the mob, and regain a little of the popularity they had lost. Every one has read how steadily



Byng met his death; how he gave the signal to his executioners to fire upon him. was shot on board the Monarque at Portsmouth on March 14. 1757. The other English seaman, the story of whose end Portsmouth is so familiar, is Admiral Kempenfeldt. August 22, 1782, the Royal George, one of the finest ships in the navy, lay at Spithead undergoing some repairs which necessitated her being slightly heeled Suddenly, no one apprehending the least danger, a vicious squall from the north-west cast the great ship clean over on her She filled, and plunging down in a great whirlpool of her own making, disappeared for

ever and ever. In three minutes it was all over. Seven hundred souls perished, including Kempenfeldt, who died not like Tryon on the bridge, but whilst writing in his cabin. Cowper has put this awful tragedy of the sea into deathless verse.

"It was not in the battle, No tempest gave the shock; She sprang no fatal leak, She ran upon no rock.

Famous Naval Reviews

His sword was in its sheath, His fingers held the pen, When Kempenfeldt went down With twice four hundred men."

Our waters off Hampshire have no terrible Stag Rocks, such as make the coast of Cornwall so dangerous, but English sailors have paid the price of Admiralty here as in every other part of the world. Though a child at the time, I can recollect well the tragedy of the Eurydice off the south of the Isle of Wight, as I chanced to be staying at Sandown not long after, and people could talk then of little else. She went down with all hands save three in her pride and beauty, every stitch of canvas set to catch the sudden squall which hurled her to ruin. Old seafaring hands, so the story used to go, shook their heads as they gazed at her thus proudly arrayed, and hoped that evil might not come of it.

The Royal George went down in the waters where the great naval reviews of the nineteenth century have been held. It has been my good fortune to see the three great reviews of 1887, 1890, and 1897. The first and second were very far from being without interest, and I shall never forget sitting in the summer evening in a garden that sloped to the sea at Bembridge, and being suddenly flooded with the searchlight of one of the ships of war miles away.

But the review of 1897 was the spectacle of a lifetime. One hundred and twenty-six British ships of war, including battle-ships, cruisers of three classes, gun-vessels, gunboats, torpedo-boats, and torpedo-boat destroyers, lay in four lines, each line miles in length; whilst a fifth line was composed entirely of foreign ships of war. On that glorious June day we steamed up and down the lines, and exulted in, and marvelled at, this wonderful sight. There was the huge Magnificent with her displacement of 14,900 tons and her complement of over 700 men, and in the same line with her those giants the Majestic, Prince George, Mars, Jupiter, Victorious, costing not far short of a million

pounds apiece to build. In another long line lay the cruisers, the *Terrible*, with her complement of 840 men, dwarfing in her immense length every ship at Spithead. Then there were the torpedo gunboats and the torpedoboat destroyers, upwards of thirty of the latter, some having a speed of over thirty knots an hour. When we looked on that array of ships, the greatest the world ever saw, we could not but be proud of our dear country; and when we returned home on that soft evening through scenes of midsummer beauty, we could not but be in love with her.

Portsmouth and Gosport have not much of antiquarian or historical interest to show, but the High Street of the former contains some fine solid old houses. At the George Hotel Nelson staved the night before setting out on his last voyage, and at 10 High Street—formerly the Spotted Dog Inn - Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, James I.'s favourite "Steenie," was stabbed to death by Felton. Landport can show the house where Charles Dickens was born in 1812, namely, 387 Commercial Road; like most parts of Portsmouth, the town is anything but beautiful. The interest of these places indeed lies entirely in their shipping and fortifications. The dockyards, covering 120 acres, form a town in themselves, and the building slips and ropery and vast Nasmyth steam-hammer and Great Basin are a few of the sights to be enjoyed by those who care for shipcraft at all. Then there is the splendid Harbour, which extends inland to the town of Fareham, and washes the walls of ruined Porchester Castle. How graceful Nelson's old ship the Victory looks amongst the steel-sheathed ships of to-day! By the side of one of these, she is as some beautiful antelope compared with a rhinoceros. Since Nelson died in her cockpit at Trafalgar, the Victory has undergone numberless repairs and restorations, but she is still very fair to look upon. She lies anchored just within the Harbour, and there is no other spot in the world so fit for the mighty seaman's flagship as this.

Isle of Wight

Southsea has no story of interest to tell about, and no beauty to allure us, but it is a favourite and growing seaside place. From Southsea piers a number of steamboats start for various places in the Isle of Wight, and most delightful are these trips and excursions, even if the decks in holiday times are rather crowded. To my mind there are few



IMS Victory
Portsmouth Tarbour.

more pleasant ways of spending a summer day than to cross over to Ryde, and walking along the sea wall, to return in the evening from Sea View; or else cross to Bembridge, and return from Sea View. This north-east corner of the Isle of Wight has not the bold scenery of Freshwater and Totlands Bay in the north-west, but its vegetation is exquisite. The tamarisk with its little pink flowers flourishes all along the sea wall from Ryde to Sea View,

called Long from the height of his stature, though since it may apply to the perpetuity of his memory, which will last as long as the world endureth for his two fair foundations at Oxford, begun 1379, finished 1386; and Winchester, begun 1387, finished 1393." Wykeham died at Waltham at the age of eighty, and his bones lie in the beautiful chantry at Winchester Cathedral which bears his name. The great windows of Waltham Abbey tell of spacious architectural times: immense masses of ivy are twined all over the walls, and within great elder-bushes flourish. The ruins are worth visiting, and it is a pity that their surroundings, which include most unsightly railway buildings, are so ugly. Bishops Waltham lies to the west, off our road if we are bound for the sleepy villages and old churches and watermeadows of the Meonwaras country: we must bear instead to the east towards Soberton and Droxford. country which we now enter, with its sparkling trout-stream, ancient churches, and Old Winchester Hill, is delicious. Lovingly was it described by a writer in the Standard some years ago, whom I shall quote from Mr. Godwin's refreshing, enthusiastic little volume: "Green and sunny meadows surround the quiet villages. Farm-houses, with the weather tinting of centuries, look out from between clumps of trees as ancient as themselves. Great walnut-trees abound, and as the ground rises towards the open downs it is here and there dotted with white thorns, so large and so venerable as to become fit gathering-places for the small people with whom such thorns are held to be special favourites. wheels give life to the stream. Sometimes a weir breaks into foam, or a mossy old bridge crosses it. Trout darting among the weeds or lying hovering in the deeper pools, and quaint old church-towers rising above the village roofs form centres for many a picture, not the less attractive in these busy-paced times because every portion of it suggests the quietness of an old-fashioned sleepy hollow."

The group of churches in this land of the Meonwaras is full of interest. Soberton, Droxford, Meonstoke,

Porchester Castle

The most interesting spot within easy reach of Portsmouth is Porchester Castle, at the north of the Harbour. five miles by water from the town. I have referred to the Roman road between Porchester and Winchester in a previous Itinerary. Porchester is the Portus Magnus of the Romans, but its castle was built by the Saxon invaders who reached the place at the beginning of the sixth century under their leader Porta. Horsen Island hard by in the Harbour also bears a Saxon name. The Castle was added to by the Normans, who built the keep. Thus at Por-

chester we have a rare combination of Roman, Saxon, and Norman work. most of it still well preserved.

A very pleasant cycling tour from Portsmouth, to which two full days should be devoted. is through Fareham



and Wickham into the land of the Meonwaras, and back again to the town by road or train from Petersfield. The road between Gosport and Farcham—which is also the road to Winchester—is good for cycling, but it runs through an uninteresting country. Farcham is a clean, well-built old town, rather sleepy after its kind, but fairly prosperous: after leaving it you soon reach charming country. Glimpses of the sea and the Isle of Wight are to be had from several of the hill-tops, and at Wickham there is some river scenery. The little Meon or Arle stream drives a mill at the picturesque old village of Wickham, which Leland called a "praty tounlet." This was the birthplace of William of Wykeham, whose ruined palace is about four miles off at the town of Bishops Waltham. What Fuller Raid of Wykeham is perfectly true to-day: "He was

Soberton Church

Corhampton, Warnford, West Meon, and East Meon may all be taken on the way to Petersfield, but Hambledon, about three miles to the south-east of Soberton, is less conveniently placed. After a five miles' ride from Wickham through a leafy land, where amongst other flowers you may find the pretty golden rod blossoming by the roadside, Soberton is reached. Its church is one of the most beautiful and interesting in Hampshire. At the time of writing Soberton Church is being restored. The tower



bears a series of curious armorial bearings, and a badge which shows the union of Henry VIII. and Catherine of Aragon. It was built, according to the tradition, by two servants of a great house, and in an appeal for restoration funds the vicar tells us: "The tower bears silent witness to the munificence of the butler and the dairymaid, by whom it was built. . . . It is now falling into ruin, and I am trying to get it restored entirely by butlers and their fellow-servants." The butler with his key of trust and the dairymaid with her pail are represented in the memorials of the church: they may recall the Trusty Servant of

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Wykeham's foundation at Winchester. The architecture of the church is a mingling of various periods and styles. The nave is Transition Norman, the chancel arch Early English, the tower Tudor. The oldest existing parts of the building belong to about the beginning of the twelfth century, but in the lady chapel there is a stone coffin perhaps fourteen hundred years old: it was found sixteen years ago, and contained a body enclosed apparently in a hardened chalk bed. The chapel has also some mural paintings, fresco work, and a squint. Corhampton Church, even if it has nothing Saxon now standing, at least retains its Saxon ground plan. It was St. Wilfred who christianised this rude Pictish people the Meonwaras, and some antiquaries have associated the name of the preacher with this church, as well as with the old Saxon church at Warnford which was replaced by the present Early English building there. The sun-dials on the walls of both these churches may perhaps belong to Anglo-Saxon times. Meonstoke Church consists of nave, aisles. chancel, and tower, and belongs to the Early English period. The oldest object in the church is the font of Purbeck marble, which reminds one of those at St. Mary Bourne and Winchester Cathedral. Our old church registers are full of curious information, which, though it only refers to events in the very small world of the parish, may yet often throw light on the customs and country life of our ancestors. The register at Meonstoke only dates from 1678, though entries from an older book have been copied into it, beginning in 1599. There is an odd entry in the Meonstoke register under the date December 10, 1778, which relates how one Elizabeth Erwaker, who was buried in the churchyard, "fell dead on appealing to God in confirmation of a lie." Meonstoke was evidently visited in old days by smugglers from the coast about Portsmouth, for in the church porch there is an altar tomb with a movable top, and in this curious receptacle kegs of spirit used to be hidden. East Meon Church is believed to be coeval

Hambledon

with Winchester Cathedral, and Bishop Walkelin, of Hemphage Wood fame, is said to be the builder of the older Norman portions. Except in the chancel, much of the original Norman work still stands. East Meon Church has a beautiful Norman tower. Its font is of a great age, cut from a block of slate and set upon a stone pedestal. On one side the creation and the temptation of Adam and Eve are illustrated; on the other, the expulsion from Paradise, and also an angel teaching Adam to dig and Eve to spin. Hambledon, which has some ninth-century work, is not the least interesting of this group of churches. Mr. Flood, the vicar, who has made a study of Hambledon, has drawn up a careful account of this ancient church. I give a few of his notes.

"When flint churches began to be erected, the Saxons loved to imitate the appearance of the old log churches by constructing upright ribs of stone to project at intervals from the surface of the walls. Such was the earliest portion of the present church, forming the western nave. The extent of the original Saxon church is easily traced. Above the arches of the west nave the remains of the stone ribs or pilasters may be seen, showing that there were outside walls: while in the north-east aisle a rough stone cornice marks the length of the ancient chancel. The first enlargement of the church took place about the time of the Norman The two round arches in the north side, with their singular mouldings and massive pillar shafts, were then erected, together with the north aisle. A further enlargement being necessary, a south aisle was added about the year 1100. Its two arches, facing the old Norman arches, are slightly pointed and semi-Norman in style. Thus the church remained till the thirteenth century, when a considerable enlargement eastward was made."

This trip up the valley of the Meon or Arle, and home by Petersfield, is the most delightful that can be made inland from Portsmouth, but it is also a pleasing country, though flat, between Gosport and Southampton. Lovely views of

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the Solent, Southampton Water, and the Isle of Wight are to be enjoyed from numberless points. The country immediately about Gosport may not be very inviting, but the roads are good, and there are old red-tiled houses here and there, and farmhouses not without a certain quiet dignity of Stokes Bay and its district are bare, but often fresh and breezy when the Isle of Wight is enervating; whilst the little seaside village Lee-on-the-Solent, a few miles further west, finds a good many admirers nowadays, and will find more. The old town of Titchfield on the Lower Meon, and the villages of Hamble and Burlesdon on the Hamble River, are spots of some interest. Titchfield Church blends several styles of architecture-Norman, Early English, and Perpendicular, and has a fine doorway, richly moulded. At Titchfield House, now in ruins, Charles I. stayed during his flight from Hampton Court. He might have escaped thence to the Continent, had it not been for a mistake on the part of Lord Ashburnham, who sought for him the protection of Colonel Hammond, the governor of the Isle of Wight. From here the king crossed over to the Isle of Wight to take up his abode at Carisbrook Castle, so that Charles's last real day of freedom might be said to have been spent at Titchfield, or Funtley House, as it is sometimes called. "A right statlie house," Leland called it; "embattled. and having a goodlie gate, and a conducte castelid in the middle of the court of it, in the very place where the late monasterie stoode." Hamble Creek is about three and a half miles from Titchfield, and Burlesdon under five. Hamble, the "flumen Homolea" of Bede, the Anglo-Saxon ecclesiastical historian, is thought by some antiquaries to be none other than the Cerdics-ora of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, where Cerdic and Cynric first landed in Britain in 498, and made a settlement of the West Saxons; and a Jutish landing may have been effected somewhere up this creek a little later on. It is curious to read how in Henry VIII.'s reign Hamble, now a small village where a few lobster fishermen live, was "a good fisshar town with a

Old-world Villages

haven, where yn is a very fair rode for greate shippes." At a much later date large ships of war were made higher up the creek at Burlesdon. Both places must now be set upon the long list of south-country villages which have had their day, made their contribution to English history, and sunk into a deep repose.

ITINERARY THE SEVENTH

THE NEW FOREST

Its position and size—Lyndhurst the best headquarters—Knight Wood Oak—Beautiful Mark Ash—The honey buzzard—Naturalists and collectors—Bolderwood—"A New Forest Ballad"—Deer poachers—Birds, insects, and flowers of the Forest—Grand old oaks—Brockenhurst and Boldre—Lymington—Hurst Castle and Charles I.—Minstead—William Rufus's last hours and violent death—Cadnam, Bramshaw and Bramble Hill—Winter scenery—Forest bogs—Beauliet and its Cistercian monks—Round Beaulieu—A legend about Christchurch—Flambard and his architecture at Christchurch—The Shelley memorial—Moyles Court and the story of Alice Lisle—Charford and its great battle.

HAMPSHIRE would be rich in varied scenery, if she had but the vales of Test and Itchen, the moors of Aldershot and Woolmer, the unfrequented hills of the north-west corner, the hangers of the south-east, the lovely Solent: with the New Forest added to these the county is certainly one of the richest in England. There is nothing at all like the New Forest in any other part of the Hampshire mainland, or in the Isle of Wight, and Mr. Wise, who really added to English literature by his choice work, "The New Forest," claimed that there was nothing else like it in the country. The beauty of the place is so great that I have left it to the end: there seemed to be danger lest strangers to Hampshire, if they visited the Forest first, might be disappointed later on with other parts of the county.

Strictly, the forest does not cover the whole of that south-west corner of Hampshire which is bounded by the

Lyndhurst

coast of the Solent and Southampton Water on the south and east, and by Dorset and the Wiltshire borders on its other two sides, but for ordinary purposes this broad definition of its boundaries would serve. Its greatest length is 21 miles, and width 12, and it covers 92,365 acres, which include 27,628 acres of private property: in other words, the Crown land or public property in the New Forest consists of about 100 square miles, the private property of about 43 square miles.

The best headquarters for those who intend to stay in the Forest a week or more, and are bent on seeing its best scenery and most interesting historical spots, are at its little capital, Lyndhurst-Linherst of Doomsday-then perhaps the wood of the lime trees. The village, which is a growing one, has two large hotels, the Crown and the Grand, and is frequented by tourists throughout the spring and summer, and by a sprinkling of hunting people, as well as by a certain number of holiday-makers, during a good part of the winter. I cannot find any exceptional beauty in the village itself, and the church, though undoubtedly admired by many people, is of yesterday; but there is good accommodation, a railway station (Lyndhurst Road) two and a half miles off, and the very best scenery lying all around within easy reach. Brockenhurst to the south and Ringwood to the west are the next most convenient places, and the former has a slightly better train service than any other station in the Forest. In the "Gazetteer" portion of this book a table of distances from Lyndhurst to various spots in the Forest will be found. They show that even an indifferent walker can by staying a short time at this village see a good deal of the choicest scenery; while with a carriage or cycle one may within the day easily reach, and return from, those parts of the Forest lying about Beaulieu, Boldre, Lymington, Ringwood, and Fording-For those who wish to explore the coasts between Southampton Water and Poole Harbour in Dorsetshire, Bournemouth, Christchurch, or Lymington should be chosen as headquarters in preference to Lyndhurst; and Christchurch is the best of these places for people who wish to examine the curious cliffs of Barton and Hordle, the most

interesting spots to the geologist in Hampshire.

At Lyndhurst there are seven roads leading through part of the Forest, all well worth seeing. There is the road to Lyndhurst Road Station, which, followed beyond that place, leads out of the Forest to Totton; to Redbridge. where the river Test broadens into its estuary Southampton Water; to Millbrook and Southampton: secondly, the road to Beaulieu (pronounced Bewley): thirdly, the road due south to Brockenhurst and Lymington: fourthly, the Christchurch road: fifthly, the Ringwood road through Emery Down and over Mogshade Hill: sixthly, the road through Emery Down to Stoney Cross and Fordingbridge: and, lastly, the road due north to Cadnam. To see the finest sylvan scenery in Hampshire one can do no better than take the Christchurch road by Allum Green and the hamlet of Bank, and at about two miles from Lyndhurst go through the gate which leads to Bolderwood Lodge. The gate is on the right-hand side of the road, half a mile beyond the point where the Christchurch road crosses the little Highland Water. This road through the Forest is in places little more than a mere waggon-track, but one may cycle or drive in a light trap along the greater part of it, except perhaps in very bad weather; and a more beautiful walk I do not know of within the county. To see the New Forest thoroughly and in detail one should undoubtedly do some walking. I am a great believer in the cycle myself; it is most excellent for all the longer tours in the Forest; but if you want to roam about at will among the oaks and beeches, and explore the courses of the streams, often amber-coloured, that hurry to the Solent, and to see the wild creatures of the woods, you should be afoot. A good plan is to get driven to some spot in the Forest, such as that we are now considering, and then let your driver return home, having arranged with him to return for you at some appointed time in the afternoon or evening. Then

Knight Wood Oak

take your sandwiches and flask and go deep into the woods: and if you are fearful of losing your way, provide

yourself with map and compass.

A very little distance from the gate there is an open space among a group of immense beech-trees, and just beyond, or indeed among, these trees is the Knight Wood Oak. The tree is now surrounded by a paling, and the precaution was taken none too soon, judging by the way idle hands have left their foolish marks upon the bark. There are few things in nature in our country finer than a great, vigorous oak, and this Knight Wood tree has a rare stability and hardihood in trunk and branch. few years ago it had eight great limbs, one of which was twenty-four feet in length, but it has now seven, the largest having been snapped by a storm. These limbs, unlike the usual Forest type, have grown upwards, forming several immense forks, and have grown remarkably straight. Rogers in his useful Guide to the Forest, which can be bought at Lyndhurst and elsewhere, gives the girth of this tree as 10 feet 4 inches, but he does not say at what height from the ground the measurement was taken. Knight Wood Oak shows no sign of decay, and I should say by its look that it has centuries of sap-full life before it.

The road winds on towards the north-west among beeches and plantations of fir, till another gate is reached and passed, and you presently find yourself in what Tennyson called the "green gloom" of Mark Ash Wood. Mark Ash beeches are splendid beyond compare, many of the trees measuring twelve or fifteen feet round just above their roots, whilst very fine oaks are scattered amongst them, and an undergrowth of dark holly and bright green bracken adds a finishing touch to the enchanting beauty of the scene. Mark Ash is additionally attractive to the bird lover, because it has long been celebrated as the summer haunt of the honey buzzard. Forty years ago a good many pairs of these birds were known to nest in the Forest each June, and Mr. Wise mentions two nests close to one



MARK ASH, NEW FOREST

"A New Forest Ballad"

Our road winds on past Mark Ash uphill to the grounds of Bolderwood Lodge on the right-hand side, with Bolderwood Farm a little further on at the edge of the wood. To reach this spot one must bear steadily to the north-west, refraining from certain alluring glades and tracks on the right, which if followed would bring us out on the same road—the Ringwood one—but nearer Lyndhurst than the point at which we shall presently come out some three miles from Knight Wood Oak. Bolderwood was a royal hunting-lodge of yore, but its great days have passed, and it is now no more than a woodman's cottage, at which hot water may be got for a tea in the woods, and a certain amount of plain fare for a small picnic party. Half a mile beyond Bolderwood we come out on the Ringwood road near the top of Mogshade Hill. It is an invigorating spot. The trees of high Puckpits are seen north-east, with views in that direction which remind some of the Thuringin Vald. Ocknell Plain is a mile north, and to the west is wild, open heathland, where you may find the black grouse, or heath poult, now quite as much at home as on Exmoor or among the Scotch deer forests. It is a great change, I would not say relief, after an hour or two spent under the avenues of beeches in the depths of Bolderwood and Mark Ash. Ockley Plain and Bratley Water, flowing through the wooded ravine beneath Mogshade Hill, recall one of Charles Kingsley's early poems, "A New Forest Ballad." The keeper's daughter Jane has plighted her troth to a deer-poacher, and she has a premonition one night that harm may come to him if, as she fears, he meets her father whilst he hunts the deer in Burley Walk. The two men do meet, and fail to recognise each other, as the moon is clouded over.

"The forest laws were sharp and stern;
The forest blood was keen;
They lashed together for life and death
Beneath the hollies green.

Like stags full spent, among the bent They dropped awhile to rest; When the young man drove his saying knife Deep in the old man's breast.

The old man drove his gunstock down Upon the young man's head; And side by side, by the water brown Those yeomen twain lay dead."

And then comes the last scene in the churchyard at Lyndhurst.

"They dug three graves in Lyndhurst yard;
They dug them side by side;
Two yeomen lay there and a maiden fair,
A widow and never a bride,"

The deer, which cost many a life in the New Forest in rougher days than ours, were removed by order of the Government fifty years ago, though a few, red, fallow, and roe, still linger on, and may occasionally be seen in this very district. I should say that nowadays there is but a very small head of game of any sort in the New Forest, certainly not enough to make the twenty-pounds licence to shoot over the Crown property a lucrative one to gunners who take it out. Deerpoaching must have added, for the bold and hardy, a rare spice to Forest life a hundred years ago. A few stirring stories of affrays and devices are still told by the oldest inhabitants, and some have been set forth in print. Secret receptacles for hiding the bodies of deer were made by some of the stealers, and there is a story of one poacher who had actually made a vault of cement under his hearth. In this he placed his spoil directly he could get it home. The fire was lit, and the crevices filled with pepper, so that when the terrible hounds rushed in they would instantly retire and completely mystify the keepers. An account by William Gilpin has perhaps rather more the stamp of truth about it than the bloodhound and pepper story.

Deer-stealing

"I had once some former intercourse with a forestverderer, who had formerly been a noted deer-stealer. He had often (like the deer-stealer in the play)—

And born her cleanly by the keeper's nose."

Indeed he had been at the head of his profession; and during a reign of five years, assured me he had killed, on an average, not fewer than a hundred bucks a year. At length he was obliged to abscond; but, composing his affairs, he abjured his trade, and would speak of his former arts without reserve. He has oftener than once confessed the sins of his youth to me; from which an idea may be formed of the mystery of deer-stealing, in its highest mode of perfection. In his excursions in the Forest he carried with him a gun, which screwed into three parts, and which he could easily conceal in the lining of his coat. Thus armed he would drink with the under-keepers without suspicion; and when he knew them engaged, would securely take his stand in some distant part, and mark his buck. When he had killed him he would draw him aside into the bushes, and spend the remaining part of the day in a neighbouring tree that he might be sure no spies were in the way. At night he secreted his plunder. He had boarded off a part of his cottage (forming a rough door into it, like the rest of the partition stuck full of false nailheads) with such artifice, that the keepers on an information, have searched his house again and again, and have gone off satisfied of his innocence; though his secret larder at that very time contained perhaps a brace of bucks. He had always, he said, a quick market for his venison; for the country is as ready to purchase it as these fellows are to procure it. It is a Forest adage of ancient date, Non est inquirendum unde venit venison."

It would be out of place here to give anything like a full account of the wild life of these woods and moors about

Hampshire

Lyndhurst, but one may select from the long list a few of the common and the scarce creatures and plants to be found, some very easily, others only after arduous search. For the honey buzzard, you may search for a summer, and yet in vain. I have very grave doubts whether you are at all likely now to come upon the common buzzard and the hen harrier which some optimists tell us are found the season through. But green woodpeckers are abundant in summer and winter, and their loud laugh may be heard in all the woods round Lyndhurst, whilst a more careful search will be rewarded with the sight of both great and lesser spotted woodpeckers. Golden wrens, with needlelike cry and crest of burnished gold, and titmice innumerable, the marsh among them, and noisy nuthatches and quiet tree-creepers are to be found anywhere and everywhere, for they are all lovers of the oak and fir trees, in which they somehow find insect food on every day But the butterfly and moth hunter is far in the year. better off in the forest than the ornithologist. Lyndhurst to him is almost the hub of the universe. There are crimson underwings and New Forest burnet moths for him, and purple emperor butterflies, if he can tempt them down from their oak thrones, and white admirals, those graceful insects, which look like the emperors without their purple glow, and local wood whites with poor thin bodies and flickering The lover of wild flowers will find Lyndhurst a district after his own heart, especially if he goes thither at the season when the gladiolus with its crimson purple blossoms and sword-like leaves is out on Vinney Ridge, where the great herons nest, and that rare prize the summer lady's tresses 1 in a certain boggy spot near the Christchurch road. Only let the collector or naturalist who desires to take, remember always to be moderate; and then no one can justly raise a voice against him.

¹ The gladiolus (Gladiolus Illyricus): the summer lady's tresses (Spiranthes astivalis).

Wonderful Trees

To see some of the oldest of the Forest oaks the woods on either side of the road from Lyndhurst to Brockenhurst should be explored. The road between the two villages, which are three and a half miles apart, is as straight as a Roman one, and very much affected by tourists in summertime. In Whitley Wood are the grandest of trees, old oaks low in stature, with great trunks and branches twisted and contorted into uncouth shapes: dwarfs of immense strength, many of them look so entirely different in form



of Forest Footh miss Canthernational

from the straight slim oaks of Doles or Harewood, they seem to be scarcely of the same species of tree. One can touch the lower limbs of most of those trees, and pluck the oak or polypody fern, which grows in great abundance on their moss-covered barks. I have seen many strange shapes among the trees of the Isle of Wight and the Norfolk coasts, which turn away from the sea for miles inland, but I know of no oaks which seem to bear such grim signs of the fierceness of winter winds as do those of the New Forest. The straight-limbed tree, such as the Knight Wood Oak, is here but rarely seen. By this same road, too, there are birches which have long lost all their silveriness of youth, showing instead a bark black and

rugged in extreme old age. On the east side of the road near Brockenhurst there are one or two piteous-looking oaks stark naked from root to topmost twig, and on the same side there are trees of different species growing together like Siamese twins. Infinite is the variety of form in living and in dead and dving trees between Lyndhurst and Brockenhurst. The bracken grows to a great size, and by the streams the foxglove will sometimes rear its dappled blossoms a foot or more above the head of a tall man. In the pannage or autumnal months of the year the hogs of the commoners, and at all times the ponies roam among the woods, each adding something to make the Forest scene complete. Brockenhurst has only its fine old church with Norman door and font to show, but Boldre, once the home of the Rev. William Gilpin, and the old Solent town of Lymington lie beyond, the latter nine miles from Lyndhurst; and both are of interest. Boldre Church dates from Norman times, though it has been restored, and though its low embattled tower was altered two hundred years since. On Gilpin's gravestone is one of those long communicative epitaphs which our forefathers affected. tells how Gilpin, aged eighty at his death, and his wife, aged eighty-two, lie together, secure from the dangerous enjoyments of life—one may wonder what dangerous enjoyment was likely to tempt the simple pastor of Boldre a century ago—and how, after fifty years of happy wedded life, they hoped to be raised in God's time "through the atonement of a blessed Redeemer for their repeated transgressions, to a state of joyful immortality." And then is added an odd little compliment paid by the dead to their dead neighbours: "Here it will be a new joy to meet several of their good neighbours who now lye scattered in these sacred precincts around them."

Lymington, with its chief street built on a steep slant, is a pretty little seaside town with charming views of the Solent and the Isle of Wight. There are services of steamboats to Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight, and in

Hurst

summer to Ryde, Portsmouth, and other places on the Solent; and six miles to the south-west, stretching half across the Channel, is the high bar of shingle on which stands Hurst Castle. Hurst is now quite outside the New Forest, as is Milford just north of this tongue of cliff, though once the whole district, and indeed the whole of the coastline, was within it. The old stronghold of Hurst is still of some military importance, and from this spot to Osborne runs the Queen's own submarine cable. Charles I., on



his way from Carisbrook! Castle to Windsor, was kept at Hurst for a few days, and there is a pathetic account of how the king received the news, on November 29, 1648, that he was to be removed thither from the Isle of Wight, and of his journey. The British Museum possesses the MS. "In the morning just at daybreak, the king, hearing a great knocking at his dressing-room door, sent the Duke of Richmond to know what it meant; he on enquiring who was there, was answered one Mildmay (one of the servants the Parliament had put to the king and brother to Sir Henry). The duke demanding what he would have, was answered there were some gentlemen from the army very desirous to

speak with the king; but the knocking increasing, the king demanded the duke to let them into his dressing-room. No sooner was this done, but before the duke got out of his bed, those officers rushed into the chamber, and abruptly told the king they had orders to remove him. whom?' said the king. They replied, 'From the army.' The king asked, 'Whither he was to be removed;' they answered, 'To the castle.' The king asked, 'What castle?' They again answered, 'To the castle!' 'The castle,' said the king, 'is no castle.' He told them he was well enough prepared for any castle, and required them to name the castle. After a short whispering together they said, 'Hurst Castle.' The king replied, 'They could not well name a worse,' and called for the Duke of Richmond to send for the Earl of Lindsay and Colonel Cooke. At first they scrupled at the Earl of Lindsay's coming, but the king said, 'Why not both, since both lie together?' They promised to send for both, but sent for neither. And though the Duke of Richmond had ordered the king's breakfast to be hastened, presuming that there was but little provision in the desolate castle; yet, when he was scarce ready, the horses being come they hurried him away, only permitting the duke to attend him about two miles, and then told him he must go no further; when he sadly took his leave, being scarcely permitted to kiss the king's hand, whose last words were—'Remember me to my Lord Lindsay and Colonel Cooke: and command Colonel Cooke from me, never to forget the passages of this night." It was very near the end, and the king, though he had not lost the stern dignity, which never perhaps became him so well as in these last days, was evidently excited if not unnerved by what he felt was in store for him. Whilst at Carisbrook, where he was still allowed to keep up some appearance of state, he had received hints of possible punishment, if he resisted the demands of the Independents, and when on December 7th he was awakened at midnight in his cell at Hurst and told

William Rufus

that Colonel Harrison was come for him, he exclaimed to Herbert, "Do you not know that this is the man who intended to assassinate me? . . . It is a place fit for such a deed." He was taken to Windsor that night, and next month executed at Whitehall.

Hampshire, with its Hurst Castle and Carisbrook, and Basing—or, as some witty cavalier named it, Basting—House or Castle, and its battlefield at Cheriton where the Royalists were much discomfited, was the scene of some stirring incidents in the Civil War: but this particular part of the country, though it has its pathetic story of Charles I.'s imprisonment at Hurst, must ever be bound up with the far more famous tale of the last hunt of the Red King. Whilst history is taught in England, English children will read the story of how William Rufus fell in the New Forest by an arrow, which Sir Walter Tyrrel aimed at a deer, and which glanced aside and slew the king. We all know the story so well in youth that though we may not have thought of it for many many years, and though memories of our school lessons may have grown dim, it comes back clear enough when we visit the spot where the deed is said to have been done. And then, maybe, we shall wish to read once more something of what the Rev. A. H. Johnson, Oxford's great lecturer on history, has called "this wonderful reign." So let us now return from Hurst Castle to the Forest, and set out to Minstead from Lyndhurst, over Emery Down, through the old oak woods and Forest "lawns" or green sward, across the little dell where flows the Fleetwater. This is the village of apple orchards and brilliant azaleas through which William Howitt, that true lover of our English country life, tells us he wandered as in a dream of delight. And Minstead in truth has had a goodly measure of loveliness meted out to it. Its manor-house, its church in the hollow—an odd mingling of many styles—and its old inn, "The Trusty Servant," should all be seen, if there is time to spare. "The Trusty Servant's" emblem and its

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which, when threatened by decay, was sixty years since encased in iron. The stone is close to the road between Upper Canterton and Castle Malwood: if one is driving it is best to leave the carriage on the high-road at the top of the hill, and walk down into the Glen, only about a third of a mile distant.

A mile west from Castle Malwood is Stoney Cross, with an inn, the Compton Arms, which tourists often stay at, and between these two places there are splendid views of the Forest, to the north and east especially. Cadnam is northeast, and has some grand old timber, with quantities of fine hollies as underwood; and Bramshaw village, on the Wiltshire border, and beautiful Bramble Hill Walk are. north. Bramshaw Church, like several others in the Forest, was purposely built on a high spot, the idea being to guide the traveller. It is supposed to have been built by William I., a belief that scarcely goes well with the doubtful story of certain chroniclers that the Conqueror, in: clearing and enclosing the Forest, ruthlessly destroyed a number of churches. Bramshaw Wood, the trees of which supplied the shingles for Salisbury Cathedral, is a fine one, and from Bramble Hill there is a beautiful view of the Forest and the far-off blue outlines of the Isle of Wight-At Piper's Hill, too, the highest ground within the Forest, a great extent of wood and heath is to be seen in all The woods about Bramshaw and Stoney Cross are no doubt at their best when the summer is well in, but in April and May they are exquisite, too, "flushed . . . with wood anemones and wood sorrel set in the green moss and the greener heather of the bilberry." truth, as Mr. Wise tenderly says, "The New Forest is ever beautiful, at every season of the year. The colouring of summer is not more rich. Then the great masses of holly glisten with their brightest green; the purple light gathers round the bare oaks, and the yews stand out in their shrouds of black. Then the first budding branch of furze sparkles with gold, and the distant hillside glows

Anselm

others naming no particular person. Tyrrel himself, whether manslaughterer or murderer, seems to have fled the scene at once, leaving the body where it fell, crossing the Avon—at which there is a ford still bearing his name -and sailing for Normandy. But, according to one of the chroniclers, he disclaimed all part in the affair at a time when he might with advantage have boasted of it. Whether Tyrrel aimed the arrow or no, we should surely reject the story that he was incited to the deed by Anselm. That great churchman had been badly treated by the king, and was an exile, if a voluntary one, from his country. But shattered indeed our ideals of Anselm would be, if we inclined to this sinister tale. Have not some of our best historians given him a character that does not compare ill with that of St. Francis of Assisi himself? Anselm, the holy man, so greatly the reverse of stern or vengeful, and so ill armed with the weapons of this world that Eadmer has told how "We were accustomed to lead him away from the assembly a little when he was tired and restore him with a passage of Scripture or a theological question. We asked him why had such a vigorous man become on such occasions so weak and faint-hearted. He replied that in this respect he was altogether a child. He likened himself to an owl, who is only well when it is with its young ones in its hole, but if it comes out among the crows and ravens sees nothing but pecking beaks and knows not which way to turn." Anselm may not have been always quite so gentle as he thus described himself in sadness after a struggle with the despot, but we must not believe that he had connived at William's death by violence because he was in communication later with this Tyrrel.

The evidence, such as it is, on the whole seems to show that William was killed, not by an accident, but designedly and by the hand of some unknown person. We may picture him as disturbed not a little by the warnings borne to him by holy men and others, shaken, too, perhaps, by his

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own dark misgivings lest the day of his proposed hunt might be an evil one for him. But he strives to drown his horrid fears in wine, braggingly to dismiss the solemn warnings as old wives' tales. He girds himself up for the sport in which, like his father before him, he revels greatly. Mr. Freeman in his great work "The Norman Conquest" gives us a portrait painted in strong colours of this terrible king. Most have painted William as a blackhearted despot without one redeeming quality, but if we accept Mr. Freeman we must admit that even in this man there was a little of good. He had something of the chivalry of a later age in him, and believed strongly in a certain code of honour. If he gave his word to a sportsman, whose prowess he admired, that word was kept. could treat a boon companion well. He was not a man such as Shakespeare has represented King Philip of France to have been; Philip who vowed to espouse the cause of Geoffrey of Brittany's child, Prince Arthur, and was coaxed and cozened from his purpose by King John's bribe. William was a man, presumably, who would have paid his "debts of honour." So much for the better side of the king: the darker side shows the remorseless despot, whose abilities, inherited from a stern and also relentless but statesmanlike father, were only exercised on behalf of his own personal gain and insatiable appetite. William the First had seized upon the Ytene district of the English and turned it into the New Forest, according to some - though this is reasonably disputed—even destroyed churches, robbed the poor of their little homes in order to make a great sporting estate for himself: and where father chastised the English with whips, son chastised with scorpions. No English king since the time of the Conquest has been hated and feared so much as this one. The day of reckoning, after his thirteen ferocious years of reign, came appropriately enough at the place where his tyranny had pressed very hard. It is like Nemesis, however we look at it. The time as well as the place is befitting. "The Red King

William's Death

was at the height of his power and his pride. He was lord from Scotland to Maine . . . he had nothing to disturb the safe enjoyment of his own will." The restraining Lanfranc had long since gone, pious Anselm was in exile; the domains and treasure of the richest bishoprics and abbeys of England were in his hands; and in this time of his strength and success he would even boast of his intention to conquer Ireland, to claim the throne of France, and to take Rome itself. In the midst of these dreams of ambition he was struck dead without a minute for shrift or one thought of repentance. His companions left him where he ended, says one account, and it fell to the lot of a poor charcoalburner, one Purkis or Pukess, whose name exists in the Forest to-day, to carry the body to Winchester. Another chronicler tells of a no less lamentable ending for a king's corpse: "Those few who remained," says Speed, "laid his body (basely, God wot, but as necessity suffered) into a collier's cart, which, drawn with one silly lean beast, through very foul and filthy ways, the cart broke, and there lay the spectacle of worldly glory, both pitifully gored and filthily bemired." There may be contradictory details as to the death of William the Red and as to the carrying away of the corpse from the Forest to Winchester; but it is sure enough that the former was violent and the latter ignominious. "No bell was tolled, no prayer was said, no alms were given, for the soul of the one baptized and anointed ruler whose eternal damnation was taken for granted by all men as a thing about which there could be no doubt." English history has scarcely a more terrible tale.

The spot where William fell is not really known for certain, but Canterton Glen has been long and generally accepted as the traditional one, and there is no reason why we should not be content with it. Once the very oak from which the arrow glanced that killed the king was pointed out, but this disappeared, and in the eighteenth century Lord Delaware set up a stone to mark the spot,

which, when threatened by decay, was sixty years since encased in iron. The stone is close to the road between Upper Canterton and Castle Malwood: if one is driving it is best to leave the carriage on the high-road at the top of the hill, and walk down into the Glen, only about a third of a mile distant.

A mile west from Castle Malwood is Stoney Cross, with an inn, the Compton Arms, which tourists often stay at, and between these two places there are splendid views of the Forest, to the north and east especially. Cadnam is northeast, and has some grand old timber, with quantities of fine hollies as underwood; and Bramshaw village, on the Wiltshire border, and beautiful Bramble Hill Walk are north. Bramshaw Church, like several others in the Forest, was purposely built on a high spot, the idea being to guide the traveller. It is supposed to have been built by William I., a belief that scarcely goes well with the doubtful story of certain chroniclers that the Conqueror, in clearing and enclosing the Forest, ruthlessly destroyed a number of churches. Bramshaw Wood, the trees of which supplied the shingles for Salisbury Cathedral, is a fine one; and from Bramble Hill there is a beautiful view of the Forest and the far-off blue outlines of the Isle of Wight. At Piper's Hill, too, the highest ground within the Forest, a great extent of wood and heath is to be seen in all The woods about Bramshaw and Stoney Cross are no doubt at their best when the summer is well in, but in April and May they are exquisite, too, "flushed . . . with wood anemones and wood sorrel set in the green moss and the greener heather of the bilberry." In truth, as Mr. Wise tenderly says, "The New Forest is ever beautiful, at every season of the year. The colouring of summer is not more rich. Then the great masses of holly glisten with their brightest green; the purple light gathers round the bare oaks, and the yews stand out in their shrouds of black. Then the first budding branch of furze sparkles with gold, and the distant hillside glows

with the red layers of beech leaves. And if a snowstorm passes up from the sea, then every bough is suddenly covered with a silver filigree of whitest moss." Do we not too often underrate the scenes of winter? Even in London on dull winter days there is sometimes wondrous beauty close at our doors. Standing on Battersea Bridge this very January afternoon, and looking up the river, I saw a picture of surprising splendour. The wharves and multitudinous river buildings at the edge of the water, if scrutinised, would be found only hideous perhaps, and the flotilla and penny steamboats and coal-black barges grouped together beyond not more sightly: and then Wandsworth railway bridge in the distant up-streamhow, it might be wondered, on a bright summer day, could that thing ever seem aught but 'extremely ugly? Behold! the slight grey wintry mist had softened away the fatal defects of these objects, and the bridge became mysteriously beautiful when the sun struggled through a bank of murky cloud and transcoloured the dull waters beyond the arches into a lurid red. Winter has its own splendours, if we will but look for them. Then the woods of the New Forest are often blue as they are green in summer, and there is a mystery about the desolate moors which is full of glamour. To those who care about a bleak winter scene, I would recommend a drive or walk on a dry December or January day from Lyndhurst to Beaulieu, a distance of seven miles.

On the left there is little but open heath land till Tantany Wood is reached, and barrows numerous in various parts of the open Forest are dotted singly or in little groups of two or three on both sides of the road. The names of the places along this road clearly describe themselves. There are White Moor and Black Down, Yew Tree Heath and Row Barrow. At Matley Passage, between Lyndhurst and Beaulieu Road Station, one may stop at the little bridge and watch the sluggish dark stream creeping into Matley Bog, the vivid, treacherous green of which is

Hampshire

seen a little way from the road. These bogs are a feature of the New Forest, and are numerous around Lyndhurst. Longslade, south-west of Brockenhurst, is by far the most extensive, but there are many small ones into which it would be no less disagreeable to plunge. It is unwary to wander about these heaths after dark unless one knows them very well, but in the daylight the bright moss, and often in



summer the gleaming white cotton-grass convey a sufficient warning.1

The village of Beaulieu, on the Exe or Beaulieu stream, is three miles from the Beaulieu Road Station, a mile on from Matley Passage, on the bleakest part of Denny Lodge Walk. I have recommended this road to those

1 Once whilst trout-fishing on Bransbury common in North Hants, I was wading up to my knees in the slush by the riverside, when I suddenly found myself sinking very deep in a nasty sticky spot with no tussock of grass to seize hold of. I struggled for perhaps a minute—it seemed longer—in the fast-fading light, and felt no small relief when I touched gravel with one foot and soon after pulled myself out. It was the wrong time of day for such an adventure.

Beaulieu

who like the winter wilds in their solitude; but to enjoy to the full the exquisitely placed little village, the ruins of the grand Abbey, which in size must have almost rivalled Winchester itself, the river scenery and the view of the Solent, one must go thither on a beautiful summer day. Beaulieu Abbey was commenced in a fit of rare remorse, so runs the tradition, by John, that pitiable Plantagenet who had all Rufus's love of tyranny with little of his iron will. Such a foundation, however, was not to be completed without many years of labour, and Beaulieu, begun at the opening of the thirteenth century, was only completed by Henry III. half a century later. It was peopled with the monks of Citeaux, an outshoot of the Benedictines, and an order intended by their eleventh-century founder to live a life of sternest asceticism. These Cistercians were to perpetually hold their peace, save when they addressed their superior in the abbey or monastery; were to be clad in the meanest of garbs; were to win their food by their own manual labour; were to spend long vigils in their plain comfortless cells in prayer. The chivalry of the mediæval age, the romance and fiery ardour of the Crusaders are deeply interesting movements in our history, but we must reserve some of our wonder and admiration for the utter sacrifice of self, which stamped the best of the Cistercian monks. No doubt the monastery had its dark side, even in those days, but a triumphant repression of self, an asceticism as hard to arrive at as the heroism of a Cranmer at the stake, did no doubt exist among many of these men. Vitalis, the Chronicler of the twelfth century, tells us that no sooner was this very movement started than there hastened to assume the monk's garb men of position and intellectual gifts, many Cistercian monasteries being speedily founded.

Certainly, judging by Beaulieu, the severe rules of the order did not insist upon the monasteries being built on barren or unlovely spots. Beaulieu is scarcely less beautiful than Netley, though it has not such a view of blue sea.

Its wooded little hills and streams, and fertile fields and mill and cottage gardens, are a great contrast to the heathery waste through which we have lately travelled; and the cottages with their gabled roofs have an air of ancient quiet and repose. The place seems a little oasis in the heath, like Amesbury in the great plain. It is, with its southern aspect, a sun-steeped spot, and there was a vineyard here—the remains no doubt of the monastic one—so late as the beginning of the eighteenth century. A servant of the Duke of Montagu told Warner, the author of the "History of Hampshire," that in the cellars of the Palace House lay brandy made from the grapes of this same vineyard. Even to-day you may see the grape vines trailing against the walls of some of the cottages, vines mingled with the beloved simple roses of the English peasantry. At the outset this Cistercian movement was no doubt of a too purely devotional and intensely religious character to lend itself to commercial enterprise. In its fierce energy we can see the reawakening of the English Church, the great movement of the end of the twelfth and the first part of the thirteenth centuries. Since the Red King had trod the clergy under an iron heel and Amselm had left England in despair, the English Church had sunk into lethargy. The time of the building and consecration. of Beaulieu Abbey was that of a great revival, when men were eager to live as well as die for their faith. It is not in human nature that such high enthusiasms, born of reaction, should last, and though we do not read of the monks of this abbey falling into the evil ways of the Black Canons of Selborne Priory, or of the nuns of Romsey, it seems clear that the Cistercians did by-and-by devote a good deal of their energy to commerce. They were noted for their good agriculture, and in the fourteenth. century became great and successful growers of wool in the north of England. So that the Reformation found them. scarcely the body of ascetic fervent souls we recognise in the descriptions of the monkish chronicler Vitalis and

Beaulieu

others. But we should not forget that this particular abbey of the Cistercians remained to the last a home and sanctuary for the destitute and miserable. To Beaulieu fled the Countess of Warwick after her husband, King-maker Warwick, was defeated and slain at Barnet. A quarter of a century later Perkin Warbeck sought sanctuary with the kindly monks at Beaulieu, only to be enticed out by Henry VII.'s supporter Earl Daubeny, under false promises, and to be taken before long to Tyburn Hill. Warbeck was a craven no doubt, but it has never been clearly proved that he was a false claimant; and he remains one of the

suppressed figures of our history.

At the dissolution of the monasteries the Prince Abbot's Palace became the dwelling-place of Sir Thomas Wriothesley, to whom the property was granted by Henry VIII. Now it is the Hampshire home of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. More interesting than the palace is the church amongst the ruins of the great abbey, where flourish ivy, fragrant wallflowers, and the pink. This church was the refectory of Beaulieu, and it contains a beautiful stone pulpit in the wall, a rostrum from which the monk on duty would read from the Book to those at table. "Let us kept our eyes upon the table, our ears with the reader, and our hearts with God," was St. Augustine's injunction to his canons. In the field of learning those Cistercians did not achieve such great things as one or two other orders of monks, but they were not unlettered, and Leland has left us a list of the books in the Beaulieu library, which included the life of Anselm by his loving friend and admirer Eadmer, and a kind of religious romance by Damascenus on the Acts of Barlaam and Josephat, which was rendered into various foreign languages.

The list of interesting spots and pleasant scenes of the eastern strip of the New Forest is not exhausted after Beaulieu has been visited, but to explore and enjoy this corner one should either stay a while at Beaulieu, or else start from Southampton and cross by the ferry to Hythe,

where conveyances can be got at the Drumond Arms, and work down south. It is a country tapped by no railway as yet, full of peaceful beauty. On the road from Hythe to Fawley, Denny Lodge Walk and Beaulieu Heath lie on the right, a bit of the Roman road between Southampton and Leap being traceable at the extreme east of the heath. Eight miles from Southampton is Fawley. The village, which has a church with Norman door, is set in a country of typical Hampshire lanes, of fields with tilth and pasturage mingled together, and of those homely trees of agricultural England you so rarely see within the Forest hard by, the elms. Grey Calshot Castle is three miles from Fawley, on a spit of shingle. It is now of no importance for purposes of defence, but was built by Henry VIII. as a strong blockhouse fort, as was Hurst Castle fourteen miles west. Leland describes it as the "strange late buildid castelle, caullid Coldspore, commonly Cawshot." Now it is only used as a coastguard station. At the little fishing village of Lepe or Leap, the Roman road is again met with, as it is across the water in the Isle of Wight. Leap or Lepe is at the estuary of Beaulieu river, and it is a pleasant way from here to the village of Beaulieu, the banks of the stream being beautifully wooded. In winter there are a good many wild-fowl about this coast, though they are nothing like so numerous, I fancy, as in the days of the famous Hampshire gunner Colonel Hawker, who knew well all the estuaries and mud banks of this country in the first half of the nineteenth century. It is a secluded coast, where trippers are never seen, with lovely views of the Solent and the Island, certainly one of the least known corners of Hampshire. There is sometimes a nice sense of discovery enjoyed by those who roam about such spots: to get ten or a dozen miles from a railway within a hundred miles or so of London may almost be magnified into a triumph of exploration. Beaulieu has an inn, the Montagu Arms, and there are most enjoyable drives and walks in the direction of Brockenhurst, as well as in the country outside the

Superstition

Forest, east and south-east of the village.¹ At Lady Cross Lodge, where there is a most noble oak to see, the Red King, if we are to accept the local legend, breakfasted on the morning of his death—not at Malwood. As I have tried to show, it is necessary to take with all reserve the details concerning these last hours of the king in the New Forest, for the chroniclers gave various stories. Bearing this in mind, one may safely read and enjoy the spirited account given by Sir Francis Palgrave in his "History of Normandy and England."

As the New Forest stops short of Southampton Water on the east, so it ends before we reach the extreme southwestern border of the county, which adjoins Dorsetshire. But on the west there is much delightful scenery, the noble Priory of Christchurch, and some pretty villages and parks along the vale of the placid Avon, a river which has a larger drainage area than any other flowing into the English Channel. The Christchurch and Ringwood district, and the western strip of the New Forest are too far off to be explored conveniently from Lyndhurst, and the best way is to stay at either one town or the other: Christchurch, if the Priory or the Hordle or Barton cliffs, Ringwood perhaps if the best scenery of the Avon above and below the little town be the chief attraction.

Legend and superstition have been rife from time immemorial among the peasantry of the New Forest. Such names as Puckpits and Pixey Field and Pixey Fold tell how strong a hold the supernatural had in the past on the people of this distinctive corner of Hampshire, and even to-day a good many of these stories are still clung to by old and young alike.² But the most curious and the most beautiful

¹ Beaulieu is 6 miles from Brockenhurst, 4½ miles from Hythe,

³³ miles from Beaulieu Road Station.

2 I must mention one quaint superstition of the New Forest.

It is said that the death's head moth, the appearance of which has often horribly frightened credulous folk, was not seen in England till after the execution of Charles I.

of the old legends of this part of Hampshire relates to the Priory of Christchurch, which is without the Forest. is recorded that an attempt was originally made to build the church on St. Catherine's Hill, a mile and a half distant from the site actually selected, Twynham or Tweoxneham of the Saxon times. So on the hill the builders began their work, till it was found that the stones laid during the day were mysteriously removed every night to the valley beneath, where dwelt the people who needed religious aid. Therefore the builders altered the site to the present one. But even then heavenly intervention ceased not. There was observed to take part in the work a certain unknown stranger, one who abstained from feeding with the other labourers, who was never seen on pay day. Once when a beam had been cut too short for the purpose for which it was meant, he miraculously drew it out with his hand and lengthened Noting which strange things, the founders of the great building concluded that the carpenter's son, Jesus of Nazareth, had been among them, and they consecrated the place to him, naming it Christchurch.

The early history of Christchurch Priory is lost in the mists of antiquity, and the materials on which the historian must work are very slight, considering the size and splendour of the building. But it is certain that some of the present church is eight hundred years old, and that the oldest parts of the building—if we except the possibly Saxon crypt were the work of Flambard, the statesman-ecclesiastic of the Red King's reign. Flambard is held up to odium by all historians, and it has come to pass that his very name somehow has an evil sound to the ear, so different from that of the wise Lanfranc or the gentle Anselm. came of a mean Norman family which had settled in the New Forest in William the Conqueror's reign. man of energy and ambition, he attracted the notice of the king when, a clerk of the Chancery, and was made Bishop of Durham and chief minister. As a churchman Flambard was nothing if not secular, and he lent himself

Flambard

readily to his ruler's selfish policy. He ground down the poor, degraded the Church, encouraged the king to keep the See of Canterbury vacant for years after the death of Lanfranc. But what a strange mixture! With all his cunning scheming to keep in with the king, and despite his alleged illiteracy, he left behind him some of the most glorious architectural work in England. Durham, finer, they say, than Romsey in its Norman work, was his, and the



nave of this Christchurch. Had Flambard been a good man, we should no doubt have given him special praise for this great building near the spot in which his family had found a home. As it is, we can only wonder how a man, painted as black as the Red King's Justiciar and willing instrument, could have set himself so noble a task, and carried it through so well. In the arcading of the nave of Christchurch and in the triforium, Flambard's work is still to be seen, unimpaired by restorations and additions which have damaged other parts of the building. The transepts, too, are Norman, the exterior of the north one being full

of interest and variety. The turret, with its lower arches interlaced together and its rich diaper work above, is of great beauty. But Christchurch grew out of many minds besides Flambard's. The length of this building is altogether over a hundred yards, and we find each great school of architecture represented within it, Gothic, Early English, and Perpendicular among them. It has been said that Hampshire is not rich in her churches, and many of the smaller ones are sometimes dismissed rather contemptuously as being more like barns or dovecots than houses of prayer. For my part I often find these little churches. with their "elm-embosomed spires," their red-brick towers and finely toned red-tiled roofs, lovely in their simplicity and surroundings; but in any case a county which has Winchester Cathedral, St. Cross, Romsey, and Christchurch Priory, cannot be reckoned very poor in this respect.

Christchurch has one and only one monument or memorial of great interest, and that is the piece of sculpture representing the finding of the body of Shelley. memorial of Shelley might have been more appropriately placed in the church at Marlow on the Thames, where he lived a portion of his dream life, lying in his boat and thinking out his "Witch of Atlas" under the lovely Quarry Woods, or at Horsham, his boyhood home. Shelley was never at Christchurch, and the presence of the memorial is explained by the fact that his son, Sir Florence Percy Shelley, lived at Boscombe Manor, between Christchurch and Bournemouth. The sculptor did not attempt to portray the event as it actually occurred, and he introduced into the work the figure of Mrs. Shelley, who was not present when the body was found. No doubt to attempt to show the scene as Trelawny described it was out of the question, but possibly the sculptor might have succeeded in representing something of the funeral pyre with a better result than he actually achieved. It is described in that fascinating book "Recollections of the

Shelley

Last Days of Shelley and Byron." "The lonely and grand scenery that surrounded us so exactly harmonised with Shelley's genius, that I could imagine his spirit soaring over us. The sea with the islands of Gorgona, Capraji, and Elba, was laid before us; old battlemented watch-towers stretched along the coast, backed by the marble-crested Apennines glistening in the sun, picturesque from their diversified outlines, and not a human dwelling was in sight. As I thought of the delight Shelley felt in such scenes of loneliness and grandeur whilst living, I felt we were no better than a herd of wolves or a pack of wild dogs, in tearing out his battered and naked body from the pure yellow sand that lay so lightly over it, to drag him back to the light of day; but the dead have no voice, nor had I power to check the sacrilege—the work went on silently in the deep and unresisting sand, not a word was spoken, for the Italians have a touch of sentiment, and their feelings are easily excited into sympathy." The body, brought out of its temporary grave in the sands, was placed upon the pyre and cremated, but strange to say the heart remained entire in spite of the fierce heat, and in snatching it from the flames Trelawny severely burned his Byron, though he had been present at the exhumation of the body of his friend Williams, and had even engaged in idle, bantering talk whilst the work was going on, could not stand the Shelley scene. He withdrew and plunged into the sea hard by. Shelley was drowned whilst boating in the Bay of Spezzia on July 8, 1822, but the body was not found for several weeks. In the jacket was a volume of Sophocles in one pocket and of Keats in the other, the latter doubled back as if Shelley in the act of reading had hastily thrust it away. John Addington Symonds in his monograph reminds us that the last line Shelley ever wrote was, "Then what is Life? I cried"-"a question of profound significance when we recollect that it was soon to be answered in the Halls of Death." On the base of the Christchurch monument is

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this exquisite and absolutely appropriate passage from "Adonais":—

"He has outsoar'd the shadow of our Night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain
And that unrest which men miscall delight
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;
Nor when the spirit's self has ceased to burn
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn."

Five miles west of the town of Christchurch, in the extreme south-western corner of Hampshire, is Bournemouth, which has a climate that makes winter in England safe and even enjoyable for invalids. Its cliffs with their dells or chines, and its fine white sands are very pleasant, but Bournemouth is too young to have a history. The strip of southwest Hampshire outside the Forest from Christchurch to the Wiltshire border is watered by the Avon, flowing due south and entering the sea at Christchurch Bay. Ringwood is about nine miles from Christchurch either by road or rail, and at Winkton and Sopley villages the river is charming where it flows by banks gay with purple and yellow loosestrife and the comfrey. Ringwood has not much to show and little story to relate; but Ellingham, a few miles higher up stream, and Charford, on the Wiltshire border north of the town of Fordingbridge, are interesting spots; whilst Ibbesley is one of the prettiest of the river villages. The scenery may be tame after the great oaks and heathery wilds of the New Forest, but the lanes are deep and the hedges often great and straggling. In Ellingham churchyard was buried Lady Alice Lisle, who is represented in the fine fresco in the corridor of the House of Commons. "Alicia Lisle dyed the second of September 1685," is the simple inscription on her tomb. Moyles Court, the old home of the Lisles, is a little distance off, between the village and the Forest, and eight miles away in Dorsetshire they still

Judge Jeffreys

show the double hedge in which the wretched Monmouth lay hid after his flight from Sedgemoor battlefield, and from which he was dragged uttering not a word, and wearing a hungry, hunted look on his ghastly face. Two of his supporters, Hicks and Nelthorpe, were charitably received by Lady Alice Lisle at Moyles Court, but unfortunately found in hiding there by the king's soldiers. Lady Alice, who had no political purpose, certainly no thought of treason towards James II. in harbouring these hunted creatures, was tried by Judge Jeffreys, and found guilty. One might search in vain through the history of a civilised nation for a more shocking miscarriage of justice, for a more cruel act. black-hearted Jeffreys had evidently determined to take this good Samaritan's life. He browbeat the terrified witnesses; he dragooned the weak and despicable jury into declaring the accused guilty; and then he ordered that she should be This last infamy, however, could burnt alive next day. not safely be carried out, and the poor lady was executed in the market-place at Winchester, serene in her conduct to the last. This fearful journey of Jeffreys through the South was known as Bloody Assizes, and Macaulay tells us that the judge had his court hung with scarlet to show his intentions.

There is scarcely a nook or corner in our county which is not bound up with some stirring story of old. Near Fordingbridge is quiet, little-known Charford, where Hampshire and Wiltshire meet. At Cerdice's Ford, no doubt the Charford of to-day, nearly fifteen hundred years ago Cerdic and Cynric, the Saxon invaders, met and routed the Britons, who were led by the father of the Arthur of English legend, the Arthur of Amesbury. This eventful victory practically won for the English the whole of the district lying between the great Andredsweald Forest and the lower Avon, and out of it grew the kingdom of the West Saxons. The invaders met with a defeat when later on they again met the Romano-British further west at Badbury or Badon Mount, but they had by then rooted

Hampshire

themselves too firmly in Wessex to be torn up. Thus one might almost describe Charford as, historically, one of the

most noteworthy spots in the south of England.

At this remote hamlet I end my wanderings. I have long wished to tell the tale of my own dear county, and it is still my ambition to set it forth more fully than I have had space to do in this volume. Meantime I shall hold myself fortunate if these Itineraries help to bring to Hampshire during their holidays people who have overlooked its many charming scenes and moving stories of old time. I leave my readers to roam with Mr. Vaughan in our eighth Itinerary through the Garden of England: they will be in excellent company.

ITINERARY THE EIGHTH

THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND

By JOHN VAUGHAN

Introduction—Ryde to Quarr Abbey—Brading—St. Helens—Yaverland — Sandown — Shanklin — Brading to Newport—Carisbrooke Castle — Cowes — Calbourne — Shalfleet—Newtown—Yarmouth—The Isle of Freshwater—Freshwater to Shorwell—The Undercliff—Bonchurch.

I T was just about three hundred years ago that the old poet-laureate, Michael Drayton, wrote of the Isle of Wight:—

"Of all the Southern isles, she holds the highest place, And evermore hath been the greatest in Britaine's grace,"

and the words are as true now as when they were written. But times have greatly changed since then. We learn from the famous "Oglander Memoirs" that, in the early days of the seventeenth century, the highways were few, and those few almost impassable in winter. Nearly every one travelled on horseback, the mistress on a pillion behind her lord, and carriages were almost unknown. There was, of course, no regular post in those days, but letters to the mainland were conveyed across the water by a "coneyman" who visited the Island at short intervals to "buy rabbits for the London Market." The inhabitants seldom left their native shores; when they went to London, says Sir John Oglander, "thinking itt a East India voiage, they alwaies made theyre willes." Wild deer roamed in

Parkhurst Forest, and in some of the parks of the gentry; and hawking parties were not unknown. The Undercliff, we are told, swarmed with game-"Partriches and Fesants"and countless wild-fowl congregated in the creeks along the shore. Sir John's father "infynitely loved fowlinge, and often killed 40 coupell of fowle in a night, hee and his man," in Brading Harbour. Hawking too he delighted in, "with a short winge hawke att partrydge and pheasante." Strange to say, no hares, "or very fewe," existed in the Island till the year 1574, when Sir Edward Horsey, Captain of the Island, procured many from his friends to be brought in alive, and "proclaymed that whosoever woold bringe in a live hare should have a lamb for him." favourite popular recreation was bull-baiting; and once a year the Mayor of Newport was wont to give £5 wherewith to purchase a bull, which, after being duly baited, was killed and its flesh given to the poor. At Brading the massive bull-ring may still be seen, and "" no butcher was allowed to kill a bull until it has been lawfully baited." But, as Sir John used to say, Tempora mutant. Partridges and pheasants, it is true, still exist, and in hard winters duck and teal and other wild-fowl will be found along the shore: but the wild deer have ceased to roam in Parkhurst Forest, and bulls are no longer baited in Brading Much of the timber, too, has been cut down. ancient times, so the legend runs, the Island was so thickly wooded that a squirrel might have traversed its entire length by leaping from tree to tree. Now large portions of the Island are denuded of forest trees. During the great French war, at the beginning of the century, when timber for the navy commanded a high price, oaks to the value of £80,000 are said to have been felled on one single estate. Other changes, too, have followed. The wreckers no longer ply their dreadful trade along the coast at "the back of the Island "between Chale and Freshwater; and the smugglers' "runs" on the Culver cliffs, which in former years used to be pointed out by the older people, are now almost forgotten.

Rapid Development

During the last 150 years the changes which have passed over the Island have been immense. In Sir John's time "there wase not above 3 or 4 howses at Cows," but during the last century the town increased considerably, and in 1813 we find that it possessed 465 inhabited houses, while Newport possessed 564. When Fielding visited Ryde in 1754, "there was no inn, and the best dinner which the place could supply was one of bacon and beans, although it boasted a butcher, who killed beef two or three times a year, and mutton all the year round, except when peas and beans were in season." As late as 1813 the fishing hamlet of Ryde was included in the parish of Newchurch, as was also the few thatched huts which constituted the village of Ventnor; while Bonchurch and Shanklin together possessed, we are told, only thirty-two houses. When John Wilkes of "North Briton" fame took up his residence in a cottage which he called his "Villakin" at Sandown Bay, towards the close of the last century, it was nothing uncommon, he tells us, for the passage between Ryde and Portsmouth to last two hours; and Hassell, on one occasion, passed "seven tedious hours" between the mainland and Cowes.

Now the Isle of Wight may be reached in less than four hours from London; excellent steam-packets are constantly passing between Portsmouth and Ryde; railways run the entire length of the Island—from north to south, and from east to west; four-horse coaches ply between the principal centres and places of interest; while the normal population of the Island, which at the beginning of the century was only 22,000, has now risen to over 80,000.

It will of course be admitted that the building consequent upon this increase of population has not improved the scenery of the Island. Picturesque villages have become large and increasing towns, and villas have sprung up everywhere. A considerable portion of the Island is also in private hands, and trespassers are strictly prohibited. Many interesting spots, such as Shanklin Chine, Blackgang Chine,

and Carisbrook Castle, are also carefully guarded, and visitors are only admitted on the payment of a fee. Still, in spite of the march of modern "improvements," and the inevitable drawbacks consequent upon the great influx of summer visitors, the Island remains a most fascinating spot. The chalk downs running, with only one or two depressions, from the Culver Cliff to the Needles, are as free and glorious as when, on the 20th of June 1627, Charles I. witnessed a review on "Arreton Downe:" the sea views are everywhere beautiful; the white cliffs at Freshwater are truly magnificent; the Undercliff, with its strange medley of exuberant verdure and splendid ruin, has a romantic beauty of its own; while "the whole island," with its peaceful villages, its interesting parish churches, its fine Jacobean manor-houses, with its rich meadows and cornfields, and deep shady lanes full and wild flowers, is, as Sir William Jardine truly said, "most seductive." Indeed those who are best acquainted with its tranquil scenery will be the first to acquiesce in Sir Walter Scott's famous description of it as "that beautiful island which he who has once seen never forgets, through whatever part of the wide world his future path may carry him."

The usual entrance to the Isle of Wight is by way of Ryde. The town itself is quite modern, and before the erection of the pier in 1814 consisted only of a few fishermen's cottages. In ancient days the form of the name was La Rie or La Riche, and, small as it was, the little hamlet was one of the chief ports of the Island. The present town, well situated on a steep hill, is decidedly a handsome one, but there is nothing to detain the intelligent tourist. In the immediate neighbourhood, however, a most interesting excursion may be made. This is to Quarr Abbey, by way of the Spencer Road and Binstead. Formerly the walk was a most beautiful one; and even now, in spite of the number of modern villas which have sprung up, is very attractive. Here and there, on the walls

Binstead Quarries

which skirt the Spencer Road, a few plants of the interesting little fern, the Ratamuraria, still maintain an existence; and many pleasant glimpses of the sea will be obtained from the shady footpath leading to Binstead Church. The entrance to the churchyard is through the ancient doorway of the original Norman church, above which stands a grotesque figure, formerly known as the "Idol." The churchyard, like so many in the Island, is most picturesque; and as the visitor wanders round the church, which was partly rebuilt in 1844, he will notice other strange sculptures, saved from the former building, inserted in the western wall, and some herring-bone work in the eastern wall. Beyond the church we come to the Binstead woods, famous as the site of the ancient stone quarries, which have been in use certainly since the days of William Rufus, and probably since the time of the Romans. To Walkelin, Bishop of Winchester, the Red King here granted half a hide of land wherein to hew stone for the building of his cathedral, on the express understanding that he was not to disturb any spot where the copse was thick enough to conceal a stag. From this time the quarries were in constant use. Many of the oldest churches in the island, as Wootton, Yaverland, and Shalfleet, were built of Binstead stone; while on the mainland the stone appears in such historic buildings as Chichester Cathedral, Porchester Castle, Beaulieu Abbey, Netley Abbey, Place House, Titchfield, and Christchurch Priory. When William of Wykeham was remodelling his splendid cathedral, he bought the right of hewing stone in the Binstead Ouarries; and in a letter dated April 9, 1371, he asked the parish priests of the Island to supply quarrymen for the work, and vehicles with which to haul the stones, under the general oversight of the Abbot of Quarr. "The quarries," says Dr. Mantell in his famous "Geology of the Isle of Wight," "vary in depth from ten to twenty feet, and appear to have been opened without regard to any regular plan, wherever it was thought a layer of compact stone could be easily reached." There are many

old and deep pits about the Quarr and Binstead woods which mark the site of these ancient quarries, in some of which the teeth and bones of extinct mammalia have been found. In these woods, too, a most rare and interesting plant blossoms abundantly every spring. This is *Pulmonaria angustifolia*, the narrow-leaved lungwort, found also in the woods near Beaulieu Abbey, where the New Forest children call it "Joseph and Mary," once a famous remedy for consumption. It is not impossible that both here and at Beaulieu the plant owes its existence to this ancient use, and that originally it was an escape from the monastic herb-garden.

Just beyond the wood where the lungwort grows will be seen, in a most picturesque situation, the scanty remains of the once famous monastery of Quarr. The Abbey was founded by Baldwin de Redvers, Lord of the Island, in 1131, and peopled with Cistercian monks from Savigny in Normandy. It was by far the most important monastic establishment in the Island, and many memories linger around the spot. "Here," wrote Mr. Roland Prothero in a most interesting article in The Edinburgh Review, "by tradition, was imprisoned Queen Eleanor, wife of Henry II., and in the copse called 'Eleanor's Grove' is the spot where she lies interred in a golden coffin, miraculously protected from sacrilegious greed. Here were buried in stately shrines several of the family of De Redvers, the munificent patrons of the abbey. Here also lay the Lady Cicely, second daughter of Edward IV., who died at Standen, having married for her second husband a Lincolnshire gentleman named Kyme. The monks of Quarr were fully alive to the responsibility of their position. Near to the abbey stood one of the thirty-one beacon-stations which, in the time of Edward III., guarded the Island. The building itself was a fortified stronghold, enclosing forty acres within its walls, and with the seaward gate furnished with a portcullis and the walls pierced with loopholes. Lord Abbot kept the state of a great prince. Twice he

Quarr Abbey

was chosen to be Warden of the Island. His abbey was the school for the gentry. Happy was the gentleman who could place his son in the abbot's household. All the younger sons of the best families vied with one another to be the treasurer, the steward, or the chief butler of this powerful monastic house. Three times a week a market was held at the crosswavs near the abbey; yet seventy years after the Dissolution, though old men were still living who worshipped in the great church, corn was growing on the ground which it had covered." But few portions of the once splendid establishment now remain. The boundary wall is, however, nearly entire, and fragments of the kitchen, the refectory, the storeroom, and what may have been the infirmary chapel, can be seen; while in the cloister-wall are the remains of three stone coffins. Like all the sites selected by the Cistercians for their houses, like Beaulieu and Netley and Waverley Abbey, the position of Quarr is most beautiful; and here, surrounded by woods, beside the tiny stream which still runs through the enclosure, and within sound of the murmur of the sea, the good monks for many centuries carried into practice the noble principle—"to work is to pray."

Four miles from Ryde, on the Isle of Wight Railway, we stop at Brading, "without exception," says Sir John Oglander, "the awntientest towne in oure Island." According to tradition, it was at Brading, which means "the broad meadow," that Wilfrid of York first preached the Gospel to the Pagan Jutes, and the earliest Christian church in the Island is said to have stood upon the site of the present edifice. This latter church, the nave of which dates from the close of the twelfth century, has many points On the walls outside the beautiful little of interest. Ceterach fern grows. The Early English tower, open at the base on three sides, is very remarkable. The church contains some interesting monuments. On the chancel floor, within the altar-rails, will be seen what Sir John calls "a fayre stone with ye pourtraiture of a sowldier on it."

This is said by experts to be one of the finest incised slabs in England, probably the work of Flemish artists. hands, helmet, and sword-hilt were formerly inlaid with brass or silver, but are now empty. The Latin inscription tells us, "Here lies the noble John Cherowin, Esq., during his life Constable of Portchester Castle, who died Oct. 31, May his soul rest in peace. Amen." But the interest of the church naturally centres in the Oglander "Here lyeth," wrote Sir John in 1633, "many score of ye Oglanders, men, women, and children, for that family hath continued in Bradinge p'risch from this yere, 566 yeares; and I wish they may continue theyre as longe as ther shall be a p'rische." This was written 267 years ago, and it is interesting to know that the pious wish is still being fulfilled. Many fine monuments to members of the family adorn this chapel, but the one which will be regarded with the greatest interest is the coloured wooden effigy of Sir John, the author of the famous Oglander MSS., who died in 1655, "in ye 70th yeare of his age." It was when worshipping in this church that the staunch old Lovalist heard the rumour of the landing of King Charles at Cowes, which "newes," he wrote, "trewly trobled mee very mutch."

From 1797 to 1805, Legh Richmond was curate-incharge of the united parishes of Brading and Yaverland. Unfortunately the house in which he lived has been pulled down; but the church service-book which he used is carefully preserved, and the old communion-chair in which he sat is pointed out in the Oglander Chapel. His "Annals of the Poor," especially "The Dairyman's Daughter" and "Jane, the Little Cottager," obtained an extraordinary popularity, and were translated into many European languages. They are still of considerable interest, owing to the graphic descriptions of local scenery which they contain. "Little Jane's" grave will be found in the churchyard, where Legh Richmond used to gather the village children together for instruction on Sunday afternoons, immediately

Legh Richmond

beneath the east window of the chancel, and, not far distant, the tomb of Mrs. Berry, with the well-known epitaph beginning—

"Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,"

—lines which, at Legh Richmond's request, were committed to memory by the "Little Cottager." Numbers of people still continue to visit "Little Jane's" grave; and a story is told of an American who came to Brading on purpose to see it, and having performed that duty, went away again without even entering the church.

Several relics of the olden times will be noticed in the village. The ancient stocks and the whipping-post may still be seen in the little Town Hall, lately rebuilt, which stands at the south-west corner of the churchyard. Half way up the village street, in an open space on the right, a massive iron ring, firmly fixed in the ground, tells of the days already alluded to, when no butcher was allowed to kill a bull until it had been "lawfully baited." In the year 1592, so we learn from the old records of the Court Leet, one William Smith was fined 6s. for killing bulls without baiting. Near the top of the village street, in a lane leading to the right, "Little Jane's" cottage is still standing, and, thanks to the piety and good sense of the present owner of the property, in almost exactly the same condition as when "Little Jane" lived and died there. The thatch is still of straw, and although the cottage has been repaired, no single feature has been changed. One mile to the west lies the mansion of Nunwell, of which but little of the ancient Jacobean house remains. Here it was that Sir John Oglander entertained Charles I., and the room is still pointed out in which he presented the King with a purse of gold, and also the room, known as the "wrought" room, because of the tapestry which it contained, where the unfortunate monarch slept. At Nunwell is preserved the brass gun, bearing the inscription, "John and Robert Owine, brethren, made this Pece, 1549, Brerdynd," the only sur-

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vivor in the Island of the pieces of ordnance provided by the parishes in the reign of Edward VI.

In one of his tales Legh Richmond speaks of "a beautiful tract of land intersected by a large arm of the sea, which formed a broad lake or haven of three miles in length." This was true a hundred years ago, but is so no longer. For, after many attempts, the earliest dating from the reign of Edward I., Brading Haven has been reclaimed, and some 850 acres are now under cultivation. Along the edge of this reclaimed land, once a favourite haunt of wildfowl, a little railway now runs to St. Helen's and Bembridge. In the former parish, on a sandy spit of ground jutting out into the harbour, a large number of rare plants may be found. The botanist will not neglect this wonderful locality, which is said to yield no less than 250. species. Perhaps the most interesting is the beautiful Scilla autumnalis, which blossoms abundantly every August. Beyond the spit, close to the edge of the sea, the Early English tower of the ancient parish church still stands, and is now utilised by the Trinity Board as a sea-mark. From here to Sea View, a delightfully quiet little spot, a pleasant walk may be taken along the sea-coast, which is here covered with vegetables almost to the water's edge. Formerly the Priory of a small body of Cluniac monks overlooked the bay, still known as Priory Bay, but the name only remains to remind us of the ancient foundation.

In the neighbourhood of Brading many interesting localities may be visited. Not far distant, in the direction of the noble Culver Cliffs, stands the ancient church of Yaverland. The little building, which is one of the oldest in the Island, dates back to Norman times, and the south doorway and chancel arch are rich specimens of Norman work. Situated on rising ground, and in close proximity to the pointed gables and mullioned windows of the fine old Jacobean manor-house, the scene presented is one of the most picturesque in the Island. Now, as in the days of Legh Richmond, the road to the church is "by a gently

Wilkes's "Villakin"

rising approach between high banks covered with holly trees, bushes, ivy, hedge-plants, and wild flowers." In former days, Yaverland, like Shanklin, was only a chapelry of Brading, and had no "buryinge-place." "They alwayes buryed at Bradinge, and received ye communion there. At Christmas and Easter ye P'son of Yaverland," we are told, "was inioyned to come with his whole p'rish and to administer ye cupp, and to acknowledge Bradinge for theyre mother church."

The little hamlet of Morton, about one mile from Brading, is famous as the site of a Roman villa, discovered about twenty years ago. The remains, which are in an excellent state of preservation, are well worth a visit. Large portions of tessellated pavements have been laid bare, and a quantity of interesting objects, such as coins, bowls, and iron and bronze instruments, have been discovered. The villa was evidently one of considerable importance, and contained a large number of rooms. One mile beyond the Roman villa we come to Sandown, a town, like Ryde and Shanklin and Ventnor, of entirely modern growth. Fifty years ago it was little more than a collection of fishermen's cottages; and an old map, dated 1810, only marks "Sandham Fort," the barracks, and "Sandham Cottage." This last is interesting as being the "villakin" of the once notorious John Wilkes, who lived there from 1783 to 1797, and "amused himself with his bantams, peacocks, Chinese pigs, and the solemn gallantries of his guinea-fowls." Unfortunately this cottage, "which first made Sandown famous," and which was situated on what was known as the "Royal Heath," was pulled down many years ago.

In Wilkes' time, and indeed fifty years later, Shanklin, about two miles along the cliff beyond Sandown, was probably the most beautiful village in the Island. "The village," wrote Lord Cockburn in 1846, "is very small and scattery, all mixed up with trees, and lying among sweet airy falls and swells of ground, which finally rise

up behind in breezy downs 800 feet high, and sink down in front to the edge of the varying cliffs, which overhang a pretty beach of fine sand, and are approachable by a very striking wooded ravine, which they call the Chine." This famous Chine, still one of the chief "lions" of the Island, is said to have been the scene in the war of 1545 of a skirmish between the French and the Islanders, which is thus described by Mr. Froude:-"The ships were in want of fresh water; and on leaving St. Helen's the French commander went round into Shanklin Bay, where he sent



his boats to fill their casks at the rivulet which runs down The stream was small; the task was tedious. and the Chevalier d'Eulx, who, with a few companions, was appointed to guard the watering parties, seeing no signs of danger, wandered inland, attended by some of his men, to the top of the high down adjoining. Here the Chevalier was caught in an ambuscade, and, after defending himself like a hero, he was killed, with most of his followers."

The village now is sadly changed. It has become a large and fashionable watering-place, and during the summer months crowds of visitors throng the hotels and lodginghouses. The charm of the old-world village, with its retired cottages, thatched with straw, and "beautifully

Knighton

adorned with roses, honeysuckles, and other flowering shrubs," is gone, and only a few picturesque dwellings remain, including the old Crab Inn near the top of the Chine, to remind us of what Shanklin was in the olden times. Still the scenery around is very beautiful; and the walk along the coast to Luccombe Chine, or inland to Cook's Castle, or to the top of Shanklin Down, is not likely to be soon forgotten.

Another interesting excursion to be made from Brading is along the range of lofty chalk downs towards the centre of the Island. In this direction many grand prospects are obtained, and several spots of historical interest may be visited. In Legh Richmond's "Annals of the Poor" he introduces us to "a large and venerable mansion" which "stood in a beautiful valley, embowered in fine woods." This was Knighton (where first he met the "Dairyman's Daughter"), in his day the finest Jacobean manor-house in the Island. The venerable mansion has now, alas! been pulled down, and only a few fragments of it remain; but the position under the south slope of Ashey Down and overlooking Newchurch is most picturesque; and the botanist will find several good plants, including the marsh fern, in the immediate neighbourhood. From the top of the down above, beside the triangular pyramid known as Ashey Sea-mark, a noble prospect may be seen, which again has been graphically described by the pen of Legh Richmond. Some two miles farther we come to Arreton Down, where some ancient tumuli will be noticed. Down below, well sheltered from the north winds, and, as at Yaverland, in close proximity to a fine Jacobean manorhouse, which contains some good carving, stands the beautiful parish church. It is one of the six churches given by William Fitz-Osbern to the Abbey of Lire, and contains many points of interest. The very fine Decorated chancel calls for special notice, and the beautiful arcade of Purbeck shafts, which separates it from the south chapel, in which a good brass will be seen. Other noticeable features are a

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dragon's head inserted in the wall of the north aisle, several marble monuments, and a Jacobean altar-table in the vestry. In the churchyard, to the north-east of the chancel, will be seen the humble grave of Elizabeth Walbridge, the "Dairyman's Daughter."

On the hillside of St. George's Down, above Arreton, stands on a little plain, with its flower and kitchen garden. its orchard and grassy pond, the farmhouse at East The modern building marks the site of an ancient manor-house, where, in the fifteenth century, lived the Lady Cecilia, third daughter of King Edward IV., who, "not so fortunate as fair," married one Thomas Kyme, "rather," says Fuller, "for comfort than credit," with whom "she lived not in great wealth." Here, too, in after years lived the third Earl of Southampton, the patron of Shakespeare, to whom the poet dedicated his "Venus and Adonis," and who for some years was Governor of the Island. On St. George's Down he laid out a bowling-green and erected "a house of accommodation;" and, says Sir John Oglander, "I have seen with my Lord of Southampton on St. George's Downe at Bowles from thirty to forty knyghtes and gentlemen, where owre meetinge wase then twyse every weeke, Tuesdayes and Thursdayes, and wee had an ordinarie theyre, and cardes and tables." From East Standen a very pleasant walk over the downs may be taken to Newport past West Standen, the site of another ancient manor-house, and by way of a road known as Longlane. The river Medina is crossed at Shide bridge, where, in Saxon times, the Hundred courts appear to have been held.

The town of Newport, the capital of the Island, need not long detain the tourist. It is, however, a convenient centre from which to make excursions, whether by road or rail. Most of the town is comparatively modern, but a few old houses will be seen. There is Hayard's House in the High Street, Chantry House in Pyle Street, and, on the north side of the parish church, an old building with a good

Princess Elizabeth

doorway bearing the motto and date "God's Providence is my inheritance, 1701." More interesting still is the gabled Jacobean Grammar School in St. James Street, where Charles I. stayed during the conference with the Parliamentary Commissioners in 1648. Unfortunately the old Norman church, founded in the latter part of the twelfth century by Richard de Redvers, was destroyed in 1854 to make way for the present structure, which was erected at the cost of The modern church contains several interesting relics of the old building, including the marble monument to Sir Edward Horsey, Captain of the Island in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the pulpit and reading-desk. pulpit, dated 1637, is a very fine specimen of rich carving, having on the panels, not only representations of the three Christian graces and the cardinal virtues, but also—a curious survival of astrological lore-of the seven so-called Liberal Sciences. The beautiful monument to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., who died at Carisbrook Castle at the early age of fifteen, and who was buried in the church, was erected by the Queen in 1856. The unfortunate Princess is said to have been found dead in her apartment with her hands clasped in prayer, and her face resting on the open pages of the Bible which, at their last interview, her royal father had given her. The monument, by Baron Marochetti, represents this touching and beautiful tradition.

One mile from Newport, situated upon the summit of a hill some 239 feet above the level of the sea, in a most striking and picturesque position, are the ivy-clad ruins of the Castle of Carisbrook. An entire chapter would be required to treat of the story of Carisbrook at all adequately. The elevation on which the castle stands must have been held as a position of strength from the earliest times. Originally it may have been the site of a British settlement, and indications of British pit-villages exist in the neighbourhood. Although within the precincts of the castle no traces of Roman occupation have been found, yet the remains of a Roman villa

Hampshire

with tessellated pavements may be seen near the Vicarage in the valley below. The mound on which the keep stands was probably thrown up in Saxon times; and there seems no reason to doubt the late Professor Freeman's opinion that it marks the site of the great battle when, in the year 530—so we read in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle—"Cerdic and Cynric conquered the island of Wight,



and slew many men at Whitgaras - byrg." The first Norman castle shown, by an entry in the Domesday Book, to have been built between the date of the Conquest and the time of the "Survey" in 1086, when the Chapel of St. Nicholas was also in existence. Since then many

additions and alterations have been made, from the erection of the present keep by Richard de Redvers in 1100 to the restoration of the noble gatehouse as a memorial to Prince Henry of Battenberg, Governor of the Island, a few years ago. Many memories linger around the historic ruin. Here William the Conqueror arrested with his own hands his turbulent and ambitious half-brother, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. Here Baldwin de Redvers held the castle for good Queen Maud until the well in the keep failed him. Here Isabella de Fortibus, Lady of the Isle of Wight, "a famous and potent dowager," dwelt for many years,

Carisbrook Castle

and maintained her court in almost royal splendour. the chief interest of the castle centres around the famous imprisonment of Charles I. from November 23, 1647, to September 6, 1648. The story is well known, and the visitor will gaze with interest at the window through which the King is supposed to have made an effort to escape, and at the remains of the building in the Great Court which served as his quarters during the latter part of his imprison-A walk round the ramparts is still possible; and twice a day, we are told, when the weather was fine, it was the King's custom to make the circuit of the walls, "trotting rather than pacing, he went so fast." ancient tilt-yard, which Hammond converted into a bowlinggreen for the King's use, should also be visited. Charles passed many of the weary hours of his captivity, and here the unfortunate Princess Elizabeth caught the fatal cold which ended in her death a few weeks later. is hardly necessary to mention the celebrated well sunk by Baldwin de Redvers about the year 1150 after the surrender of the castle to the forces of Stephen. The well, which is of great depth, is still in use; and the waterbucket is drawn up by a donkey working within a huge wooden tread-wheel. Many interesting wild-flowers will be found about the ancient ruin. Indeed, Carisbrook Castle is said to possess a flora of no less than 230 distinct Pellitory abounds upon the walls, which in March and April are gay with the wild wallflower, and later on with the red-spur valerian. The rue-leaved saxifrage may also be seen, and the beautiful little fern Cetarach officinarum. In the north fosse, and elsewhere about the castle, the rare hairy rock-cress grows in some abundance, and the wild sage will be noticed, and the handsome viper's bugloss, and a very rare form of the common calamint.

The parish church of Carisbrook, standing in a picturesque position at the top of the village street, formerly served as the chapel of the priory which stood hard by.

Nothing now remains of the old building; but on the north wall of the church three sepulchral recesses will be seen, which, with the string-course above, mark the position of the ancient cloisters. In one of these recesses some very curious wall-scratchings or graffiti were discovered a few years ago, and are worth seeing. The church contains some interesting monuments, and the tower is exceptionally fine; but unfortunately the chancel is gone, having been pulled down by Sir Francis Walsingham in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who also destroyed the monastic buildings.

The country to the north of Newport and Carisbrook is unattractive to the tourist. Parkhurst Forest chiefly consists of plantations of oak and fir, and is greatly changed since, on August 2, 1609, King James and "Baby Charles" "hunted in the park and killed a buck." Sir John Oglander could mind the time when "there wase not above 3 or 4 howses at Cows;" the town now numbers some 8000 inhabitants, but except for vachting purposes and during the "Cowes week," there is not much to detain the ordinary visitor. It is interesting to remember that East Cowes was the early home of Thomas Arnold of Rugby, whose father lies buried in Whippenham churchyard. The country in the neighbourhood of East Cowes is mostly inaccessible to the tourist, being hemmed in by the estates of East Cowes Castle. Norris Castle, and of Osborne, the beautiful and extensive grounds of which are naturally closed to the public.

Between Newport and Freshwater some interesting localities may be visited. It is a part of the Island but little known to the outside world, but it will well repay the attention of the naturalist and archæologist. About three miles from Newport, in the direction of Calbourne, there lies a quiet and beautiful valley, where, among the long herbage and beneath the shade of the bushes, a very rare wild-flower grows in some abundance. This is the wood calamint, first discovered by Dr. Bromfield in 1843.

Calbourne

and a handsome addition to our British Flora. The flowers, which are nearly an inch long, are of a pale rose colour, spotted with purple or blood-red. Not far distant is the ancient and historical manor of Swainston, originally granted by King Egbert to the monastery of St. Swithin at Winchester. In the present house is incorporated part of the mediæval building, including what is called the chapel, but which seems in reality to be the hall. All over the grounds will be noticed the sweet-scented coltsfoot or



baker's bur, sometimes called the winter heliotrope, which is often in flower as early as January. It will be remembered that Tennyson's beautiful little poem beginning—

"Nightingales warbled without, Within was weeping for thee,"

is entitled "In the Garden at Swainston." About a mile and a half beyond Swainston we come to the little village of Calbourne—the village of "The Silence of Dean Maitland"—with its picturesque green shaded with noble elms, in the corner of which stands on a grassy mound the ancient parish church. The church, which is mentioned in

Domesday Book, has suffered badly at the hands of the restorer, but it contains many points of interest. Much of the building is of early English date, and a fine fourteenth-century brass will be seen. In the north wall of the chancel is a brass bearing a curious epitaph to the "reverend, religious, and learned precher, Mr. Daniel Evance," the parish minister during the Commonwealth, with an anagram on his name, "I can deal even."

Two miles north of Calbourne is situated, in a district unfrequented by the tourist, the cheerful little village of The country around is flat but well wooded, and several interesting plants, such as the iris and the wild madder, will be noticed in the hedgerows. But it is the church, or rather the ivy-mantled tower, that calls for special Architecturally it is the most interesting in the attention. Island. Huge, square, and massive, with walls of solid masonry five feet in thickness, and built originally without external apertures, this Norman structure is said to be unique as a combination of the castle keep and the church tower. It is supposed to have been so constructed to serve the parishioners as a place of refuge in times of sudden invasion, which the proximity of navigable creeks rendered not improbable. In the tympanum above the north doorway, which is also of Norman construction, is a most curious representation of a man between two animals, the exact meaning of which has yet to be explained. Formerly the armorial bearings of Isabella de Fortibus. by whom much of the later work at the church was probably carried out, were to be seen in the windows of the aisle, the tracery of which is worthy of notice, but the stained glass has unfortunately been removed. common pellitory will be noticed growing on the church walls, and a fine stem with noble limbs in the churchyard. About one mile to the north of Shalfleet, on a tongue of land jutting out into the tidal haven, stands the ancient borough of Newtown. Once a populous and thriving town, the superior in size to Newport, and possessing a

Yarmouth

harbour supposed to be the best in the Island, Newport, or Francheville, as it was formerly called, is now little more than a hamlet. No trace of its former prosperity remains save some ancient seals and charters, and the silver Corporation nace of the time of Henry VII., and the quaint little Town-Hall, now falling rapidly to decay. Green lanes mark the direction of the mediæval streets, along which, and beside the disused salterns, the botanist will wander with delight. In the marshes and on the edge of the saltpans the golden samphire grows in some abundance, together with the slender hare's-ear; and on the muddy



flats Frankenia lævis, the smooth sea-heath, a rare plant in the Isle of Wight, will be found.

Returning to Shalfleet, and following the highroad past the mighty Norman tower, the quaint foreign-looking town of Yarmouth is reached at a distance of about four miles. Like Newtown, it suffered much from foreign invasions, being "wholly burnt and made desolate" by the French in 1377, and again in 1524. After the latter disaster the present blockhouse or castle was erected, a building of little interest, but on which in early spring a few wild wallflowers will be seen. The church, which was rebuilt in 1626, contains the stand of the old pulpit hour-glass, and perhaps the most splendid specimen of sculpture in the Island. This is the colossal statue in white marble of Admiral Sir Robert Holmes, who died Governor of the

Island in 1692. The people of Yarmouth, we are told, "were formerly noted for smuggling, and almost every old house that is pulled down furnishes evidence of the fact. A rather extensive clearance some years ago laid bare a complete system of secret recesses, underground passages, and hearthstones which had served as trap-doors; some of the hiding-places still contained spirits, tobacco, and lace,

but of course all was 'mouldy for lack of use'."

The "Isle of Freshwater," as the parish was formerly called, owes it name to a little stream of fresh water, which, rising in close proximity to the shingle on the shore, runs completely across the neck of the peninsula and flows into the Solent at Yarmouth. This beautiful part of the Island has greatly changed since, about the year 1790, Hassell visited Freshwater Gate, and found a cottage known as "The Cabin" the only habitation. "The Cabin," which, he says, "afforded every accommodation a traveller could wish for," was the frequent resort of George Morland, the painter, many of whose landscapes and sea-views belong to this part of the Island. An old print of the Bay, engraved in 1812, shows two small cottages only standing on the beach. These simple conditions are now, alas! changed. A modern hotel occupies the spot where the "Cabin" stood, and higher up the cliff a hideous fort overlooks the bay. A number of lodging-houses and private residences shut in the Gate of Freshwater, and entirely spoil the ancient beauty of the scene. But the lofty cliffs, with their dark caverns, remain grand as ever, while the two isolated masses of chalk known respectively as the "Arched Rock" and the "Deer Pound," rising boldly from the sea, stand sentry over the little bay.

Beneath the lofty Iona cross of grey Cornish granite, erected as a memorial to Lord Tennyson, which crowns the "ridge of the noble down," a glorious prospect meets the eye. On the one side "the hoary Channel tumbles a billow on chalk and sand," and on the other the beautiful outline of the New Forest, with the noble edifice of Christ-

Freshwater

church in the distance, is seen beyond the blue waters of the Solent. Very picturesque, too, is the more immediate prospect. The western portion of the Isle of Wight, with its quiet homesteads and extensive woods, lies stretched out peacefully below. The Yar, like a silver thread, winds its way through pleasant meadows, where the flowering rush and the great spearwort grow, till it expands into the broad estuary beyond the ancient parish church. Immediately below, but completely hidden by the dense foliage of the surrounding elms, lies Farringford, the much-loved home of Tennyson. All around, and stretching far away, roll the soft undulating downs, over which the great poet loved to wander and to listen to the sea-birds' cry.

Many interesting wild flowers will be found about Freshwater. On the face of the white chalk cliffs grows the beautiful sweet-scented stock or gillyflower, one of its few habitats in England. On the downs, and especially within a few yards of the edge of the cliff, many choice specimens, including the white horehound, will be found: and on one spot a goodly number of the uncommon dwarf orchis put forth their curious and striking spikes every June. But interesting as the locality is to the botanist, it is far more so to the ornithologist. Now, as of old, thousands of seafowl breed every year along the line of lofty cliffs which stretch from Freshwater to The Needles. In that delightful book "The Letters of Rusticus," published in 1849, the writer gives a vivid description of a visit to these cliffs during the breeding-season, in the month of May. The account is as true now as when it was written half a century ago. Myriads of birds will be seen lining the ledges which run along the face of the almost perpendicular chalk cliffs. Herring-gulls, guillemots, puffins, razor-bills are there in thousands, each species keeping to its own station; and several colonies of shags and cormorants, known as Isle of Wight Parsons. Numbers of stockdoves will be noticed breeding in the holes and crannies of the cliff, and companies of jackdaws, and here and there

a kestrel. But more interesting still, the hoarse croak of the raven 1 may be heard above the noise of the waves; and that splendid bird the peregrine falcon is to be seen. It is possible to land, if the sea be calm, at one point beneath the cliff, and to scramble over the chalk boulders on to one of these sloping ledges or coriaces, known among the fishermen as "meads" or "greens." Here, in addition to the eggs of the herring-gull, several interesting plants, including the true samphire, will be found in luxuriant abundance. This plant was formerly gathered by the fishermen in large quantities and sent up to London for purposes of pickling, but the demand for it has almost entirely ceased. Formerly, too, the collecting of sea-birds' eggs was an occupation regularly followed by the hardy fishermen, but the trade has fallen off of late years, and but few descents over the cliff are now made.

All visitors to the Isle of Freshwater will go to see the famous coloured cliffs of Alum Bay. "The tints of the cliff," wrote Sir H. Englefield, "are so light and so varied, that they have not the aspect of anything natural. Deep purplish-red, dusky blue, bright ochreous-yellow, grey nearly approaching to white, and absolute black succeed each other, as sharply defined as the stripes in silk, and after rains the sun, which from about noon till its setting, in summer, illuminates them more and more, gives a brilliancy to some of these nearly as resplendent as the bright light on real silks." In the sandy warren that descends into the bay the botanist will rejoice to find in considerable abundance the very rare sea stork's-bill and a curious form of century, only found in the Isle of Wight and in one or two other localities.

A very pleasant excursion, especially on a bicycle, may be made from Freshwater to the picturesque villages of Brighstone and Shorwell, at the back of the Island. For the first few miles the road is uninteresting, running along

¹ And at Culver Cliffs.—ED.

Brighstone

the northern side of Afton Down, on the summit of which a group of tumuli mark the traditional burial-place of the last Jutish king and his warriors slain in battle with Ceadwalla, king of the East Saxons. Near Shalcombe Farm the road turns sharply to the right, and passing between Shalcombe and Chessel downs, in the latter of which a great Saxon cemetery was discovered some years ago, the tourist soon reaches Brook Church, most picturesquely situated on the hillside. Near Brook Chine, which was one of the old localities for the very rare butterfly Melitaa cinxia, the fossil remains of a submerged forest will be seen, and the botanist will again notice the sea stork'sbill, so abundant in Alum Bay. Half a mile beyond Brook Church the little village of Mottiston is reached, with its small church set on a mound above the road, opposite to which stands one of those grey Jacobean manorhouses for which the Island is famed. On the hillside above the village, reached by a hollow lane shaded with ancient oaks, and overgrown with herbage, stands the famous Long Stone, a rough sandstone pillar about twelve feet high, of prehistoric antiquity. Several groups of Ceitic tumuli will also be seen on Mottiston Down, the view from which is magnificent.

The pretty village of Brighstone, with its interesting church by the roadside some two miles beyond Mottiston, is memorable as having once been the parish of the saintly Bishop Ken. He held the living from July 1667 to April 1669; and, according to one tradition, it was in the rectory garden, as he paced up and down beside the yew-hedge, still to be seen, that he composed his Morning and Evening Hymns. Here too for some years the famous Samuel Wilberforce was rector, and the pear-tree on the lawn is still standing under which he wrote "Agathos." It was at Brighstone, in his son's rectory, that William Wilberforce spent the closing years of that "calm old age, on which he entered with the elasticity of youth and the simplicity of childhood, . . . climbing with delight on the top of the

chalk downs, or of an intermediate terrace, or walking long on the unfrequented shore." Between Brighstone and Shorwell the charming old Jacobean manor-houses of Limerston and of Westcourt will be passed; and as one descends the hill leading into the village—the prettiest in the Island—the view of the church, with its grey spire rising from among the surrounding trees, will not easily be for-The church itself abounds in points of interest. The ancient gun-chamber, which formerly contained the piece of ordnance set up in the reign of Edward VI. for the defence of the Island; the remarkable mediæval stone pulpit, with its carved Jacobean canopy, and most interesting hour-glass stand; the fine wall-painting of St. Christopher over the north door; the black oak altar-table, dated 1661; the Elizabethan chalice; the brasses and stone monuments:—all call for special attention. Above all, in a glass case, standing in the south aisle, will be seen in a state of good preservation a copy of "The Great Bible," commonly called Cranmer's Bible, printed in 1541. The rivets in the massive binding show that, originally in accordance with the order of Henry VIII., the rare and precious volume was chained to a reading-desk in the church. It bears the entries, "The Booke of Shorwell Church," and in another place, "Liber iste ad ecclesiam Shorwelli pertinet." very early days Shorwell was but a chapelry of Carisbrooke Priory, but was made a parish in the time of Edward III., because of "ye greate inconvenience the people suffered in carryinge of corses to buriol to Caresbroke throuh ye wattorish lane at winter, whereby many caught they're deaths. So that ye death in winter tyme of one cawsed many moore." Close to the church stands yet another Jacobean manorhouse in well-wooded surroundings, and still maintaining its ancient dignity. Beyond Shorwell one road leads to Newport, five miles distant; while another may be followed past Kingston, Chalegreen, and Chale, and through the romantic country of the Undercliff to Ventnor.

In order to thoroughly explore this beautiful district it

A Charming District

is best to make a short stay in the neighbourhood. The Undercliff is full of interest, alike to the botanist, the geologist, the archæologist, and to the simple lover of nature. Here rare plants will be found; uncommon butterflies may be met with; fine sections of geological strata will be seen exposed; the crumbling ruins of mediæval ages may be examined; while the scenery is beyond question the most beautiful in the Island. In the early years of the century Ventnor, now one of the most famous of English watering-places, consisted only of a cluster of low thatched cottages on the shore, with an old mill perched on the cliff above. It was about fifty years ago that the Rev. E. Venables thus described the strip of country stretching between Ventnor and Blackgang: "There can hardly be found anywhere six miles which combine so many elements of the picturesque-noble hills rising to an almost mountainous height-a rugged wall of cliffs, stained with a thousand hues, and draped with luxuriant foliage—huge masses of grey rock starting from the turf, mantled with light green mosses and grey and orange lichens, and festooned with the verdant tapestry of the ivy, bramble, and travellers' joy; a soil rich with the decomposition of the fallen strata, where primroses cluster on the banks, cowslips and orchises glitter on the slopes, and hyacinths cover the leafy glades with a sheet of azure—noble trees, through whose leafy screen the delighted eye catches glimpses of the blue sea or the jagged lines of the precipice above—it is indeed a tract worth lingering over, and which, however often visited, always seems to present some new charm." Since these words were written the district has, to an unfortunate extent, been invaded by the modern builder, which has of necessity spoilt much of its ancient charm. It still, however, remains a very pleasant spot, and will well repay the attention of the tourist. The ancient church of St. Lawrence, situated on the old road about two miles from Ventnor, used to be celebrated as the smallest church in England; and was, it has been truly said, as much associated in the popular mind

with the idea of the Isle of Wight, as Shanklin Chine, the donkey at Carisbrook Castle, or the sands of Alum Bay. Its original dimensions were only 20 feet by 12 feet, but a chancel was added some time between the years 1827 and 1843, which has robbed the church of its former distinction. Not far from the little church, down a steep rocky lane where the wild madder grows, "there appeareth," wrote Sir John Oglander, "ye ruynes of another chappell, but what itt wase is nowe utterlye unknowne." The ivyclad ruin of Wolverton remains, but Sir John was wrong in supposing it was ever intended for a chapel. Beyond question it is a most interesting specimen of the domestic architecture of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. The remaining gable contains a good example of an Early English window which lighted the upper storey, while the lower storey is supposed to have been used as a storehouse. In the early years of the present century, about the rough stony pasture-ground which then surrounded the ancient ruin, the rare and handsome plant Helleborus fædidus, the stinking hellebore or sellerwort, grew in some abundance. Dr. Bromfield noticed it in 1839, both at Wolverton and about St. Lawrence's Church, and considered it "most certainly wild" in both localities. Since then the neighbourhood has been much built over, and the "rough ground" has been converted into private gardens, and it is to be feared that the interesting plant, so dear to the old herbalists, has perished. On the steep hedge-banks about St. Lawrence the very rare little round-leaved geranium will be found, and the Italian cuckoo-pint, not often seen in England; while an uncommon species of the curious broom rape, parasitical on the roots of ivy, is frequent in the neighbourhood of Wolverton, and indeed generally along the Undercliff.

About midway between St. Lawrence and the Landrock Hotel, just past *Mirables*, we come upon one of the most picturesque spots in the Undercliff. The villas and private grounds are now left behind, and the road winds up a "steep slope, covered with velvet turf, broken with masses of

Blackgang Chine

grey rock, and bearing a little forest of venerable thorns, most beautiful in spring, when their snowy blossoms scent the air, and hardly less so when laden with rich purplish-red berries in autumn." Even in winter the appearance of these ancient thorn-trees is most picturesque, covered as many of them are with shaggy masses of grey and yellow Farther on, beyond St. Catherine's Point, the character of the scenery changes, and becomes far wilder and grander. Huge boulders lie scattered around, looking, as Miss Sewell happily said, "as though giants had thrown them about in their play." The luxuriant vegetation which has hitherto marked the Undercliff almost entirely disappears, though some interesting plants may be seen. Masses of the blue flowering iris, with its shining swordshaped leaves, will be noticed beside the fallen rocks; together with the Milk or Virgin Mary Thistle, at once distinguished by its beautiful white-veined leaves; while all along, in waste places by the roadside, the rare houndstongue, smelling strongly of mice, grows in considerable plenty. On the right, rising to a considerable height above the broken ground, towers the mighty wall of grey limestone rock known as Gore Cliff, and here several pairs of kestrelhawks may usually be seen, and perhaps a peregrine falcon.

Beyond the magnificent Gore Cliff we came to Blackgang Chine, one of the most celebrated show-places of the Island, and the visitor will do well to see the wild and gloomy ravine. The scene, especially in stormy weather, is weird and desolate enough, but the effect is entirely spoilt by the handiwork of man. From Blackgang the tourist should work his way to the top of St. Catherine's Down, where, 781 feet above the sea, stands the tower of an ancient chapel. It is a spot not only of unusual interest, but also of peculiar sanctity. As early as the year 1312 there is a record in the Episcopal Register of Winchester of the admission of one Walter Langsbiell "to the hermitage on the Down at Chale." Shortly afterwards, in 1323, a chapel dedicated to St. Catherine was erected on the lofty elevation, and duly

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endowed for a solitary priest, who, in addition to singing masses for the soul of the founder, should keep a light burning in the chantry-tower to warn off mariners from the dangerous coast. This chantry was dissolved at the time of the Reformation, and the chapel and hermitage have entirely disappeared; but the lighthouse-tower remains, and reminds us of the time when, on the desolate, wind-swept down, in summer and winter, in fair weather and foul, the lonely hermit endeavoured to do his duty to God and man.

Slightly higher than St. Catherine's, St. Boniface Down rises at the back of Ventnor and Bonchurch to the height of 783 feet. On the south side near the summit will be seen St. Boniface's Well, or the Wishing-well, concerning which a curious legend is related. This well or spring, says Mr. Shore, is "supposed to have been first discovered by a certain bishop, who was riding along the precipitous slope of the down when his horse began to slip, and the soft ground round the spring alone saved him. The bishop thereupon vowed to St. Boniface that if he reached the bottom of the down in safety he would dedicate an acre of land to him. The Bishop's Acre, which is part of the glebe of Bonchurch, is still pointed out in evidence of his safe descent. In the Middle Ages this Holy Well of St. Boniface, the site of which was visible from the sea, was an object of reverence to sailors, who sometimes lowered the topsails of their ships on passing near it." Below the "Pulpit Rock" stands the old church of Bonchurch, dedicated, like the down above, to St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany. In the churchyard, surrounded by ancient elms, and occupying a most lovely situation, will be found the grave of William Adams, beneath "the shadow of the Cross"; and not far off the grave of John Sterling, the brother-in-law of Frederick Maurice and the intimate associate of Carlyle, whose beautiful biography of his friend is among the treasures of literature. It was of Bonchurch that Dr. Arnold once said, "It is the most beautiful thing I ever saw on the sea-coast on this side of Genoa."

PART II

NATURAL HISTORY AND SPORT IN HAMPSHIRE

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BOTANY IN HAMPSHIRE

By JOHN VAUGHAN

THE Flora of Hampshire and of the Isle of Wight is an exceedingly rich one. This we should naturally expect, alike from the size of the county, and from its natural features. Its area, including the Island, is about 1,000,000 acres; of which, roughly speaking, one half consists of chalk, and the other of different tertiary formations. This accounts for the large proportion of waste and forest land, such as the New Forest, Woolmer Forest, the Forest of Bere, Alice Holt, Harewood Forest, and Parkhurst Forest in the Isle of Wight. The county, too, has an extensive seaboard, which produces a large number of interesting plants. Mr. Townsend, in his "Flora of Hants," has calculated that, out of a total of 1425 species (not counting segregates) which belong to Great Britain. Hampshire possesses 1045, to which number some ten more species may be added since his valuable work appeared.

We do not propose to attempt to give anything like a complete list of even the rarer plants of the county: we shall only mention the more striking species, and those of special interest to the botanist. And it may be well to treat the botany of the mainland and of the Island

separately.

1. To begin with the mainland we find, as we should expect, that the flora is especially rich in plants which grow on the chalk. On most of the extensive downs throughout the county such species as Campanula glomerata, L., Gentiana amarella, L., the common rock-rose, milkwort, kidneyvetch, and squinancy-wort will be found. The beautiful yellow Chlora perfoliata, L., is less generally distributed, and the same may be said of the bastard toadflax, which however is locally abundant, as about Winchester and on Portsdown Hill. Spirea filipendula, L., will be found near Alresford and Andover; Arabis birsuta, Br., on Portsdown Hill; while Phyteuma orbiculare, L., a distinctly rare plant in Hants, grows plentifully near East Meon. No less than twenty-nine species of Orchidea have been recorded for the county, but of these it is to be feared that Aceras anthropophora, Br., Orchis hircina, Scop., and Ophrys aranifera, Huds., no longer exist. The bee-orchis is generally distributed, and in certain districts is fairly common; the fly orchis is a far rarer plant. On the downs near Winchester the burnt orchis (O. ustulata, L.) may be found; and the frog orchis (H. viridis, Br.) in the north of the county. On one or two spots near Petersfield the musk orchis (Herminium monorchis, Br.) is in some seasons, as in 1898, abundant; where also the two beautiful helleborines (C. grandiflora, Bab., and C. ensifolia, Rich.) may be found. In the neighbourhood of Selborne a very rare form of Epipactis, known as E. violacea, Boreau, occurs; and the bird's-nest orchis (Neottia nidus-avis, Rich.) and the lady's tresses (S. autumnalis, Rich.) are not rare.

To the Hampshire botanist the flora of Selborne is of exceptional interest. Gilbert White's letter remains, in which he enumerated "the more rare" plants of the parish, and "the spots where they may be found." More than one hundred and twenty years have passed since then, but

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many of White's plants may still be seen in their classical habitats. Helleborus fætidus, L., the stinking hellebore, maintains its position on the famous Hanger, together with the spurge laurel, the lesser periwinkle, the sickly-looking yellow monotropa, the autumnal gentian, and the bird's-nest orchis. The green hellebore may still be seen, where White saw it in the last century, "in the deep stony lane, on the left hand just before turning to Norton Farm," and the herb Paris in "the Church Litten Coppice," and the golden saxifrage in "the dark rocky lanes," and the small teasel and the wild everlasting pea "in the Short Lith." Other interesting plants, not mentioned the while, may be seen in the neighbourhood of Selborne. In the parish itself, the wild tulip grows, and the snowdrop and the bistort. In the neighbouring parish of Worldham a host of golden daffodils dance and flutter in the breeze every spring; and the deadly nightshade (Atropa belladonna, L.) may be found, and Pulmonaria officinalis, L., the broad-leaved lungwort.

In the last century a large portion of Woolmer Forest was included in the parish of Selborne, and there some uncommon plants may be seen. Now, as in White's time, both the round-leaved sundew and the long-leaved (D. intermedia, Hayne.) grow in "the bogs of Binn's Pond," together with the creeping bilberry (V. oxycoccos, L.), a rare plant in Hampshire. On the sandy heath hard by Testdalia will be noticed, and Menchia erecta, Sm., and a few plants of white horehound, and of the common hound'stongue. On a steep bank in the neighbourhood the rare Arabis perfoliata, Lam., grows in some profusion, together with Potentilla argentia, L.; while in several places in the Forest Claytonia perfoliata, Don., has established itself.

The vast stretches of bog and moorland in the New Forest produce many uncommon species. Indeed, as Mr. Townsend says, "the Forest is the home of some of England's greatest rarities; pre-eminently among these are Isnardia palustris, now to be found nowhere else in

England; Spiranthes estivalis, found only here and in Wyre Forest in Worcestershire; and the elegant Gladiolus Illyricus." Near the village of Brockenhurst, the rare mudwort (Limosella aquatica, L.) was found in 1879 by Mr. King, and in the same vicinity Fumaria muralis, Lond. Gentiana pneumonanthe, L., Cicendia filiformis, Pol., and Malaxis paludosa, Sch., may be met with. In a bog near Ringwood Drosera anglica, Huds., grows, and the black bog rush (Schanus nigricans, L.). The great spearwort may be found near Sowley Pond, together with the common frogs-bit, the marsh cinquefoil, and the lesser reed-mace. In the enclosed parts of the Forest, the wild columbine is not uncommon, and the bastard balm is sometimes One interesting plant must not be omitted; this is Pulmonaria angustifolia, L., the narrow-leaved lungwort, called by the Forest children "Joseph and Mary," which grows abundantly in the woods at Boldre and about Beaulieu Abbey. This is a very rare plant, and is only found in four counties in England.

The flora of Hants is rich in "littoral" plants, and many rare species are found. The wild seakale still grows abundantly on the shore near Calshot Castle, where, in former years, the fishermen were accustomed to bleach the young shoots by covering them with sand and shingle, and to send them to Southampton market for sale. The writer has also found seakale on the shores of Hayling Island and at other spots along the coast. The true samphire (Crithmum maritimum, L.) is sparingly met with at Mudeford, Hill Head, Hayling, and on Horsea Island, opposite Portchester Castle. At Portchester, too, the golden samphire (Inula crithmoides, L.) is plentiful along the sea-banks, and on the muddy shore beneath the castle walls Salicornia radicans, Sm., is found. In a salt marsh, not far from the old Castle, two handsome grasses flourish on a spot where they are known to have existed for several centuries-Polypogon littoralis, Sm., and P. monspeliensis, Desf. In the same parish a colony of the wild tulip puts

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forth its beautiful sweet-scented blossoms every spring; and on the sea-bank, not far from the ancient mill, Dianthus armeria, L., flourishes. Dianthus prolifer, L., may be met with, in considerable plenty, on the south beach of Hayling Island, and also near Hilsea Barracks, Southsea. On the shingle beach of Stokes Bay the elegant striped toad-flax is common; and at Hill Head, and in the salt marshes of Hayling, the very beautiful marsh mallow (Althea officinalis, L.) is found. On the mud-flats of Southampton Water, and at other spots along the coast, as at Hill Head at the mouth of the Titchfield River, and on the Hamble, the stout American grass Spartina alterniflora, Loisel., has firmly established itself and grows luxuriantly. This is now the characteristic plant on the mud shores of Hampshire.

A few interesting plants are to be found growing on the mediæval walls and ruins of the county. The wild wallflower may be seen on the Roman and Norman walls at Portchester, and on the picturesque ruins of Wolvesey Palace at Winchester, and at Netley and Beaulieu, and on the Norman keep of Christchurch. The old town walls of Southampton which skirt the western shore are covered with Diplotaxis tenuifolia, DC., the yellow wall-This, strange to say, is its only habitat in Hampshire. On the beautiful ruins of Netley Abbey the rare brome-grass, Bromus madritensis, L., will be found. red spur valerian (Centranthus ruber, DC.) may be noticed on the venerable walls of Winchester Cathedral, on the ruins of Portchester Castle, and on the stately remains of the old abbey at Titchfield. On the grey cloister walls of the once famous Cistercian Abbey of Beaulieu two plants may be seen which elsewhere will be searched for in vain throughout the county. Those are Dianthus plumarius, L., the origin of our garden pinks, a plant which is found naturalised in a few places in Great Britain; and Hyssopus officinalis, L., doubtless a survival of the mediæval monastic herb-garden. For hyssop was a famous herb in ancient

days, and was supposed to be a sovereign remedy "against coughs, hoarsenesses, quinseys, and swellings in the throat." Both these plants flourish exceedingly in their picturesque habitat. Here and there, on old church walls throughout the county, a few ferns may be found, but not many. The ceterach, which is very rare, has disappeared from the walls of Selborne Church, and is now only to be found in one or two localities: the maidenhair spleenwort (A. trichomanes, L.) is also very sparingly distributed; but the rue-leaved spleenwort (A. ruta-muraria, L.) is more commonly met with, and may be seen on many old walls in the neighbourhood of Fareham and up the Meon Valley.

2. Turning now to the botany of the Isle of Wight, we notice that while, according to Mr. Townsend, the Hampshire mainland possesses about one hundred and fifty plants not found on the Island, the Island possesses only twentytwo plants not found on the mainland. One remarkable feature in the Island flora is the absence of "beechhangers" and of yews and junipers. Although the geological conditions are identical, yet, to quote the author of the Flora Vectensis, "our downs are not, as in Hants, crested with picturesque and venerable yews of unknown antiquity, their precipitous flanks clothed with woods of umbrageous beech, or dotted with dark compact clumps of the more humble but aromatic juniper." We shall also miss such interesting species as Drosera intermedia, Hayne, Phyteuma orbiculare, L., Gentiana pneumonanthe, L., Atropa belladonna, L., Daphne mezereum, L., Cephalanthera ensifolia. Rich., Herminium monorchis, Br., Convallaria majalis, L., Leucojum estivum, L., Polygonatum multiflorum, All., and Paris quadrifolia, L.

On the other hand the Island can claim, among others, the following rare plants which are entirely absent from the flora of the mainland:—Brassica oleracea, L., Matthiola incana, Br., Erodium maritimum, L'Hérit., Geranium rotundifolium, L., which grows plentifully about St. Lawrence and Steephill, Erythrea capitala, Willd., Melampyrum arvense, L.,

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Calamintha sylvatica, Bromf.; three very rare broom-rapes, O. carulea, Vill., to be found on the cliffs near Sandown, O. hedera, Duby., parasitic on ivy about St. Lawrence and Ventnor, and O. Picridis, F. W. Schuttz, parasitic on Picris hieracioides on Rose Hall Green, on the cliffs at Freshwater; Scilla autumnalis, L., and Cyperus longus, L., which grows sparingly in a marshy meadow near Niton.

The sandy tract of "dunes" immediately below St. Helen's, known as St. Helen's Spit, is a famous hunting ground for the botanist. It has been calculated that this small piece of ground, not exceeding forty or fifty acres, possesses a flora of over 250 species. Among these, Frankenia lavis, L., must be mentioned, and several rare grasses, Festuca uniglumis, Soland., F. ambigua, Le Gall, and Poa bulbosa, L.; but above all Scilla autumnalis, L., which stars the turf with its beautiful blue flowers every August and September. This is its only habitat in Hampshire, but here it grows abundantly. Euphorbia Paralias, L., will also be noticed at St. Helen's Spit: the plant was introduced by seed being sown by Dr. Bromfield in the year 1849. Norton Spit, near Yarmouth, is another well-known locality for rare plants. This sandy point, though not so rich as St. Helen's, produces, among other interesting species not found there, Asparagus officinalis, L., Crambe maritima, L., the beautiful marsh mallow, and the rare grass Phleum arenarium, L. Here too E. paralias, L., was sown by Dr. Bromfield, and still maintains its position. The sandy warren which descends into Alum Bay produces, in considerable plenty, Erodium maritimum, L'Hérit.; and the very scarce form of century, Erythraa capitata. On Freshwater down the burnt orchis (O. ustulata, L.) will be found; and within twenty yards of the edge of the cliff Marrubium vulgare, L., Sedum anglicum, L., the English scurvy-grass, and the exquisite Armeria maritima, Willd., the sea-pink. In many places the perpendicular face of the mighty chalk cliffs is broken by broad flat ledges or terraces, known among the fishermen as "meads" and "greens." On

these ledges in the month of May thousands of wild-fowlgulls, shags, cormorants, puffins, razor-bills, guillemots-lay their eggs, and here some curious plants will be found. Immense tufts of samphire and of Beta maritima, a gigantic form of Hieracium pilosella, "densely clothed with long shaggy hairs above and snow-white and tomentose underneath," Pariataria officinalis "in its most truly natural position," English scurvy-grass with leaves as thick as a penny, the wild carrot "with prodigiously thick and hispid stems," Picris hieracioides with its parasite burden Orobanche picridis,—these are some of the species which flourish on this almost inaccessible position, where, as Dr. Bromfield remarks, the influence of the sea air in giving bulk and obesity to many of the plants is very remarkable. possible also that a few plants of Raphanus maritimas, Sm., may be seen; while the very rare and sweet-scented seastock, Matthiola incana, Br., cannot fail to be noticed growing abundantly on the chalk cliffs from Compton to Freshwater Gate.

Among other notable plants may be mentioned R. lingua, L., and Butomus umbellatus, L., on the Yar at Freshwater; Pulmonaria angustifolia, L., frequent in the woods at Quarr and elsewhere; Melampyrum arvense, L., abundant in cornfields near Steephill and about St Lawrence; Inula helenium, L., elecampane, near Gurnet Bay; Calamintha sylvatica, Bromf., in bushy places near Apes Down; and Arum italicum, Miller, frequent about Niton and Steephill.

In conclusion we may notice (we quote from Mr. Townsend's "Flora") that the following plants have their main range in the county of Hampshire:—R. ophioglossifolius, Vill.; Matthiola incana, L.; Arctium intermedium, Erythraa capitata, Willd.; Calamintha sylvatica, Bromf.; Pulmonaria angustifolia, L.; Gladiolus Illyricus, Koch.; Spiranthes astivalis, Rich.; Spartina alterniflora, Loisel.; and S. Townsendii, Groves.

ENTOMOLOGY IN HAMPSHIRE

By G. M. A. HEWETT OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE

S a piece of advice to beginners, which is the fashion-A able thing to offer nowadays, when the greatest experts love to pose as still struggling with the rudiments of their craft, I should be inclined to offer the following dictum: "Begin to form a collection in Hampshire-but go elsewhere to complete it." This advice I urge on the supposition that you are wealthy enough, and consequently idle enough, to wish to capture every insect in your collection yourself. But if you are content to work on the exchange system, then stay in Hampshire and lay in a large store of postal boxes. In other words, I should say that Hampshire is possessed of a longer list of common and semi-common insects than most other counties, but is comparatively poor in what are called "local insects." Against this it is urged by her champions, that one is liable to underrate insects which can be taken pretty freely, but which really are valuable, and also it is thrust upon me by my special enemies "that I am just the kind of idle beggar to make that remark, because I can work very hard at a thing, till I get somewhere near the end, and then I chuck it." Well: I have had to abandon active work for the last five years, for want of leisure, so you must please remember that I am that much behind the times in what I have to sav.

Hampshire seems to me to owe her general wealth, from

an entomological point of view, to her diversity of scenery, and in writing of her Lepidoptera I shall do well to take you through four distinct classes of locality—Woodlands, Downs and Heaths, Water meadows and low-lying Marshes, Coast. And those who propose to make any stay in the county for purposes of collecting should endeavour to be within easy reach of as diversified scenery as possible. Winchester itself offers as easy facilities as most places for

work in the first three divisions, at any rate.

But in writing under any of these four headings, I am disagreeably aware of the fact that I am writing under the eye of specialists. I can only hope that their eyes are otherwise engaged, for it would be rash presumption to attempt an exhaustive account of the Lepidoptera of the New Forest under the eyes of Mr. P. M. Bright and others, to say nothing of the countless collectors who always spend a few weeks of the year in that splendid district, or to try to write exhaustively on the downs and heaths, when Mr. Christie is smiling to himself at my ignorance. Let me say, then, once and for all that these are merely the words of a tyro who has pottered about the county a bit by day and night, with net and treacle-pot and beating-tray, and has enjoyed himself therein and wishes very deeply that he could undertake it all again.

My experience of the woodlands of Hampshire is that you can find nearly all the New Forest insects in any of the woods. The advantage of the Forest is the absence, comparatively speaking, of the law of trespass; the disadvantage is the over-abundant presence of other collectors. Most of my own collecting has been done in Crabbe Wood, within easy reach of Winchester, where the keeper knows the value of money, and has but few pheasants to be answerable for. There I have taken *Iris*—the splendid purple emperor—in the pupa stage, by lamplight; no very bad way this, as the pupa shows a different green to the sallow leaves in the yellow light. The rides are also made joyous by the presence of that graceful fay Sibylla, and its

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pretty larvæ may be easily found on the stunted sprays of honeysuckle, where it grows low round the base of the oak trunks. Paphia, Adippe, Selene, Euphrosyne among the fritillaries are all common, and Lucina fights its battles over the primrose roots. Argiolus in the early spring hovers about the hollies, and the commoner herd disport themselves after their own manner. As to the moths, a week's careful sugaring will probably bring you all the common insects of the woods—both those of summer and those of autumn-and also A. ligustri, Subsequa, Sponsa, Promissa, Or, Marginatus, Genista, Aurago, Alni and others of the less common ones. Light by night and a little beating of the bushes by day will fill your boxes with Geometers, among which you will, I suppose, be best pleased with Roboraria and Consortaria, Extersaria and Dolobraria, all of which come also sparingly to sugar. There is also a very showy black-banded variety of Repandata. I need hardly urge, I hope, that in the case of the larger Geometers especially, one female full of eggs, in careful hands, is quite enough to give your cabinet a full series and leave some over for your friends. All collectors, worthy of the name, breed from the egg now. Besides these there is a fair show of Eupithecia-including Irriguata and others of the less common ones. Papilionaria, Bajularia, and Vernaria (the latter on the outskirts, where the clematis grows) will brighten your cabinet with their beautiful greens. Nor are the Thorns wanting, with their angular wings: you can take Advenaria where the bilberry grows and Fuscantaria near the ash trees. As to the great Hawk Moths, Populi and Ocellatus are in the woods, Convolvuli in the suburban gardens where the Nicotiana grows, Elpenor and Porcellus by the river and in the lanes, and the rarities have been taken here and there. as in other counties.

I am loth to leave the woods, not so much because their supply is the richer, but because the charm of working in them, especially by night, touches one with weirder fancies, to my mind, than elsewhere. I have taken young beginners to the woods to sugar and left them to work a round of trees, while I have gone elsewhere, and on my return have found them so awestruck and bewildered by the strange sounds and shadows and ghostly presences that they scarcely dare move to reap their harvest. One young friend, in particular, comes back to my memory, who would not face a particular tree, because an eye winked at him out of the bark. And this is only an exaggeration of what every one may feel, and almost must feel, until he is thoroughly hardened. Moreover, a good night in the woods is full of such boundless possibilities. Anything may turn Insects are so capricious. You may take three or four specimens of a species which you have never taken before, and never see it again. But I must leave my woods and fancies and take you to the downs and heaths. Here, if you are as lucky as a friend of mine last year, you shall take three freshly emerged specimens of Lycana batica. I have not heard of its being taken before. Lycana Arion used to dwell here, but I fear has gone. Of the other Blues, Corydon and Alsus swarm. Adonis is rare here, but common in the Isle of Wight, Egon common at Lyndhurst. Betulæ, the brown hair-streak, occurs sparingly on Farley Mount among the blackthorn, and is fairly common in the Forest. And on the coast of the Isle of Wight, you may still take Cinxia—but be very sparing, as she is dying out, I fear. Artemis lives in marshy meadows near Chandler's Ford and in some seasons comes back to our water-meadows, where she once flourished. In taking these two latter out of their proper place, I have done with the Butterflies—except Colias and Edusa, which occur in their years, here as elsewhere, though the latter, with its variety Helice, seems to be pretty permanent in the Isle of Wight. For the moths, on the downs again, you can sugar rows of palings and take all the common species, and also, round Winchester, Cinerea comes freely and a few Lutulenta. Pastinum is common where the lanes merge in the downs and the tufted vetch grows. and the Burnets abound, with vellow varieties here and

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there, of which latter Mr. Christie has made almost a special study. At Lyndhurst there is also the Forest burnet still in existence—Meliloti—a rare insect and becoming rarer. Among the heather near Ringwood. Cribrum may be still netted at dusk, and don't throw it out of your net, thinking it is only a bit of stick, for it folds its wings round its body and becomes very inanimate. Sweeping the heather at Lyndhurst will produce larvæ of Agathina-nasty cannibals—and a little search with the lantern will bring you larvæ of Bombye trifoli, so infested with ichneumons that one in ten is a fair percentage to rear. Dipsaceus also flies commonly over the heather in most parts of the Forest. and I have taken a few in the lanes near Crabbe Wood. Lastly, I ought to mention a practically black variety of Clathrata, which may generally be taken very sparingly on the downs round Winchester. I don't love the downs as I love the woods, their charm is less ethereal and the harvest is smaller, but they are grand playgrounds for the winds of heaven and racecourses for the cloud-shadows. I have run my space very short for the marshlands and the coast, but my knowledge of them is not very deep, and, beyond the insects which I have already mentioned, it may suffice if I say that you may complete your Emeralds by taking Viridata in the bogs at Lyndhurst, that a splendid crimson variety of Gracilis may be taken in the larva stage on the Myrica by lamplight at Lyndhurst, and that the rows of alders in the same district should be beaten for larvæ of Dromedarius, Impluviata, and other fairly good insects and sallows for Furcula, Sexalisata, and Orbicularia. The ordinary water-meadows produce the common Wainscots, but nothing worthy of special mention to my knowledge, except perhaps Arctia urtica. As to the coast, Mr. A. Hodges has pretty thoroughly exploited the Freshwater cliss and found Vitellina, Acidalia osseata, Caradrina ambigua, and all the ordinary coast insects in great abundance.

On looking over the insects which I have mentioned, the following occur to me as worthy of mention, besides

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those to which I have alluded. At Lyndhurst, Orion, Carmelita, Turca, Caliginosa (very sparingly), and Quadra, Complana, Asella, Chaonia, Dodonea, Dictacides, Ridens, Cespitis (freely). At Winchester, Cassinea, Leporina,

Lychnitis, Saponaria.

It only remains for me to apologise to my more critical readers for mentioning insects by their specific names only, in order to curtail space, and to express a hope that if any of my readers are tempted to give Hampshire a trial, they will call on me, and enable me to supplement to the best of my power such information as I have here been able to give. Insects are wonderfully elusive, and I cannot pretend that I know all that occur even within a mile of my own house, for Mr. Walwyn has worked hard for two years where I also worked hard, and has taken at least a dozen insects which never came near me, and I confidently expect that any new-comer who knows his business will add as many more. At any rate, if he comes, it shall not be for lack of any directions that I can give him that he shall fail.

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OUR HAMPSHIRE BIRDS

By G. B. CORBIN

THE county of Hants, with the Isle of Wight, is from its situation and surroundings very rich in bird life, and yet, unlike many others, it has never found a chronicler of The nearest approach to anyits ornithological treasures. thing like a Hampshire ornithology, as far as I am aware, is the Annotated List from the pen of my friend the Rev. J. E. Kelsall, published in the Proceedings of the Hampshire Field Club; whilst from time to time articles of more or less importance, bearing on the subject, have appeared in various magazines. In saying this I am not overlooking that prince of outdoor naturalists, Gilbert White of Selborne, a pioneer we are all proud of, who wrote very charmingly and truthfully more than a century ago of the birds which we hope some day may occupy the pen of a competent historian. Since then great changes have taken place, and some of the haunts of particular species have been "improved" out of existence; yet the heaths, the moorlands, the forest, the downs, and the coast with its cliffs, its tidal harbours, and sandy wastes, are still to be found, if in diminishing extent. In every instance where bricks and mortar advance, our feathered friends retire, and some of our once resident species have become very casual With the march of civilisation the cause and effect must be inevitable, but increase of population means a natural decrease of birds, for it is hard to make the general

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public understand that a field glass is preferable to a gun. and sad to say some of our lady friends are to blame in the matter of wearing grebe, kingfisher, goldfinch, goldcrest, and even owl for personal adornment. No true lover of birds would wantonly take the life of one of his favourites, but it sometimes seems as though there were critics who deemed almost every act in the way of securing a specimen as one of cruelty. There are two birds figuring in the Hampshire list, viz., the kildeer plover and the needletailed swift—both almost unique, being the second specimens of the species ever killed in Europe. Two of the swifts were seen in 1879; if one had not been secured, would it ever have been credited that either had been observed so far from its home amongst the crags of the Himalayas? That, however, is not a vindication of bird destruction, or an argument that the best museum can be compared to a little study of the life.

We no longer see the noble bustard on the plains; or hear the croak of the raven; or the "boom" of the bittern across the marshes; or see and hear the honey buzzard, as it soars in circles over the tall trees, and utters its sharp cry; yet, if we have a sympathy with nature, even if we are destitute of scientific knowledge, there are still sights and sounds that meet us in our rambles, such as the "laugh" of the woodpecker; the "tap, tap" of the nuthatch; the song of the nightingale, and of its various relations; the "bleating" of the snipe, as it cleaves the air over the swamps where the peewits cry; the "frank. frank" of the heron, as it lazily wings its way into the dusk; the cry of the kittiwake from the cliff or mudflat; the "chat, chat" of the stonechat, as it sits on the furze-bush with a jerking movement at each utterance of its music. These and many other sounds are familiar to people who care to hear and admire. As a large volume might be written upon the birds of Hampshire, especially if such subjects as nidification, instinct, migration, plumage, or voice were taken in hand, it is difficult to decide what to

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say and what to leave unsaid. Out of the 384 species in the British avi-fauna, at least 200 have been detected in the county, and this can scarcely be wondered at when we consider the diversity of country included from Kingsclere to the Undercliff, or from Petersfield to the Dorset border. On the higher lands such birds as the night-feeding stone curlew breed, and there in winter the golden plover whistles. Upon the rivers the wild duck and the little grebe dwell; the moorhen and water rail skulk in the reedy margin, and in summer amongst the rushes the reed warbler builds its cleverly suspended nest; whilst in winter the siskin and lesser redpole in tit-like attitudes feed amongst the overhanging alders, and a few grey wagtails frequent the shallower portions of the streams, near which they may have nested. In the woods the woodpeckers are well represented—at least on the mainland—members of the crow family are often in evidence, and at night the hoot of the tawny owl echoes and re-echoes far away amongst Then if we visit the sea-cliff or sandy beach, mudflat or sandbank, our interest will not decrease, for we shall note the dark long-necked cormorant skimming over the waves in a way so unlike the light and airy movements of the terns, which, like huge grey-winged butterflies, flit about as if in mere wanton pleasure. An occasional puffin, with a number of the more noisy jackdaws, or some kind of pigeon—can it be a rock dove?—emerges from its nesting hole, scared by the dash of a peregrine falcon; the razorbills and guillemots sit upon the ridges on the face of the cliff, near their nestless eggs, or descending to feed dot the sea below; the gulls of several species seem to be squabbling over a choice morsel the retiring tide has brought to view, or else they perch in a somewhat listless attitude upon some prominent rock or headland, where the little dusky rock-pipit is not uncommon. This is but a dim picture of what the Island and the waters of the Solent often present in summer. Nor is the winter any less interesting, for the number of residents has been increased by visitors from the less hospitable North. Then the various species of ducks, geese, divers, or swans ride upon the rippled bosom of the sea, whilst each shore-loving species, such as the ringed plover, dunlin, knot, grey plover, and others—with here and there a hooded crow—is pursuing its own peculiar way of feeding amongst the wrack, &c., thrown up by the waves. Sometimes these birds may be seen in flocks of greater or lesser dimensions, high in air, flashing like a light or dark cloud alternately, as with measured stroke of wings in unison they wheel about hither and thither in the sun; or we may have the rare pleasure of seeing the noble osprey, as he sails fearlessly and majestically above all. Again, a little farther inland, in the springtime, when Nature is awakening from her winter's slumber, we watch for the feeble flutter of the sand martin, the first of its kin to greet us, but even then somewhat of a laggard, if compared with the tiny chiffchaff, who in the early days of March heralds the approach of its more melodious relations with "zip, zap" oft repeated. little later in the season come the gurgling nightjar, the grating landrail, the shrill-voiced wryneck, and the welcome cuckoo proclaims its name; whilst the elegant little vellow wagtail flits and dances in fairy-like gambols over the meadows bright with marsh-marigolds, and the kingfisher darts down the stream like a flash of amber and azure light.

When the shortening days of autumn tell of the year's decline, several species of gulls come inland, and mingling with rooks, peewits, and starlings—the latter ever seeming the most quarrelsome and noisy—procure their food upon fallow or down. The robin's song is now heard more clearly, and nearer home; the whitethroat has scrutinised the pea-sticks in the garden, uttering the while its peculiar note; the bluetit has helped himself to our apples and pears; and, high in air, we hear the harsh scolding note of the first fieldfare.

These notes might be carried to an almost unlimited

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length, for each district and each season has its own peculiar interest; but let us see what species have actually visited the county, or made their home in our midst. First arises the difficulty of how to arrange these lithesome and freedomloving creatures. Perhaps the best and most correct arrangement is the old order of residents, summer and winter visitors, &c., but it is a question even then in which group some of the species should be classed, for whilst a few have decreased, such as the little, dark, long-tailed Dartford warbler, a few others have increased, such as hawfinch, redshank, &c.; and of the winter visitors, the grey wagtail, crossbill, and tufted duck seem to have become nesting species within our borders. Two or three birds, such as, for instance, the yellow-billed cuckoo (Coccyzus americanus), found dead in the Isle of Wight in 1896, and the white-billed diver (Colymbus adamsi), said to have occurred at Emsworth Harbour 1895-96, should perhaps be admitted to a place in the list. One thing to be borne in mind with regard to the occurrence of new or very rare birds is the fact that it has become the fashion with many whose means allow it to purchase or rear various species, and in some cases these escape, or are set at liberty by their owners. In this manner some of the rarer owls, the Gallinules, and several species of the Duck tribe, may be accounted for.

The work of the County Council, in the direction of bird preservation, has been most useful, especially as the majority of both eggs and birds are protected for the time prescribed. If the bill of 1898 had passed into law all birds would have received protection from the beginning of February to the end of August, and on Sundays throughout the year, the exemptions by the Council being only those species deemed destructive or too numerous.

RESIDENTS

Missel thrush (Turdus viscivorus). Song thrush (Turdus musicus). Blackbird (Turdus merula). Stonechat (Pratincola rubicola). Redbreast (Erithacus rubecula). Dartford warbler (Melizophilus undatus). Goldcrest (Regulus cristatus). Hedge sparrow (Accentor modularis). Longtailed tit (Acredula caudata). Great tit (Parus major). Coal tit (Parus ater). Marsh tit (Parus palustris). Blue tit (Parus cæruleus). Nuthatch (Sitta cæsia), Wren (Troglodytes parvulus). Pied wagtail (Motacilla lugubris). Grey wagtail (Motacilla melanope). Meadow pipit (Anthus pratensis). Rock pipit (Anthus obscurus). Tree creeper (Certhia familiaris). Goldfinch (Carduelis elegans). Greenfinch (Ligurinus chloris). Hawfinch (Coccothraustes vulgaris). House sparrow (Passer domesti-Tree sparrow (Passer montanus). Chaffinch (Fringilla cælebs). Linnet (Linota cannabina), Bullfinch (*Pyrrhula europæa*). Crossbill (*Loxia recurvirostra*). Common bunting (Emberiza miliaria). Yellow bunting (Emberies citrinella). Cirl bunting (Emberiza cirlus). Reed bunting (Emberiza schæniclus). Starling (Sturnus vulgaris).

Jay (Garrulus glandarius). Magpie (*Pica rustica*). Jackdaw (Corvus monedula). Carrion crow (Corvus corone). Rook (Corvus frugilegus). Raven (Corvus corax) Skylark (*Alauda arvensis*). Woodlark (Alauda arborea). Great spotted woodpecker (Dendrocopus major). Lesser spotted woodpecker (Dendrocopus minor). Green woodpecker (Gecinus viridus). Kingfisher (Alcedo ispida). Barn owl (Strix flammea). Long-eared owl (Asio otus). Tawny owl (Syrnium aluco). ? Little owl (Athene noctua). ? Hen harrier (Circus cyaneus). Buzzard (Buteo vulgaris). Sparrow hawk (Accipiter nisus). Peregrine falcon (Falco peregrinus), Kestrel (Falco tinnunculus). Cormorant (Phalacrocorax carbo). Shag (Phalacrocorax graculus). Heron (Ardea cinerea). [Mute Swan (Cygnus olor)]. Sheldrake (*Tadorna cornuta*). Wild duck (Anas boschas). Teal (Querquedula crecca). Tufted duck (Fuligula cristata). Ring dove (Columba palumbus). Stock dove (Columba anas). Black grouse (Tetrao tetrix). Pheasant (Phasianus colchicus). Red-legged partridge (Caccabis rufa). Partridge (Perdix cinerea). Water rail (Rallus aquaticus). Moorhen (Gallinula chloropus). Coot (Fulica atra).

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Ringed plover (Ægialitis hiati- Lesser black-backed gull (Larus Lapwing (Vanellus vulgaris). Woodcock (Scolopan rusticola). Snipe (Gallinago calestis). Redshank (Totanus calidris). Herring gull (Larus argentatus).

fuscus). Razorbill (Alca torda). Guillemot (Uria troile). Great crested grebe (Podicipes cristatus). Little grebe (Pedicipes fluviatilis).

Of the residents it may be remarked that the black grouse,1 buzzard, hen harrier, and teal are becoming rare as breeding species. The lesser redpole nests occasionally, and the same may be said of the sheldrake, tufted duck, and great crested grebe. Several birds, the tree sparrow, cirl bunting, and redshank amongst them, are rather increasing than otherwise. The woodcock nests more commonly than is generally supposed. Ravens nest, if rarely, in the Isle of Wight cliffs; they were seen there in the spring of 1800. and also the shag in breeding plumage, as communicated by Mr. Kelsall. Woodpeckers, though not uncommon on the mainland, are rarely seen in the island, the nuthatch The kingfisher still breeds in the bank of the brookside, where the old roots and clinging ivy partially hide its insanitary nesting hole, and the bird is certainly not so near extinction as some would have us believe; a remark which may also be applied to the goldfinch. The acrobatic feats of the tits, or the shuffling actions of the tree-creeper and nuthatch upon trunk or branches are no uncommon sight, and occasionally a crossbill may be heard or seen upon the larches; whilst the tiny goldcrest hovers near its suspended nest at the end of a fir branch like a large humble bee. It is gratifying to observe that the heron, although so persecuted, still nests in several places; in a heronry situated in the south-western corner of the county some thirty or more nests were built in fir trees during 1800. Swans are semi-domesticated.

¹ Lord Portsmouth is trying to acclimatise black game at Hurstbourne Park at the present time, -[ED.]

SUMMER VISITORS

Wheatear (Saxicola ananthe). Whinchat (Pratincola rubetra), Redstart (Ruticilla phanicurus). Nightingale (Daulias luscinia), Whitethroat (Sylvia cinerea). Lesser whitethroat (Sulvia curruca). Blackcap (Sylvia atricapilla). Garden warbler (Sylvia hortensis). Chiffchaff (Phylloscopus rufus). Willow wren (Phylloscopus trochilus). Wood wren (Phylloscopus sibilatrix). Reed warbler (Acrocephalus stre-Marsh warbler (Acrocephalus pal-Sedge warbler (Acrocephalus phrag-Grasshopper warbler (Locustella nævia), White wagtail (Motacilla alba). Yellow wagtail Motacilla raii). Tree pipit (Anthus trivialis). Red-backed shrike (Lanius collurio). Spotted flycatcher (Muscicapa grisola).

Swallow (Hirundo rustica). House martin (Chelidon urbica). Sand martin (Cotile riparia). Swift (Cypselus apus). Nightjar (Caprimulgus europæus). Wryneck (Iynx torquilla). Hoopoe (Upupa epops). Cuckoo (Cuculus canorus). Montagu's harrier (Circus cineraceus). Honey buzzard (Pernis apivorus). Hobby (Falco subbuteo). Garganey (Querquedula circia). Turtle dove (Turtur communis). Quail (Coturnix communis). Corncrake (Grex pratensis). Spotted crake (Porzana maruetta). Stone curlew (Œdicnemus scolopax). Common sandpiper (Totanus hypoleucus). Puffin (Fratercula arctica). Common tern (Sterna fluviatilis) Arctic tern (Sterna macrura). Little tern (Sterna minuta).

Sandwich tern (Sterna cantiaca).

To the summer visitors we owe much. To the birdmusic from bush and brake the warblers contribute largely, chief amongst them the nightingale and blackcap; whilst the "chiddy, chiddy" of the sedge warbler is no unpleasant sound, mingled with the more subdued notes of the willow wren, or the low moaning sigh of the turtle dove. tagu's harrier and hobby still come, but the honey buzzard -one of our grandest birds-is, I fear, rarely seen or heard; the price paid for egg or bird was the chief cause of its destruction. The stone curlew rears its broad in

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several localities on the mainland, but not so commonly as of old; it is seldom seen in the Island. The quail is thinly distributed, but it nests in one or two places, rarely in the Island, and has been seen twice by Mr. Stares in winter, thus resembling the landrail. The spotted crake is rather uncertain in appearance, and has been seen as late as November. The hoopoe is a very casual visitor, yet this bird, and the still less frequent golden oriole, are said to have nested Several of the terns may be classed with in the county. the summer visitors, although they have no nesting station amongst us, and probably are most abundant at the time of migration; and the common sandpiper rarely nests, although it is said to have done so both in the New Forest and Isle of Wight.

WINTER VISITORS

Redwing (Turdus iliacus). Fieldfare (Turdus pilaris). Black redstart (Ruticilla titys). Great grey shrike (Lanius excubitor). Siskin (Chrysomitris spinus). Brambling (Fringilla montifringilla). Lesser redpole (Linota rufescens). Twite (Linota flavirostris). bunting Snow (Plectrophanes nivalis). Hooded crow (Corvus cornix). Short-eared owl (Asio accipitrinus). Rough - legged buzzard (Buteo lagopus). Merlin (Falco æsalon). Gannet (Sula bassana), Bittern (Botaurus stellaris). Grey lag goose (Anser cinereus). Bean goose (Anser segetum). White fronted goose (Anser albifrons). Brent goose (Bernicla brenta).

Whooper (Cygnus musicus). Gadwall (Anas streperus). Shoveller Spatula clypeata). Pintail (Dafila acuta). Wigeon (Mareca penelope). Pochard (Fuligula ferina). Scaup (Fuligula marila). Golden eye (Clangula glaucion). Long-tailed duck (Harelda glacialis). Eider duck (Somateria mollissima). Common scoter (Ædemia nigra). Goosander (Mergus merganser). Red-breasted merganser (Mergus serrator). Smew (Mergus albellus). Golden plover (Charadrius pluvi-Turnstone (Strepsilas intrepres). Grey phalarope (Phalaropus fulicarius). Jack snipe (Gallinago gallinula). Dunlin (Tringa alpina). Purple sandpiper (Tringa striata). Knot (Tringa canutus).

Hampshire

Sanderling (Calidris arenaria). Curlew (Numenius arquata). Black-headed gull (Larus ridi- Black-throated diver (Colymbus Common gull (Larus canus). Greater black-backed gull (Larus marinus), Kittiwake (Rissa tridactyla).

Great northern diver (Colymbus glacialis). arcticus). Red-throated diver (Colymbus septentrionalis). Sclavonian grebe (Pedicipes auritus).

As winter advances there is a general movement of the feathered tribes southward, and such residents as woodpigeon, thrush, blackbird, and skylark are augmented in numbers by a sort of internal migration, especially amongst skylarks when snow falls, and at the time I write this-January—there are countless multitudes of wood-pigeons in the Forest. Although redwing, fieldfare, brambling, shorteared owl, siskin, hooded crow, and others always come (and probably in severe weather are in greatest numbers), yet there seem to be other agents besides intense cold that regulate their movements; for instance, during the winter of 1897-98 the brambling was very abundant (Zoologist, 1808), although it was not unusually cold; and the same remarks apply to the several appearances of the bittern during the present season. Perhaps the temperature at the time of starting on migration helps to regulate the line to be taken, although food must be the principal factor. The greatest and most regular influx is that of the Duck tribe, for although the tufted duck certainly nests in one or two places, and the pochard and shoveller may occasionally stay, 1 the great majority come from a more northern home. The reported nesting of the common scoter may be dismissed as a mistake, and that of the fieldfare was an error as to the county, so Mr. Kelsall informs us. Many of the ducks, geese, divers, mergansers, &c., that visit us are immature, but sometimes full-plumaged adults are met with, more at the end perhaps than at the beginning of winter. The commonest goose is

¹ The wigeon, too, has been seen in Hampshire in summer. -G. B. C.

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the little black brent, and occasionally a few specimens venture inland, up the rivers; the goosander formerly was not very rare on the Avon, but for the last seven or eight years it seems to have entirely deserted the locality. The grey phalarope often appears in some numbers, in late autumn or early winter, but its red-necked relation very rarely. The merlin—so fond of a snipe or skylark—and its larger relation the rough-legged buzzard are still amongst The merlin comes every winter in greater or less numbers, and it is said to have bred in the New Forest more than once, departing from its usual habit of nesting on the ground, and laying its eggs in the hole of an old isolated holly on the open heaths. The bittern is said to have bred as recently as 1887 or 1888 in Avington Park (Zoologist, 1894, page 311). If this be correct, and the bird was a truly wild one, the fact is very interesting.

BIRDS OF DOUBLE PASSAGE

Ring ouzel (Turdus torquatus). Oyster catcher (Hamatopus ostralegus).

Greenshank (Totanus canescens). Grey plover (Squaturola helvetica). Bar-tailed godwit (Limosa lapponica). Whimbrel (Numenius phæopus).

The above six species regularly visit us in spring and autumn, but seldom prolong their stay. The ring ouzel is reported to have nested, but it is not so often seen in spring as in autumn, whilst the whimbrel is more usually seen on the vernal migration. There are a few other species which, though very uncertain in their appearance, may be classed amongst those of double passage. They are:—

Pied flycatcher (Muscicapa atri- Ruff (Machetes pugnax). capilla). Dotterel (Eudromias morinellus). Temminck's stint (Tringa tem- Black-tailed godwit mincki).

Green sandpiper (Totanus ochropus). Curlew sandpiper (Tringa subar- Spotted redshank (Totanus fuscus),

> (Limosa belgica).

'The ruff, formerly a nesting species, is now seldom seen, and although the green sandpiper is sometimes seen in summer—always restless and wild—its nest is yet to be found. The four species of terns, which appear in my list of summer visitors, are often included in this present group.

RARE AND ACCIDENTAL VISITORS

White's thrush (Turdus varius). Blue throat (Cyanecula suecica). Great reed warbler (Acrocephalus turdoides). warbler (Acrocephalus Aquatic aquaticus). Alpine accentor (Accentor collaris), Dipper (Cinclus aquaticus). Bearded tit (Panurus biarmicus). Crested tit (Parus cristatus). Tawny pipit (Anthus campestris). Richard's pipit (Anthus richardi). Golden oriole (Oriolus galbula). Woodchat (Lanius pomeranus). Lesser grey shrike (Lanius minor) Waxwing (Ampelis garrulus). Serin finch (Serinus hortulanus). Mealy redpoll (Linota linaria). Pine grosbeak (Pyrrhula enucle-Two - barred crossbill (Loxia bifasciata). Rose-coloured starling (Pastor roseus). Chough (Pyrrhocorax graculus). Nutcracker (Nucifraga caryocatactes). Short-toed lark (Calandrella brachydactyla), Shore lark (Otocorys alpestris). Needle-tailed swift (Acanthyllis caudacuta). Great black woodpecker (Picus martius). 236

Roller (Coracias garrula). Bee-eater (Merops apiaster). Snowy owl (Nyctea scandiaca). Eagle owl (Bubo ignavus). Scops owl (Scops giu). Kite (Milvus ictinus). Marsh harrier (Circus æruginosus). Spotted eagle (Aquila nævia). Sea eagle (Haliaëtus albicilla). Red-footed falcon (Falco vespertinus). Osprey (Pandion haliaëtus). Purple heron (Ardea purpurea). Little egret (Ardea garzetta), Squacco heron (Ardea ralloides). Little bittern (Ardetta minuta). Night heron (Nycticorax griseus). American bittern (Botaurus lentizinosus). White stork (Ciconia alba). Spoonbill (Platalea leucorodia). Glossy ibis (Plegadis falcinellus). Pink-footed goose (Anser brachyrhynchus). Barnacle goose (Bernicla leucopsis). Bewick's swan (Cygnus bewicki). Ruddy sheldrake (Tadorna cas-American green-winged teal (Querquedula carolinensis). Red-crested pochard (Fuligula rufina). White-eyed duck (Fuligula nyroca). Velvet scoter (*Ædemia fusca*).

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Hooded merganser (Mergus cucul- Whiskered tern (Hydrochelidon Rock dove (Columba livia). Pallas's sand grouse (Syrrhaptes paradoxus). Little crake (Porzana parva). Baillon's crake (Porzana bailloni). Crane (Grus communis). Great bustard (Otis tarda). Little bustard (Otis tetrax). Collared pratincole (Glareola pra-Cream - coloured courser (Cur- Richardson's skua (Stercorarius sorius gallicus). Little ringed plover (Ægialitis curonica). Kentish plover (Ægialitis can-Kildeer plover (Ægialitis vocifera). Avocet (Recurvirostra avocetta). Black-winged stilt (Himantopus candidus). Red-necked phalarope (Phalaropus hyperboreus). Great snipe (Gallinago major). Little stint (Tringa minuta). Wood sandpiper (Totanus glar-White-winged black tern (Hydrochelidon leucoptera).

hubrida). Gull-billed tern (Sterna anglica), Caspian tern (Sterna caspia). Roseate tern (Sterna dougalli). Little gull (Larus minutus). Glaucous gull (Larus glaucus). Iceland gull (Larus leucopterus). Sabine's gull (Xema sabinii). Great skua (Stercorarius catarrhactes). Pomatorhine skua (Stercorarius pomatorhinus). crepidatus). Buffon's skua (Stercorarius parasiticus), Black guillemot (Uria grylle). Little auk (Mergulus alle). Red-necked grebe (Podicipes griseigena). Eared grebe (Podicipes nigricollis). Fulmar (Fulmarus glacialis). Great shearwater (Puffinus major). Manx shearwater (Puffinus anglo-Fork-tailed petrel (Oceanodroma leucorrhoa). Storm petrel (Procellaria pelagica). Wilson's petrel (Oceanites oceani-

The above list is a long one, and if space permitted much comment might be made upon the various species contained therein; as it is, my remarks must be few. Several reported species, such as the griffon vulture, goshawk, Virginian colin, and one or two others, may be dismissed at once as escapes; and what otherwise can be said of the golden eagle, several of the rarer owls, the white stork, the two or three species of Gallinules, and the several species of Geese—Canada and Egyptian to wit? In regard to all these birds there are proofs of the species having been kept in confinement in Hampshire; whilst in regard to a few others, such as Brunnich's guillemot and Bulwer's petrel, there has no doubt been an error in identification. In well-authenticated cases where identification is unquestionable, only a single specimen has been recorded, such as White's thrush, needle-tailed swift, purple heron, American bittern, flamingo, red-crested pochard, hooded merganser, cream-coloured courser, kildeer plover, and four or five species of terns. A great reed warbler was killed on the Avon, at Ringwood, in June 1884; this species is also said (perhaps erroneously) to have nested in the A great bustard was killed as recently January 1801 at Romsey. The Lapland bunting, shorttoed lark, shore lark, &c., have been detected, but very rarely; and the occurrence of such birds as the nutcracker, white-eyed duck, and others is almost as uncommon. is interesting to note that such birds as roller, bee-eater, little bittern, night heron, spoonbill, little bustard, collared pratincole, &c., have been seen a few times, either on the mainland or the Island, and in the latter the woodchat has nested twice or thrice, whilst its relation, the lesser grey shrike, has been identified as a Hampshire bird (Zoologist, 1804, page 345). The presence of the dipper has been established, but not as a nesting species. Three specimens of Sabine's gull have been identified since 1891. The osprey sometimes pays an autumnal visit to the coast, and occasionally makes an excursion up the rivers, or even to Fleet Pond. The chough is rarely seen even in its former nesting places. The occurrence of the great black woodpecker—which is said to have nested in the Forest, as also to have been killed in the Island-is still doubted (see Zoologist, 1893) even in respect to its being a British bird, though a pair are said to have been killed many years ago on the Heron Court estate, near Christchurch. Stress of weather, and other causes, often drive several of the gull family from the coast far inland. The northern dwelling skuas, of two or three species, sometimes make a flying visit to localities

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where they are least expected, as they did in 1879; and an occasional petrel, unable to battle against the November gales, is helplessly landed in our midst. But perhaps the most remarkable invasion was that of Pallas's sand grouse, a native of the steppes of Tartary, which in 1863, and again in 1888, in much larger numbers, migrated to England: this county had its fair quota, as many as seventeen being counted in a single flock.

Space forbids a further expansion of these wandering notes; but before concluding them I must tender thanks to the Rev. J. E. Kelsall, of Milton Rectory; Mr. John Stares, of Porchester; Mr. Edward Hart, of Christchurch; and several other kind friends who have so readily

helped in their compilation.

IV

THE GEOLOGY OF HAMPSHIRE

By EDWARD HULL

GENERAL STRUCTURE OF THE FORMATIONS

REGARDED as one Geological entity, the district here described resolves itself into a succession of great folds, the axes of which tend to take an east to west direction. These foldings of the strata have their outward manifestation in the features of the ground; the anticlinals (or saddles) rising into table-lands or ridges; the synclinals (or troughs) occupying the intervening valleys. Taking a line of section from the northern margin of the county about Basingstoke southwards to St. Catherine's Point on the coast of the Isle of Wight, we find the Geological structure may be thus expressed: (1) A great arch formed of Chalk rising into the table-land which is continuous with Salisbury Plain in the adjoining county. Along its northern border the table-land slopes downwards under the valley of the Thames formed of Tertiary strata; along the opposite border it descends under a corresponding depression or trough, also formed of Tertiary strata, in the centre of which nestle the Solent and Southampton Water. southern margin of the great Solent trough is formed by the sudden uprise of the Chalk across the Isle of Wight, forming a ridge stretching from Culver Cliff to the Needles. This is one of the most striking physical features in the South of England; showing that, even after early Tertiary

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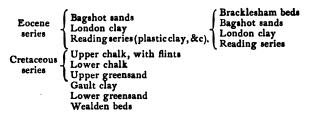
times, the terrestrial forces were capable of raising into nearly vertical positions vast masses of strata originally horizontal, and that over many miles of country. In addition to the large foldings of the strata just described, there are also several of less importance; such as that of Ports Down, consisting of a ridge of Chalk between the valley of the Aire and Chichester, and the narrow anticlinal axis of Kingsclere. All these flexures are the effect of lateral contraction of the earth's crust which came into force during the Middle Tertiary period.

GEOLOGICAL FORMATIONS

The formations which enter into the structure of Hampshire range from the Wealden up through the Cretaceous into the Post-Tertiary periods. In the Isle of Wight, where these strata are displayed with remarkable clearness in the coast cliffs, they have been studied with great zeal, and have well rewarded the labours of palæontologists owing to the variety and profusion of the organic remains yielded by the strata. The limits assigned to this subject here only allow of reference to the more important forms. The following is the succession of strata as it is found on the mainland and in the Isle of Wight; there being a slight difference on some points:—

SUCCESSION OF GEOLOGICAL FORMATIONS

	ISLE OF WIGHT.	MAINLAND.
Pleistocene	Alluvial and estuarine beds, raised beaches Beds of gravel and sand	(Also present)
Oligocene series	Hempstead beds Bembridge beds	(Absent) Bembridge beds
	Osborne and Headon beds	Headon beds Barton clay
	Q	241



In describing the succession of formations we shall adopt the ascending order, being that in which they were

deposited.

The Wealden Beds.—These constitute the oldest strata represented either on the mainland or the Isle of Wight; their extent in both cases is slight. In the case of the mainland of Hampshire they are only found at the eastern extremity of the county, a portion of that great anticlinal valley stretching inwards from the coast between Eastbourne and Hythe, and bounded by the Chalk ridge of the North and South Downs: known as "The Wealden basin." the Isle of Wight, the Wealden beds are situated along the southern margin of the island at Brixton Bay and Sandown Bay; at the latter forming a very small area south of Red Cliff, and consisting of clays and sandstones. Along the shore of Brixton Bay, however, they occur for a distance of about five miles, being elevated along the anticlinal line which traverses this part of the island in a nearly east to west direction, and they are well shown in the coast cliffs. The lowest beds consist of red and green variegated clays, upon which lie scattered numerous stems and trunks of coniferous trees, commonly known as the "Pine-raft"; it is in fact part of an old forest. Above the lowest clays come beds of sandstone and marl, and in Compton Bay are thin bands of tabular limestone containing Oysters, and shells of Cyclas and Cyrena. In Sandown Bay are shales abounding in Cypris, together with thin bands of limestone with Paludina; here bones of *Iguanodon* have also been found. These strata

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and their fossils indicate a freshwater origin, sometimes merging into estuarine conditions.

The Lower Greensand.—This formation occupies the greater part of the southern half of the Isle of Wight, and forms a narrow band running from north to south along the eastern borders of Hampshire. In the Isle of Wight it attains a thickness of over 900 feet, where a fine section is laid open on the coast cliff in Compton Bay.

The formation consists generally of (1) clays with beds of sandstone; (2) green and grey sands with calcareous sandstone and cherty limestone; and (3) an upper division of ferruginous sands with siliceous ironstone and cherty concretions. At Atherfield Point, beds of ferruginous and calcareous sandstone contain numerous fossils, such as Exogyra, Perna, Rhynchonella, Vermetus, and corals; and again west of Whale Chine at the Cracker Rocks, oysters, with Terebratula, Rhynchonella, Serpula, &c., occur. It will be observed that these are all marine forms in striking contrast to the freshwater forms of the underlying Wealden beds.

Gault.—On the mainland this formation stretches from Farnham on the north to Petersfield on the borders of Sussex on the south, generally forming a narrow valley lying at the base of the more elevated ground of the Chalk on one side and of the Lower Greensand on the other. the Isle of Wight it forms a very narrow, but continuous, band all the way from Compton Bay to Sandown Bay by Shorwell, Gatcomb, Arreton, and Yaverland to the base of Red Cliff. The Gault is essentially a blue clay more or less sandy and with minute flakes of mica. In the island it is known as "the blue slipper," from the tendency of the overlying strata to slip or slide over its surface; of which we have a remarkable illustration in the Undercliff along the southern margin of the island. To this feature we will refer further on, but we may add here, that the presence of this unctuous clay at the base of the more solid formation of the Chalk along the coast is a serious danger to the stability of parts of the land, and requires constant attention, especially after storms. The Gault is a marine formation about 100 feet thick, and amongst its fossils are the following:—Pecten quinquecostatus, P. quadricostatus, Inoceramus concentricus, I. sulcatus, Myacites mandibula, and Ammonites rostratus. At Eastbourne, where the Gault of the mainland reaches the coast, large numbers of fossils have been found, including fishes, Cephalopods, Gasteropods, and other genera of molluscs, together with echinoderms (Cidaris Gaultina).

The Undercliff between St. Catherine's Point and Dunmore Head is due, according to Mr. Bristow, to the foundering of the superincumbent strata over the Gault Clay where this has been rendered unctuous by the surfacewater which, after percolating through the overlying beds, furnishes the land springs which break forth at its surface. At some distant period, the sea having undermined the base of the cliff of this part of the coast, a large mass of the Chalk and Upper Greensand gave way along a line of fissure running parallel with the coast, and the whole mass has bodily descended over the slippery foundation of the Gault. It is to some such cause that the picturesque features of the south of the island at Ventnor are mainly due.

The Upper Greensand.—This formation is found to follow the base of the Chalk throughout the mainland and the Isle of Wight, generally forming the lower part of the slope culminating in that formation. In the Isle of Wight the formation reaches the coast at Compton Bay and at Sandown Bay below Bembridge Down. Its thickness is about 150 feet, and it consists of bluish micaceous sands passing upwards into yellowish sand, with beds of sandstone and chert. The sandstone beds have been quarried for building purposes on the north side of Shanklin Down, and, according to Mr. Bristow, most of the old churches on the south side of the island have been built with this

¹ Geology of the Isle of Wight. Mem. Geol. Survey, p. 22. 244

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rock. The fossils are locally numerous, and are all of marine genera. The following are found in the Isle of Wight: Ammonites rostratus, Hamites armatus, Nautilus Fittoni, N. radiatus, Solarium ornatum, Arca carinata, Cardium Gentianum, Myacites mandibula, Trigonia caudata, Pecten asper, Inoceramus concentricus, Pinna tetragona, Lima Hoperi, Rhynchonella compressa, Siphonia, &c. The Gault and Upper Greensand are closely allied; the one passing into the other without break or discordance, but formed of sediments gradually becoming more sandy. The floor of the sea was meanwhile becoming shallower until the epoch of the Lower Chalk, when there commenced a rapid depression of the sea-bed until the deep-water conditions, under which the white chalk itself was deposited, set in, and prevailed over very large areas.

The Chalk.—This formation constitutes the foundation rock of the centre of Hampshire, and traverses the Isle of Wight in a ridge from east to west, throwing off the Tertiary strata along its northern margin, and producing the most striking physical feature in the whole island.

On the mainland, as already stated, the Chalk forms a vast arch or saddle rising from beneath the Tertiary beds of the Thames Valley on the north, and those of the Hampshire basin on the south. Its eastern margin stretches from Farnham at the west of the "Hog's Back," by Alton to Petersfield and Harting, at the margin of the county, and goes out to the coast at Beachy Head; westward the formation stretches into Wiltshire.

In the Isle of Wight the formation strikes the coast at Culver Cliff on the east, and crossing the island by Newport goes out into the Channel in a lofty cliff of solid rock, breaking off in a group of isolated peaks known as "The Needles," the cause and site of many a wreck. These

¹ At the "Hog's Back" the Chalk is thrown into a nearly vertical position, very much as is the case in the Isle of Wight, but at Farnham the beds rapidly assume a nearly horizontal position, rolling over towards the south.

dangerous rocks are well seen from Alum Bay at some distance from the shore. At both ends of its long course the beds of chalk are elevated into a nearly vertical position, but south of Newport they suddenly decline into the horizontal, and spread themselves over a tract of high ground forming several "Downs" (such as Bowcomb Down, Gatcomb Down, &c.), but all are parts of one continuous tableland, uniting, however, again at Mottestone Down into the narrow ridge in which the formation enters the sea at "The Needles." On comparing the position of the Chalk and its relations to the bordering strata, both above and below, to the south of Newport, with those of the same formations in the neighbourhood of the "Hog's Back" on the mainland, it will be observed that there is a marked physical resemblance between the two almost amounting to repetition.

The formation in the south of England is generally

divisible into the following zones:-

1. Upper Chalk with bands of flint (Turonien).

2. Grey Chalk generally without flints.

3. Chalk Marl; soft marly chalk becoming sandy downwards.

4. Chloritic Marl; soft marly beds with chlorite.

The whole series may have reached originally nearly 1000 feet in thickness, but as the uppermost beds have been denuded away before the deposition of the Tertiary strata, the formation seldom exceeds 900 feet.

Fossils.—In referring to the fossils of this formation we must not forget that almost the whole mass of the rock is of organic origin, being largely composed of Foraminifera and other minute forms. At the same time it is rich in almost every variety of marine organic life; and it has its modern representative in the bed of the deep ocean, formed, as Dr. Wallich was the first to show, of Globigarina ooze, but also peopled by Mollusca, Echinodermata, and fishes.

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We can only select a few of the more characteristic forms for insertion here.

Fossils of the Chalk.—Ammonites Ferandianus, A. laticlavius, A. Rothomagensis Scaphites striatus, Turrilites costatus, T. undulatus, Belemnitella plena, Pleurotomaria perspectiva, Pholadomya decussata, Inoceramus Cuvieri, Pecten Beaveri, Rhynchonella nuciformis, Cidaris Bowerbankii, Micraster cor-anguinum, Spongia, Siphonia, &c.

THE TERTIARY SERIES

These beds present on the whole a remarkable contrast to those which precede them, and the change from the Chalk into the basement beds of the Tertiary series is everywhere abrupt and decisive; we pass from a formation of pure white limestone of marine origin into one consisting of a group of sands, clays, and calcareous marls of fluviomarine or estuarine origin. The connecting links which serve to bridge over the succession of strata between the Cretaceous and Tertiary periods on the Continent are absent in the British area, and the boundary between the two great series indicates a gap or hiatus in the succession of strata. In the area of the South of England the floor of the ocean, over which the calcareous strata of the Chalk, consisting mainly of organic matter, were spread at considerable depths, was vertically elevated either into the air or into shallow water, and sedimentary matter of sand, gravel, and clay, forming the basement beds of the Tertiary series, was poured into these waters by the rivers descending from the neighbouring resurgent lands.

The London and Hampshire Basins.—The strata of this period are distributed in two separate "basins" in the area here under consideration, those of the London (or Thames Valley) basin, and of Hampshire and Isle of Wight. The strata of the former lie along the northern flank of "The Hog's Back," and stretch westward by Basingstoke to the

border of Wiltshire at Combe. From this margin the beds dip northwards and pass under the Valley of the Thames, occupying the northern portion of Hampshire. Towards the southern part of the county they reappear with a reverse or southerly dip, and passing under the Solent, emerge in the Isle of Wight, where they terminate along the line of the Chalk Downs from Culver Cliffs to Alum Bay. Everywhere the character of the land and nature of the soil indicate the change from the Tertiary to the Cretaceous formations. The basement beds of the Tertiary series on the mainland are visible on the coast of Sussex at Bognor; but the most advantageous section for examination is laid open in the cliffs of Alum Bay in the Isle of Wight. Here the whole of the strata, from the Chalk floor—in a nearly vertical position—upwards into the Lower Bagshot beds, are displayed in unbroken succession, and in a manner very favourable for close examination, in consequence of their highly inclined position revealing the ends of the beds, which each westerly gale tends to render fresher. This remarkable section has attracted the careful examination of numerous geologists, amongst whom the names of the late Professor Edward Forbes, Sir Joseph Prestwich, and Mr. H. W. Bristow may be specially mentioned. The last-named author has given the following graphic description, which will be of use to future observers :-

"When the face of the cliffs has been laid more than usually bare, and the colours of the various beds have been heightened by heavy rains, the aspect of the bay, always beautiful, is rendered still more striking. Every bed is then revealed to the eye, from the base of the cliff to where it crops out at the summit; and while some of the beds attract the attention by their contrast in colour, others, like the coals in the Bracklesham series, the conglomerate bed dividing that series from the overlying Barton clay, and the bed of white pipe-clay in the Lower Bagshot series, which is so crowded with vegetable remains, are not only rendered con-

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spicuous by their different colours; but, standing out from the rest of the strata, they become useful by enabling the observer more readily to perceive from a distance the positions and limits of the various formations." 1

With the change from the Cretaceous to the Tertiary strata, we have a complete change of the fauna. Many new genera appear, while no single species is common to the two great divisions. We recognise in the Tertiary beds forms which are common in the seas of the present age, along with some which have died out; and, as we ascend in the geological series from the basement beds into those of more recent periods, the proportion of forms common to the present day increases.

It would be impossible within our limits to give a very full list of the Tertiary forms found in the strata of the Isle of Wight and mainland, and it must suffice to name a few of the more common species.

SOME FOSSILS FROM THE TERTIARY SERIES

HEMPSTEAD BEDS. — Cerithium plicatum, G. elegans, Melania fasciata, Natica labellata, Voluta Rathieri, Corbula vectensis, Cyrena semistriata, Mya minor, Unio Gibbsii, &c.

Bembridge Beds.—In the limestones numerous freshwater forms of the genera *Limnea*, *Planorbis*, *Paludina*, together with *Helix*, and bones of extinct animals.

Osborne and Headon.—Fossils partly freshwater and partly marine. Of the former, Limnea, Planorbis, Paludina, Melanopsis, &c.; of the latter, Cytherea incrassata, Nucula deltoidea, Ostrea velata, &c.

Barton Clay.—Fossils marine, Corhula pisum, Limopsis scalaris, Conus scabriculus, Mitra labratula, Murex asper, Oliva Branderi, Rostellaria rimosa, Triton argutus, Trochus monilifer, &c.

BRACKLESHAM SANDS .- Buccinum stromboides, Ceritbium

¹ Bristow, "The Geology of the Isle of Wight," p. 33.

gigantum, Conus deperditus, Cyprea tuberculosa, Voluta spinosa, Turritella terebellata, Arcula Viangula, Gardita planicostata, Cytherea trigonula, Pecten corneus, Ostrea flabellula, &c.

BAGSHOT BEDS OF ALUM BAY.—Rich in plant remains of the genera Aralia, Cupressites, Taxites, Quercus, Juglans,

Laurus, Ficus, Dryandra, Rhamnus, Zizyphus, &c.

London Clay.—Aporrhais sowerbii, Natica glaucinoides, Pleurotoma concinnata, Turritella imbricataria, Astarte rugata, Cardium semigranulatum, Modiola elegans, Nucula amygdaloides, Pectunculus brevirostrum, &c.

The plastic clay is unfossiliferous.

Post-Tertiary Strata.—Between the formation of the Tertiary strata occurring in Hampshire and the Isle of Wight and of the Post-Tertiary beds there is a vast lapse of unrepresented time, during which the Tertiary and Cretaceous strata were disturbed, thrown into highly inclined positions, and largely denuded away; this lapse of time is represented in other countries by the Miocene and Pliocene beds.

The Post-Tertiary period is represented by beds of gravel and sand, resting unconformably on all the Tertiary and older strata, and in a nearly horizontal position. The beds show rude stratification, and the pebbles of flint, quartzite, and ironstone are often well-rounded and water-worn. These gravels occur at various levels in the Isle of Wight up to 400 feet above the sea at St. George's Down, and 370 feet on Headon Hill. On the mainland they rise to even higher levels; but they must not be confounded with the local gravels of flints found on the Chalk Downs originating in the dissolution of the chalk-limestone by atmospheric action. The gravels here described are of Post-Pliocene age and of marine origin, having been formed during a period of depression of the land below the waters of the sea.

Raised beaches are found at intervals around the coast, and sometimes contain bones of extinct mammals and shells.

NOTES ON FISHING AND SHOOT-ING IN HAMPSHIRE

By THE EDITOR

I. FISHING

THE rivers of Hampshire and their stock of good fish have been spoken of highly by various writers of old time. Fuller in his "Worthies," a part of which, as mentioned elsewhere, was written at Basing Castle during the great siege, praised the fine streams of Hampshire, whilst an older writer spoke of the "dulcia piscosa flumina aqua" of the Itchen and of the Test, the Tærstan of the Anglo-Saxon. There is the testimony of Izaak Walton, too (who died at Winchester and was buried in the Cathedral), that Hampshire "exceeds all England for swift, shallow, clear brooks and stores of trouts."

The principal Hampshire streams that are worthy the notice of the angler are: the Avon, which flows into the English Channel; the Test, with its tributaries Bourne, Bullington stream, and Anton; the Itchen, the Arle or Meon, and the Hamble, which all flow into the Solent; the several branches of the Wey in the eastern corner of Hampshire, which flows into the Thames and thence to the North Sea; the Loddon, with its tributaries the Blackwater (which receives the pretty little Whitewater) and the diminutive Lyde, flowing into the Kennet and thence into the Thames near Reading; and finally there is the Emborne,

along the north-west boundary of the county, which also goes to swell the Kennet, entering it close to Aldermaston. There are a few streams in the New Forest containing a certain number of coarse fish, and one (the Beaulieu) a few salmon; and there is a coarse fish-stream or two, such as the Yar in the Isle of Wight, but of no importance. The largest sheet of water in the county is beautiful Fleet Pond in the north-east; it contains a good stock of pike and other coarse fish, and the right to angle in it is possessed by the officers and non-commissioned officers quartered at Aldershot. There is excellent pike-fishing in the Loddon at Strathfieldsaye in the same part of the county, but leave is not easy to obtain. The best coarsefishing in Hampshire is no doubt to be obtained in the Avon, which contains pike of a large size, besides excellent roach, &c. Ringwood is a good spot for the coarse-fish angler in Hants, and day tickets are to be obtained at the Crown (at 28. 6d.), and elsewhere. On the whole Hampshire is decidedly not a good county for coarsefishing. It is, however, a splendid trouting countyperhaps the best in England — and it also offers great attractions to the small band of anglers who fish for the grayling and the salmon of the Test and Itchen.

The Test is the most famous and, after the Avon, the largest stream in the county. In the first Itinerary of this book we have followed its course from Overton—near which pleasant place it rises—to Southampton. Between Overton and Whitchurch the trout are extremely abundant but small in size, the great majority taken being a little under I lb. in weight. They are also abundant four miles further down stream at Longparish, where I lb. and 1½ lb. trout begin to appear. At Chilbolton Common the

¹ The salmon-fishing belongs to Mr. Morant of Brockenhurst. Day tickets (7s. 6d.) can be obtained from his agent at Ringwood. Salmon-fishing begins on February 2. Prawn may be used as bait on and after May 1, and by the end of that month the season is practically over.

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stream is of a considerable size, and trout of about 3 lbs. are to be taken. Below Stockbridge we reach those stretches of the river where 4 lb. fish are not rarities; and, finally, at Romsey we find records of many a trout of over 5 lbs. and some of even over 9 lbs. in weight. Below Romsey the Test may be regarded as a salmon The whole of the fishing rather than a trout water. on the Test as well as on its tributaries is strictly preserved, and it is not possible at the present time to get fishing by staying at any of the hotels or inns along The water is rented at a high price, a hundred its banks. pounds a mile for the main stream being probably below rather than above the average. Certain stretches of the Test, as of the Itchen, are reserved and fished by a restricted number of rods, and the payment for "a rod on the Test" varies from about forty or fifty to a hundred pounds for the season (April to September inclusive). The leading and the best club is the Houghton or Stockbridge, which has its headquarters at the Grosvenor Arms in the little town of Stockbridge. This club has a long waiting-list of anglers who are anxious to become members, and it is now very difficult to get into. Above the Houghton water is the stretch controlled by Mr. Craven. which is sometimes called the Craven Club, and at Whitchurch there is the Whitchurch Club, which has its headquarters at the White Hart Inn.

Like the Test, the Itchen is strictly preserved from source to sea. It has, however, a very small bit of free water above Winchester, which includes Deangate milltail; and just below the town there is a little fishing which Mr. Chalkley (The Square, Winchester) lets out to day and season ticket anglers. The grayling of the Itchen do not get above Shawford, any more than do the grayling of the Test above Fullerton Bridge. They are often splendid fish, running up to 3 lbs. in weight.

Trout-fishing in the Test and Itchen and tributaries is now almost entirely carried out by the dry-fly method,

simply because the wet fly is rarely of much avail, no matter how skilled the angler who tries it. I expect that could a vote be taken among those who fish the Meon or Arle, the Hamble, the Avon, the Lyde, the Whitewater, and the true trout stretches of the Loddon in Hampshire, it would declare by a large majority for the dry-fly method, although these waters are not all true chalk-streams throughout, as are the Test and Itchen. A single large fly towards night may account perhaps for a good many of the big trout of a stream like the Loddon or Whitewater, and a large fly not by any means necessarily fished dry: I do not believe it will account for many Test or Itchen trout. One great advantage which the Test and Itchen and their tributaries have over other streams in the county is their excellent stock of small fly. On the whole it is safe to say that there is small-fly hatching on most days during the season in both the upper and lower stretches of both streams; and, what is even more to the point, the trout, large as well as small, rise at it.

And now a very few hints as to tackle, &c. As a general rule, and particularly when the springs are high and there is plenty of water, wading stockings and light brogues are a great advantage and comfort in fishing the Test and Itchen; or if not these, at least watertight fishing-boots coming up to the knees. Regular wading is not advisable, even if practicable, as it disturbs the water sadly, and is naturally much resented by anglers who, in a thoroughly sportsmanlike spirit, desist from such a selfish practice themselves. But there are occasions when it is quite fair to step into a shallow spot in the stream in order to reach a difficult fish on the other side of the water, and moreover, early in the season the banks often abound in boggy, rotten places into which the angler must constantly plunge knee-deep; the meadows, too, are frequently flooded by means of water "carriers," cuts and ditches against which ordinary watertight boots are of no avail whatever in the work of keeping the angler dry. Therefore use

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waders whenever you can, but keep out of the water as much as possible, for the sake of your own and of others' sport. A ten feet six inches rod is quite long enough for most parts of the Test or Itchen, provided it is powerful enough to cast a good long line. Your casts should taper to a very fine end when used for small fly. The finer your cast-end the better your chance of sport; only do not place too much reliance on drawn gut, for it soon frays, and Test and Itchen trout are rough in their play, and the weeds as the season advances are very dangerous. Test all your casts carefully before use, and soak them thoroughly over night.

One of the endless lesser delights of fishing is undoubtedly artificial fly talk. Anglers will never grow weary of talking about the infinite variety of dressings for artificial flies. Most men have their own hobbies and pet theories regarding the same, and must needs give their fly-dressers exact directions as to how the olive duns and May-flies and sedges are to be dressed. If you have not time or inclination to do this, you will be quite safe in writing to Mr. Holland of The Square, Winchester, saying where and when you are going to fish, and telling him to send you the number of dozens of artificial flies (price 2s. 6d. a dozen) you require. You will receive them by return of post in neat little metal boxes out of which they need never be taken at all except for use by the riverside. The two best sizes of eyed hooks for your small-fly fishing (as distinguished from May-fly fishing) on Test or Itchen are those known as 00 and 000. There is one size in eyed hooks still smaller than 000, that on which the tiny black gnats are dressed; but I don't think it is of much use for strong trout. At the time when "The Book of the Dry Fly" was written, I was fishing the Derbyshire Wye rather than my native Hampshire streams: but the same flies

^{1 &}quot;The Book of the Dry Fly." Published by Messrs, Lawrence & Bullen, 16 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, 1897.

dressed on the same sized eyed hooks will be equally killing in either county. Olive dun (or olive quill), iron blue and yellow duns, red quill, May-fly, sedge, Wickham, governor and alder formed a little list of flies suggested for dry-fly fishing in the book referred to; and perhaps governor and alder and yellow dun might be eliminated therefrom without great detriment to the angler on the Test or Itchen. Indeed, he need not feel at all helpless by the riverside if he has only olives of several shades and some Wickhams in his box: the latter I have a fancy for when the sunshine is brilliant.

The creels of Hampshire fishermen to-day may not as a rule be quite so heavy as they were of yore, but there is abundance of good sport. Twice last year, on the upper Test, with small fly I reached my four brace of beautiful fish long before the day was spent, and, according to the rules of the stretch I was fishing, had to return many good trout to the water. For this particular stretch a pound trout was slightly above the average, but a few miles down stream a friend with small fly and May-fly at about the same time was among bigger trout. He soon got five brace of beautiful fish weighing 143 lbs., of which two brace were taken with the May-fly, and the rest chiefly with a small red quill. And here is the record of a great day among the grayling below Stockbridge: -2 lbs. 4 oz., 2 lbs. 4 oz., 2 lbs. 4 oz., 2 lbs. 1 oz., 2 lbs., 2 lbs., 2 lbs., 1 lb. 10 oz., 1 lb. 9 oz., 1 lb. 10 oz.—all to one rod in October some vears ago. I fancy the best sport ever enjoyed among. the salmon in the Broadlands (Romsey) water was in 1802, when 130 fish, weighing 1846 lbs., were taken. The heaviest salmon ever taken at Broadlands weighed 43 lbs. I take anything but a pessimistic view of the future of trout-fishing in Hampshire, but if rents keep rising, there does seem to me some danger of it becoming before long a sport confined to rich men.

II. SHOOTING

Lieutenant Hawker of Longparish had very kindly consented to write a short account of shooting in Hampshire for this book, and had already commenced his work when called away to South Africa to serve with the South Australian contingent. His qualifications to write on shooting and fishing in Hampshire are unquestionable, for not only is he a seasoned sportsman himself, but the descendant of the most famous writer on shooting in the language. It may seem a somewhat venturesome thing to try to take his place, but I do not intend to do more than offer some remarks about the character of sport commonly obtained in Hampshire, and furnish a few figures-some of which Lieutenant Hawker himself has given me-showing the size of bags in different parts of the country.

The famous Colonel Hawker, whose "Instructions to Young Sportsmen" is a most vigorous and entertaining work on sport, lived at Longparish House by the Test, in which he loved to angle. His Diary, which was published by Messrs. Longmans some years ago, throws much light on the wholesome life of the country gentleman during the first half of the nineteenth century, and shows him to have been a keen angler as well as gunner. No doubt a great portion of Colonel Hawker's directions are now quite out of date, through the complete change in the character of sporting guns which has taken place; nor are dogs used to anything like the extent they were in Colonel Hawker's time. Yet there are many things in the book which may still be read with profit as well as pleasure. Colonel Hawker was a nice observer of wild life, and his notes about the duck, snipe, and shore birds, like those of the late Mr. Booth, were the result of long, close experience. Snipe are still pretty plentiful in the district in which Colonel Hawker lived, and jack snipe are also to be seen and shot during most winters. "Those little snipes," writes

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the Colonel of the latter species, "are easiest killed in a light breeze or even calm weather, as in a gale of wind they fly more like butterflies than birds. Nothing teases a poking shot worse than jack snipes. . . . As with pheasants the hen is the best on the table; the cock the prettiest bird for a present."

One hears many laments about the falling off in the number of ducks of various species—mallard, teal, widgeon, and others-shot of late years in the Hampshire watermeadows, and probably these wild-fowl have greatly lessened in numbers since the early part of the century. But I can give a few figures to show that fine sport is still to be obtained in good seasons by the Test, Itchen, and other streams. On January 6, 1900, a party of three guns posted along the river between Whitchurch and Longparish got 103 wild duck and 9 teal. Another party of four guns got 84 wild duck, 43 teal, and 1 pintail; whilst a third sportsman shooting by himself some miles down stream, where the valley is broader and the water-meadows larger, got 74 ducks, including wild duck, teal, &c. One evening's flighting on the stubbles in August 1800 resulted in a bag of 28 duck made by three guns; and in this case a good many birds were lost, as there was only one dog, and the work of gathering in the dead was delayed till it was too dark to shoot any more.

Partridge and pheasant shooting, like trout-fishing, has increased distinctly in value within the last five-and-twenty years, and some Hampshire landowners and farmers now try to make up by game what they have lost by the fall in the value of wheat and live stock. A great many "shoots" are let for the season to Londoners, who not only help to keep the farmer going (when they refrain from getting up a large head of that horribly destructive animal the rabbit), but also bring a little custom to the local inn and to the people who let out conveyances. Partridge shooting can sometimes be obtained, in out-of-the-way spots where birds are fairly numerous, for as low a

Shooting

rate as a shilling an acre, but I fancy half-a-crown an acre will not be considered exorbitant in places near a railway station and containing a good head of game. One or two instances of the present and past rents of some typical "shoots" in the northern and central parts of the county are worth giving. T—— farm, a fair shoot of some 300 acres, was formerly let at a rent of £7, 10s. for the season for three successive years; then the rent was raised to £10 for two more years; and finally it was fixed for a term of years at 1s. 6d. an acre. W——, a compact little manor of about 1200 acres, fetches at the present time a rent of 5s. an acre, but it has several excellent pheasant coverts, which are included within the "shoot."

Partridges seem to have increased in some parts of the country of late years, and since driving has become a favourite method of shooting the birds, bags have increased also. Before driving was practised, 40 brace in September, where birds were abundant, was a decidedly good bag for four or five guns, and anything over 60 brace quite exceptional. "Before driving came in," writes a correspondent, "631 brace of partridges to nine guns was the best day in which I ever took part in Hampshire. It was early in September, the covert was exceptionally good, and the breeding season had been very favourable. In the same season we killed 421 brace to seven guns on the Bmanor in early September. Last September (1800) on the same manor a friend and myself got 181 brace of birds and There was only one bit of root covert on the place, consisting of about four acres, a little short santfoin, and some grass. My friend was off his shooting, or we should have doubled our bag." On a larger "shoot" in the same neighbourhood there were bags made during the season of 176 brace, 162 brace, and 143 brace, with several others not far short of 100 brace. These figures, however, are insignificant when compared with the huge bags made at The Grange, near Alresford, in 1887. In four days seven guns bagged 4100 partridges, the best day yielding

the gigantic total of 672 brace! In four days in October 1892 six guns got 2422 partridges on the same estate. So far as I am aware the biggest bag of pheasants ever made in Hampshire was Lord Carnarvon's at Highclere some years ago, when 10,805 head were killed. This is not the place to discuss the question of whether these huge bags show good sportsmanship or the reverse: I give the figures merely to show that parts of Hampshire are very

favourable to game-preserving on a large scale.

Hares are abundant in various parts of the county, especially among the downs-perhaps too abundant sometimes to please the man who is keen on getting partridges only-and here and there about the Wiltshire and also the Berkshire border one may sometimes see fields that look alive with them. That fine little sport, rabbit-shooting, is good in many parts, especially on the gorse and blackthorn sprinkled common and waste places where dogs are often used in preference to beaters. There is a fair show of woodcock, these birds beginning to appear at the end of October and leaving in March or early April; abundance of landrail at times; an occasional quail in the hilly north-east corner of the county, as possibly elsewhere; and large flocks of wood pigeons, which are excellent eating when they have been feeding on swede and turnip leaves rather than ivy berries. Lord Portsmouth, as mentioned elsewhere, is now introducing black game at Hurstbourne, one of which was shot at Fullerton last winter; and these birds are found also in Woolmer Forest and the New Forest. The shooting licence for the New Forest is £10 a season; and if the game, -which includes pheasants, rabbits, black game, snipe, woodcock, and water-fowl—is not over plentiful, it is at least pursued amid charming surroundings. Neither in fishing nor shooting does the quality of the sport depend entirely on the size of the bag.

VI

CYCLING IN HAMPSHIRE

By W. M. HARMAN

"A feeling that is like a sense of wings Restless to soar above these perishing things."

HAMPSHIRE is hilly, having severe gradients in the W., N.W., and E. Its chalk hills are flinty, and loose in dry weather; and the splintered flints form fragments which cut like a knife and pierce like a thorn. However—thanks to the steam roller and surveyors—the road surface is generally good, even in lanes, and compares favourably with many counties. Bleak, desolate parts are very few; while the many pretty wooded scenes, and everpresent objects of historical interest, make Hants an enjoyable touring ground. All dangerous hills, on frequented routes, are safeguarded by C.T.C. boards, and need no further special mention; but see that hills are clear for "coasting," as flocks of sheep, and droves of dairy cattle, are frequently met with. Direction-posts are fairly well supplied, but many routes are rendered intricate by their Besides hotels in towns, C.T.C. members have also a choice of farm-houses, which ladies may find advan-Village inns frequently give a good breakfast (N.B.—The cyclist who is not a-wheel in the early summer morn, loses many of the beauteous sights and sounds of nature which are found, too, in most out-of-the way places), and at noon, especially on Sundays, they have a hot meal going; but after that hour the fire is often let out, and tea involves a long wait. However, eggs 261

and milk can be purchased at most farm-houses, and these, with a pocketful of wheatmeal biscuits, raisins, &c., which experienced tourists keep nibbling at, enable one to be hours in the saddle without fatigue, or to take advantage of the many pretty bits for sketching, &c. The best map is Bartholomew's No. 11 sheet, 4 miles to 1 inch; or his 2 miles to 1 inch, coloured as to elevation, sheet 33 for S. and New Forest, and sheet 29 for N. Hants. The following are some of the nicest and most interesting routes (the Nos. after towns give the distance from preceding mileage), and for detailed description see Part I., as exigencies of space forbid more minutiæ.

I. The London to Basingstoke and Winton Road enters Hants from Bagshot at

—Blackwater Station (London, 31 m.) [branch here by pleasant lanes to —Yateley, 2½ m. (Dog and Partridge Inn, "run" by the Church, profits going to the parish), over gravel common, to Eversley, 3¼ m. (Reading, 9½ m.); Bramshill, 2½ m.; Hartley Row, 2¾ m. —Royal Military College, 1 m., very pretty. —Wellington College, 3½ m., "Filli Herorum," delightful pines. —Farnborough Station, 3 m., rough],

along the bare heaths of Harford Bridge Flats, on

good surface, to

—Hartley Row, 5\frac{3}{4} m., planted Green. [—Odiham, 4\frac{1}{4} m.]

—Hook, 3½ m. [—Reading, 13 m. —Odiham,

-Nately Scures (= a coppice), 2 m. 1½ m. on, turn R. to

—Old Basing, 2½ m. Visit earthworks of famous Basing House.

-Basingstoke, 2 m.; long switchbacks to Winton by

—Popham Lane, 6 m. [—Stockbridge, 16 m., bad, bare].

Cycling

- -Stratton Park, 3½ m., well timbered, rutty.
- —fork "to Micheldever," 1½ m. (avenue to village distant 1½ m.).
- -Lunway's Inn, 3 m. [Northington, 3½ m., P. Candover, 3½ m.]
- -Kingsworthy, 3 m. [-Alresford, 7 m., good.]
- -Winchester, 2 m., bumpy.
- Basingstoke to Reading, nice, good when dry. Proceed over the railway, then under it, to R. to
 - —Cross roads, 2½ m. [L., pleasant lanes to—Bramley, 3 m.], through nice country; pass church on L., afterwards the wide Green of
 - -Sherfield, 21 m.
 - -Monument (to Iron Duke), 3½ m. Park on L.
 - Riseley, 1½ m., entering Berks, thence Reading, 6½ m.
- III. Basingstoke to Silchester. Proceed under railway to —fork, ½ m. [—L., Kingsclere, 8 m., hilly, indifferent], hilly to
 - -Sherborne St. John, 2 m. [-Aldermaston, 7 m., good], R., and past old picturesque mansion of
 - The Vyne, 1½ m. through pretty country, just short of
 - —Bramley, 1½ m., turn L. for ¼ m. and enter Beaurepaire Park, to see its beautiful moated grange, ½ m., then back to entrance, and N. to
 - -Silchester, 31 m., entering through farmyard.
- IV. Basingstoke to Andover, pleasant, good.
 - —Oakley Park Gate, 5½ m. (village and nice church, ½ m. L.).
 - -Overton, 3 m. [-Micheldever Station, 4½ m., hilly, rough.]
 - -Laverstoke, 1½ m. (Paper Mills for Bank of England notes). Pretty.
 - -Whitchurch, 2½ m.

—Hurstbourne Priors, 2 m. [Park to R. —Middleton, 2\frac{3}{2} m., level, pretty.]

—Andover, 5 m. [—Amesbury, 14 m. by Thruxton, execrable. —Salisbury, 18 m., hilly, bad. —Marlborough, 21 m., flinty, bad, desolate.]

V. Winton to Bournemouth, good, nice run.

Hilly, flinty, and bare ridge (Fir clump L. = Oliver's Battery) to

-Pitt, 21 m., good, pretty, wooded onwards by

—Hursley, 2½ m. [at end of village, lane L. to Otterbourne, 2½ m.].

—fork, ½ m. [—Chandler's Ford, 2½ m., good,

pretty].

—Ampfield, 2½ m. [—N. Baddesley, 1½ m. (of "Knights Hospitallers"), lane L.].

-Romsey, 3½ m. [—Chilworth, 4 m., uphill;
Bassett cross road, 1½ m. —Shirley, 6 m.;
Southampton, 2 m., bad tram-lines. —Lee, 2½
m., good; Nursling, 1¼ m.; Redbridge, 2¼ m.
—Salisbury, 16 m., good (nice to Sherfield).

—Timsbury, 2½ m., level; Mottisfont, 2¼ m.] Cross bridge at entrance to Broadlands (pretty), and

climb

—Hill, 1 m., shaded. [—at danger-board on top, good lane R. to —W. Wellow, 4½ m.; Landford, 2½ m., bare, then pretty to Red Lynch and Downton, 6 m. (see unique Sax. "Moot," by kindness of Mrs. Squarey), level to Fordingbridge, 6 m.]

-Ower, 3 m. [-Totton, 3½ m., good.] Bare heath

down to

—Cadnam fork, 2½ m. [—Brook, 1½ m.; climb ridge, loose and bare, to Fordingbridge, 9 m. —hilly, rough, through nice wood to Castle Malwood, 2 m. (opposite, N., footpath down to Rufus' Stone; and S. Minstead, I m., pretty). Magnificent view over Forest, Stoney Cross Inn, ½ m.,

- hilly and rough to Picket Post, 61 m.; good down to Ringwood, 3 m. —Totton, 4½ m., good.]
- -Lyndhurst, 2½ m. (many nice excursions here). —[Brockenhurst, 4 m., pretty and wooded; Lymington, 43 m. —Minstead, 21 m. —Lyndhurst Road Station, 2½ m., bumpy. —Totton, 3 m.]

-Wilverley Post cross roads, 61 m. [-Burley Street, 3½ m., hilly, pretty, wild; -Boldre, 5½ m., Lym-

ington, 2 m.

-Holmesley Road Station, 1 m., bare.

—Hinton, 3½ m., among pretty woods.

- -Purewell, 4 m. [up Avon Valley by -Sopley, 3 m., good level; Ringwood, 6 m.; Fordingbridge, 6 m.]
- -Christchurch, 1 m. (ferry near church, and walk to Hengistbury Head).
- -Boscombe, 3½ m., loose, sandy, and rough, to
- —Bournemouth, 2 m.

VI. Winton to Alton and Farnham (two routes.)

- -1st. Through the "Worthys," along Itchen Valley, good, level, nice.
- —Itchen Abbas, 5 m. (R. to Avington Park, 1/2 m., avenue fine).
- -Itchen Stoke, 11 m. (lane R. across footbridge, and path along river to Ovington, I m., gives very pretty view).
- -Cross-road, I m.; 2nd joins (winding pretty lane to -Tichborne, 1 1 m.; Cheriton, 1 2 m., rural; Hinton Marsh, ½ m.; Bramdean, 2½ m.)
- -2nd. Not so good, hilly, flinty, uninteresting, by
- -Morn Hill to Ovington Park, 54 m., to (above) crossroad, then under railway and along avenue to
- -Alresford, 11 m. [-Pond, 1 m.; Old Alresford, m.; Northington, 4 m.].
- —Bishops Sutton, 11 m.
- -"Anchor" Inn, 13 m. [-Ropley, 1 m. Petersfield, 101 m., rough,

- long, gradual ascent, then very rough, flinty hills to
- -Medstead, 3 m., bare, extensive view, then wood, and down to
- —Chawton, 3 m. [—E. Tisted, 3½ m., good. —Selborne, 4 m., fair].

-Alton, 11 m., pleasant road, past hopfields to

-Farnham, 9½ m. [-Dippenhall, 2 m.; Crondall, 2 m., pretty wooded, past Dogmersfield to Odiham, 4½ m. —Hale, 1½ m., hilly; Aldershot, 2 m., very rutty, to Farnborough, 3½ m.].

VII. Winton to Southampton (two routes).

-1st. Otterbourne, 4½ m. [—Brambridge, 1 m. —Top of hill, R., through lovely Cranbury Woods to —Hursley Road, 2 m.; Hursley, 1½ m.].

—Chandlers Ford Station, 2½ m. [—Hursley, 3 m., nice]. Rough and hilly to

—Basset cross roads, 21 m. [Romsey, 6 m., good.

—Swaythling, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m.].

—fork (at pond), 3 m. [Shirley, 2 m., good; through Regent's Park, bad, to Totton, 3 m.], along nice avenue, but very bumpy, to

-Southampton (clock tower), 3 m.

-2nd. Twyford, 3½ m., good, save in wet.

—fork, $\frac{3}{4}$ m. [—L. Botley, 7 m., nice. —Bishops Waltham, $6\frac{1}{2}$ m., level], pretty, past Brambridge, fine "linden" avenue to R., to

—Allbrook, 2½ m.

- -Eastleigh Station, 1½ m., level (railway crossing gates 1½ m. on, often shut).
- —Swaythling 2½ m. [—Bassett cross roads, 1½ m. —Botley, 5½ m., gravelly.]
- -Southampton, 3 m., rough through streets.
- VIII. Winton to Whitechurch, Burghelere, and Newbury, long hills, flinty and bare, to
 - Sutton Scotney, 7 m. [—Stockbridge, 7½ m., bad. 266

—Popham, 8 m., hilly, bare, flinty. —Wonston, ³/₄ m.; Stoke Charity, 1 m.; Micheldever, 2 m.; fair lanes], good to over stream at

-Bullington, 11 m., hilly and rough and bare, to

—Whitchurch, 3\frac{3}{4} m. [—Basingstoke, 12 m. —Andover, 7 m.], flinty, loose, and bare, to

-Lichfield, 4 m., rough and hilly, to

—fork, 3 m. [—R. Burghclere, 3 m.], up steep hill, to
—Whiteway, 1 m. (Highclere Park to L.), pretty,
wooded.

—Cross roads, 1 m. (R. Highclere Station, ½ m. —L. pretty by Penwood, ½ m., to Andover Road, 1 m.].

- —Newbury, 4½ m., hilly, timbered. This is the direct Oxford road, but beyond Newbury it is very hilly, flinty, loose, and desolate, so the Aldermaston-Theale way is much preferable.
- IX. Winton to Botley, Netley, Hamble, pretty and good.

—Twyford, 3½ m.

—Fishers Pond, 2½ m. [—Bishops Waltham, 5 m., level, good.]

—Up Crowd Hill, ½ m., extensive view.

-Fair Oak, 1 m. [L. Upham, 2 m. -R. Bishopstoke, 2\frac{1}{2} m.; Eastleigh, \frac{3}{4} m.]

—Horton Heath, 1\frac{3}{4} m., orchards. [—L. Durley, 1\frac{1}{2} m., rough. —R. West End, 2 m.; Bittern,

2 m., hilly, pretty], excellent surface to over

-Railway bridge, 1½ m. [—Turn R., good lane (deer park R.) for ¾ m., cross main road, and R. up sandy incline, past tall church steeple, to cross road, 1¾ m.; L. for ½ m., then R., cross roads twice, and at fork 1¾ m.; R. Netley, 1½ m. (Abbey, ½ m.; Southampton, 2¾ m.) and L. Hamble, 1¾ m., quaint.]

—Botley, $\frac{3}{4}$ m., wooded, nice country. [—Railway station, $\frac{3}{4}$ m.: Curdridge Church, $\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Bishops Waltham, 3 m. —Shidfield, $3\frac{1}{4}$ m., hilly; Wick-

ham, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m., good. —Swanwick, $3\frac{1}{4}$ m. (the strawberry beds district); railway station, $\frac{1}{2}$ m., hilly; Tichfield, 3 m. —Bittern, 4 m.; Southampton, 3 m. —West End, $2\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Swaythling, 3 m.]

X. Winton to Andover and Clatford, hilly, flinty, bare, to
 —Wherwell, 10½ m., pretty. [—By Test to Middleton, 3 m.; Longparish, ¾ m.; E. Aston,
 I m.; Hurstbourne Priors, 1½ m., good, pretty.
 —Rough lanes to Fullerton, 1¼ m.; Leckford,

1 m.; Stockbridge, 2 m.]

—Cross road, 1\frac{1}{2} m. (beyond foot of hill, in trees).

[—L. past church to Goodworth Clatford, \frac{1}{2} m.;

Upper Clatford, 1\frac{1}{4} m.; Waterloo, 1\frac{1}{4} m. (leave cycle in coffee-shop, and walk up Bury Hill to camp, perfect earthworks, grand view); Abbotts Ann, 1\frac{1}{4} m. (church with chaplets); Andover, 2\frac{3}{4} m.]

—Andover, 2 m. [—Hurstbourne Tarrant, 5½ m., fair, hilly (½ m. beyond it is worth turning L. by Netherton, 3 m.; Combe, 2½ m.; past Walbury Camp to Inkpen Beacon (Berks), 1½ m. (glorious view and air); Highclere, 6 m.; Newbury, 5½ m. —Marlborough, 20¾ m., bad, flinty, bare. —Amesbury, 14 m., execrable. —Salisbury, 18 m., very bad.]

[Winchester to Stockbridge. Avoid!]

XI. The London to Portsmouth road enters Hants from

—Farnham (London, 38½ m.), passing Woolmer to

—Petersfield, 18 m., fair surface, uninteresting. Much
better run from Farnham to Tilford, 3 m.; Devil's

Jump, 2¾ m.; Hindhead, 2½ m. (go to Gibbet
Cross, ½ m., above the Punchbowl, whence a
glorious view over the Weald). Splendid run
down to

Cycling

- —Liphook, 5½ m. (from Hindhead). [—Greatham, 4 m.; Empshott, 1½ m. (Hawkley, 1½ m.); Selborne, 3 m.; hilly.]
 - Excellent surface, overlooking superb scenery to
- -Rake, 31 m.
- —Petersfield, 4\frac{3}{4} m. [—Stoner Hill, 2\frac{1}{4} m. (on Alresford road). Splendid view down its wooded sides. —Winchester, 19\frac{1}{2} m., good],
 - hilly, fair to
- —Horndean, 7½ m. [—Havant, 5 m.; Hayling, 5 m.; fair.]
- -Portsdown Ridge, 5 m., very rough. Bad to
- —Cosham, 3 m. Bad streets to
- -Portsmouth, 4 m. (Town Hall).
- XII. The London to Gosport road, by the Meon Valley, enters from
 - —Farnham (London, 38½ m.), pleasant country, and good to
 - —Alton, $9\frac{1}{4}$ m. [—Selborne, $4\frac{1}{2}$ m.].
 - -Chawton, 1½ m. [-Winton, 17 m. (route VI.)].
 Park-like, and good to
 - —E. Tisted, 2 m. [—L., past church, fair lane, one precipice, Selborne, 3½ m.].
 - -Cross roads, 1½ m. [-Ropley, 3 m., rough. L., Stoner Hill, 4½ m. (magnificent); Petersfield, 2½ m.].
 - —George Inn, 3½ m. Flinty ascent and descent to
 - —West Meon, 1\frac{1}{4} m. [—L., East Meon, 3 m.]. down the valley to
 - -Wharnford, 11 m., pretty.
 - —Corbampton, 2 m. (old Saxon church). [—Bishops
 - Waltham, 4½ m., flinty.]
 —Droxford, 1½ m. [—R., Swanmore, 2¾ m.; Bishops
 Waltham, 1¾ m., good]
 - —Fareham, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. [—Cosham, 5 m.; Chichester, $13\frac{1}{4}$ m. —Tichfield, $2\frac{3}{4}$ m.]

Excellent to

—Brockhurst, 4 m. [—Alverstoke, 1½ m.; Stokes Bay, ½ m.].

Trams and bad to

—Gosport Pier, 2½ m. Floating bridge, to Portsmouth; not on Sundays until I P.M. Steam launch all day.

XIII. Southampton to Beaulieu (two routes).

- 1st. By steamer (4d., bicycle 3d.), nearly hourly, 9
 A.M. to 6 P.M., Sunday, 11 to 4; to
- -Hythe pier; mostly by bare heath, loose gravel, to
- —Beaulieu, 5 m. [—Lymington, 6½ m., loose, bare, hilly; watersplash and toll bridge, 1d.].

2nd. —Redbridge, 31 m.

- —Totton, ³ m. [—Cadnam, 4½ m.; —Lyndhurst Road Station, 3 m.].
 - L. over level crossing, past head of estuary (gate often

shut), up to

- —Ealing Church, $\frac{3}{4}$ m. Keep L., and follow telegraph poles until they cross fields; go past church (Marchwood) at pillar-box L., next fork R., by bare heath, loose, to
- —Northgate, 6½ m., entering woods through gate, on to L., to pretty lake with swans, &c., and Palace House, across
- —Beaulieu, 2½ m., picturesque, Abbey ½ m. on; An estuary runs 4 m. to the Solent.

PART III

A GAZETTEER OF HAMPSHIRE AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT

[Note.—The numbers in brackets immediately after the placenames refer to the pages of Part I. (Story and Scenery) on which the respective places are referred to in connection with the Itineraries to which they severally belong. The Index at the end of the volume should be used to supplement this Gazetteer so far as concerns such items as camps, hills, houses, &c.]

Abbots Ann.—A parish and village on the Anna, between 2 and 3 m. S.W. from Andover. The present church was built in 1716, and contains some of the paper adornments formerly hung on the arches at girls' funerals. The old church was connected with the Abbey of Cornelies in Normandy. In Red Rice House George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert were erroneously said to have been married.

ABBOTS WORTHY. - See King's Worthy.

Abbotston.—A parish and hamlet 2½ m. N.W. from Alresford.

There are some ecclesiastical and domestic ruins.

Aldershot (89).—A parish and town near the Surrey border, 3½ m. N.E. from Farnham and 35 m. from Waterloo. It is served by the South-Western and the South-Eastern lines. The former has stations at Aldershot town and at Farnborough, convenient for the South and North Camps respectively. The S.W.R. station called North Camp is not so handy for that locality as is the S.E.R. one on its Guildford and Reading branch. In Aldershot itself there is next to nothing of interest. The old parish church (St. Michael) is small and plain, but contains a couple of curious Tichborne monuments. (The military churches in the Camp have, of course, abundant military memorial tablets.) The whole town owes its being to the Camp, which, since 1854, has occupied the wide stretch of heath that runs away towards Farnborough, and covers

about 7 sq. m. Ten years ago the wooden huts were replaced by more substantial and commodious barracks of brick.

The road from Aldershot to Farnborough (4 m.) divides the Camp proper from the stretches of common and waste plain on the left, where the summer drills and the manœuvres and show parades are held. Of these the most southerly is Long Bottom, bounded on the south by Hungry Hill, and on the west by the bold hill (600 feet) known as Castar's Camp, with the remains of some apparently British entrenchments. North of Long Bottom, on the right hand, is Aldershot Common, with the Royal Pavilion and the Wellington statue from Hyde Park Corner. To the north-west of these is the Long Valley (with Twealdown Hill and the Steeplechase Course on the west), and farther north, across the Canal, Laffan's Plain and Cove Common, with some plantations on the west, Cove village on the north, and Farnborough Common on the east by the road.

On the road itself the following points may be noticed: the Royal Pavilion and All Saints' Church (opposite the Cavalry Barracks), the Officers' Club House (opposite the General Parade); and a little farther on, on the right, the Royal Engineers' quarters, the Nursery (opposite the Racecourse), and Government House just before reaching the Queen's Hotel and the conglomeration of villas and cottages known as Farnborough, though the station is nearly 2 m. away.

To the right of the road, as one looks from Aldershot, is the Camp proper. First of all come the Cavalry Barracks (E., W., and S.), which lie between the town and the Farnborough-Farnham road. Then, going north, one faces the Wellington Lines, which include the Talavera, Badajos, and Salamanca Barracks, and on the right the Royal Horse Artillery Barracks, with the Cambridge Hospital beyond. Next come the Stanhope Lines, comprising the Albuera, Barrosa, Corunna, Maida, and Mandora Barracks. St. George's Church is the most conspicuous building here, and shortly after passing it we cross the canal, and so leave the South Camp behind. Cranbrook Road runs past Oueen's Parade on the left and the Gymnasium on the right to the North Camp, where are the Marlborough Lines with its Blenheim, Malplaquet, Oudenarde, Ramillies, Tournay, and Artillery Barracks. These are bounded northwards by the Lynchford Road, which runs from the Queen's Hotel (see above) to the North Camp stations. Even in the present year, when so many troops are in South Africa, the Camp is full of bustle and activity: in normal times, hardly a day

passes, especially in summer, without some military operation or other in which even the least martial visitor will find much to interest him, in spite of the well-nigh intolerable dust.

Hotels—At North Camp: Queen's (with fine baths and inhalations. In Aldershot town: Royal, Victoria, Imperial.

ALICE HOLT, or ALDEN HOLT (126).—A royal forest (like Woolmer) between Binstead and Farnham, covering about 3 sq. m. Several stately trees attest the once thickly-wooded character of the forest, in which a good deal of rude British pottery has been found.

ALRESFORD, NEW (49).—Asmall market town 7 m. E.N.E. from Winchester. In early times it caught some of the reflection of Winchester's importance, and the Great Pond witnesses to a remarkable and partly successful attempt made by Bishop Godfrey de Lucy (c. 1200) to make the Itchen navigable from Southampton hither. It suffered time and again from fire. In the W. tower of the church there is a curious old stone crucifix. Silver coins minted by William the Conqueror have been found, and Miss Mitford and Archbishop Howley were natives. George Inn.

ALRESFORD, OLD (49).—A parish and village adjoining New Alresford. In the church (rebuilt 1753) are a curious early conical

chalice and the tomb of Admiral Lord Rodney.

ALTON (122).—A parish and small town in a hop district, some 9 m. S. W. from Farnham. In its history, which goes back to Saxon times, the main incident is its capture by the Parliamentary forces under Waller in 1643. One of the church doors still shows many bullet marks. In the church there are some fifteenth-century wall-paintings and some late brasses. Swan Hotel.

ALUM BAY, I.W. (204). - See Freshwater.

ALVERSTOKE.—A parish and pleasant village, largely residential, 2 m. from Gosport. The place takes its name from Alwara, a Saxon lady who bestowed the manor on the Bishops of Winchester. St. Mary's Church was first built in 1130, and contains interesting mementoes of the unfortunate 44th Regiment, of Afghanistan fame.

Ampfield. — A district parish connected with Hursley. The nearest station is Chandler's Ford (3 m.). Romsey is 4 m. away. Both church and churchyard are exceedingly neat.

Cranbury Park is in the neighbourhood.

AMPORT [St. Mary].—The name is a corruption of Anam-le-Port, the De Ports being a noted Norman family. A parish and village on the Anna 2 m. S. from Weyhill. The most interesting features of the church are the flamboyant tracery

of the chancel windows and the arches which support the tower. Amport House is the seat of the Marquis of Winchester.

ANDOVER (58).—A borough town with two railway stations, 18 m. from Salisbury, 67 from London. The town, which is well situated and the centre of the agricultural interests of N.W. Hants, dates from Saxon days, and was burnt during the civil wars of King Stephen. It was incorporated by John and visited by Henry VII. and James II. The church was rebuilt, apparently in imitation of Salisbury Cathedral, in 1848 by Dr. Goddard, the then headmaster of Winchester, but more interesting than the present structure are the reminiscences of its predecessor. These include the Venables monuments (in the aisles) and a very rich Late Norman doorway, which now forms one of the entrances to the churchyard. There are some slight remains of a priory built by the Conqueror. There can be small doubt that Andover was the site of a Roman station, and numerous earthworks and camps exist in the neighbourhood. these the most important, noteworthy for its deep fosse, is on Bury Hill, whence a very fine view of the valley of the Anna is obtained. Archæologists should also see the entrenchment at Balksbury, and the remains of the old ditch and ramparts, known as Devil's Dyke (near Tinker's Hill, 2 m. E. from Andover). Hotels-Star and Garter, White Hart. Andwell.-A small village and parish 21 m. W. from Hook

Andwell.—A small village and parish 2½ m. W. from Hook
Station and another mile from Basingstoke. At the Priory
Farm there are some remains of a Cistercian priory.

Anglesey.—A watering-place founded by the Marquis of Anglesey in 1826. There are good views and pretty surroundings. Stokes Bay Station is quite near. The Gillkicker is a tall

stone and brick pier which serves as a guide to vessels entering the harbour.

Appleshaw (84).—See Weyhill.

Arreton, I. W. (193).—A couple of parishes (N, and S. Arreton) and a straggling village 3 m. S.E. from Newport. The nearest station is Horringford (1 m.), on the Sandown branch. Prettily situated at the foot of Arreton Down (a chalk-hill commanding wide views, and with two Roman barrows) is the church. It is an old Roman building with some brasses of Saxon work and a low Perpendicular W. tower. There is a brass of 1430 and some monuments. Elizabeth Wallbridge, better known as Legh Richmond's "Dairyman's Daughter," lived here. Briddlesford, Blackwater (with railway station), Rookley, Merston (junction from St. Lawrence) are neighbouring hamlets.

- ASHE.—A parish and village 1½ m. E. from Overton Station. In the present church (rebuilt by Sir Gilbert Scott in 1878) there are some relics of the old structure, including a rood screen and a thirteenth-century piscina. The Test takes its rise close by.
- ASHEY, I.W.—The name given to that portion of the parish of Ryde (q.v.) which lies outside the municipal borough.
- Ashley.—A parish and village 3 m. S.E. from Stockbridge. Horsebridge (2 m.) is the nearest station. There is a Danish entrenchment and some traces of Roman camps. The church has several points of interest, e.g. the small Transition-Norman windows, the chancel arches, the Norman font, and the poor-box and bench-end, which are dated 1595.
- ASHMANSWORTH (75).—A small parish about equidistant (8 m.) from Whitchurch and Newbury. The church is Early English with some Norman traces,
- Avington (49).—A parish and village ½ m. S. from Itchen-Abbas Station, at the junction of the three rivulets which make up the Itchen. At Avington House the notorious Countess of Shrewsbury frequently received Charles II. In the park is the church of St. Mary, the mahogany fittings of which are said to have been taken from a Spanish prize.
- Awsridge.—A large hamlet in Michelmersh parish 21 m. N.W. from Romsey.
- BADDESLEY, NORTH.—A parish and picturesque village equidistant (3 m.) from Chandler's Ford and Romsey. The church is old, and exhibits varied styles of architecture. It contains a Jacobean pulpit, a chained Bible, and the tomb of one of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who had a commandery here.
- BADDESLEY, SOUTH.—A parish on the sea-coast, 2½ m. E. from Lymington. The Knights Templars had a preceptory here, the chapel of which was still standing in 1817.
- BANGHURST.—A village and parish 5 m. S. from Aldermaston (G.W.R.) Station. The old (Norman) church partly fell down in 1845, but the present building still boasts of an oak screen presented by Archbishop Warham.
- BARTON STACEY (14).—A parish and village at the head of the Test, 2 m. from Longparish Station, and about 6 m. from Andover. The Roman Winchester-Marlborough road traverses it, and there are some barrows and an entrenchment at Bransbury. The church is cruciform, and mainly English, with Perpendicular tower and screen-work.
- BASING (91).—A village and parish 2 m. N.W. from Basingstoke. St. Mary's Church has a twelfth-century font, two

fine chantry chapels, some tombs of the Paulets, and a Flaxman monument to one of the Dukes of Bolton. The story of Basing House is told elsewhere (p. 92). Winklesbury Circle is a vast entrenchment with vallum, and was used by Cromwell as a surveying post when pregaring for the attack

on Basing House.

Basingstoke (89). - A borough and market town on the Loddon, 48 m. from London. The South-Western main line is here divided into the Exeter (via Andover and Salisbury) and Weymouth (plus Southampton and Bournemouth) routes; there is also a G.W.R. connection with Reading. At the time of the Domesday Survey Basingstoke was a market town and royal possession. In 1261 Walter Merton (of Oxford fame) founded a hospital for aged priests near the church. The town received its first charter from James I., and at one time did a good trade in silk and woollen goods. Its present importance is, however, derived from its position on the railway and its convenience as an agricultural centre. Besides Walter Merton, the following eminent names are connected with Basingstoke: John le Basingstoke (d. 1252), a pioneer of Greek learning in England; Sir James Lancaster, an eminent Elizabethan seaman; Richard White, the historian (d. 1612); Sir George Wheler, the Oriental traveller (vicar of Basingstoke, and founder of the parish library kept in the church); Thomas Warton (vicar, d. 1745), and his sons Joseph (head-master of Winchester) and Thomas (poet-laureate and professor of poetry at Oxford). The church (St. Michael and All Angels) lies in the oldest part of the town, and is a fine specimen of Late Perpendicular. The nave was erected under the eye of Bishop Fox, of Winchester, and its pillars are particularly graceful. curious tracery of the windows deserves notice, and there are some seventeenth-century brasses. Close to the station -in an old cemetery known as the Litten (O.E. lic-tun, corpse enclosure), where some recumbent figures have been found-are the ruins of the Holy Ghost Chapel, "a once beautiful edifice in the Late Perpendicular style," erected for the Guild of the Holy Ghost by the first Lord Sandys and Bishop Fox in 1525. Parts of the south and east walls. and a hexagonal tower with the remains of a staircase, are all that survives; but several relics of the chapel, e.g. pulpit hangings and a rich altar frontal, are preserved at Mottisfont Abbey, near Romsey. The Town Hall and Corn Exchange are worthy buildings; the clock tower on the former commemorates the Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1887. Red Lion Hotel.

Beaulieu, or Bewley (169). —A parish and village at the head of a creek on Southampton Water. It can be reached from Lyndhurst (7 m.), Beaulieu Road (4 m.), Brockenhurst (5 m.), or Hythe (41 m.). The sole attraction is the Cistercian Abbey, founded by John in 1204, and possessing till the Dissolution the privilege of sanctuary, of which Margaret of Anjou and Perkin Warbeck, amongst others, availed themselves. The chief part of the remains is the refectory, which now has been turned to use as the parish church. measures 125 feet by 31, and has the features of late Early English architecture. The lancet windows of the sides and the triplet at the end are noteworthy; so is the raftered roof with its curiously carved bosses, and the moulded pulpit from which the silent monks used to listen at meal-times to sermons or historical lectures. Mary Do's monument and effigy, with an acrostic verse inscription, is on the N. wall. Through the N. door of the refectory one reaches the cloisters, where (on the E.) the entrance to the chapterhouse still stands, and where the fragments of the old building have been brought together. The dormitory lay on top of the buildings which occupied the W. side of the cloisters. and two doorways in the N. wall lead to the remains of the Great Church, the structure of which has been carefully examined, and the different parts demarcated by a low stone ground-plan. Of special interest is the circular apse with its double aisle and chapels. North of the Great Church are the remains of a traditional brewery, and beyond it the vineyard fields. The plot called Cheapside commemorates the old market-place. The abbey's fish-ponds are to the E. of the church. The Gate House, formerly the abbot's residence, has been restored, and is now, as Palace House, occupied by Baron Montagu. Inn-Montagu Arms.

Two miles off, on the W. bank of Beaulieu Creek, is the village of Buckler's Hard, where the second Duke of Montagu proposed to establish a town and docks in connection with the West Indian sugar trade; and where, a hundred years ago,

there was a good deal of naval shipbuilding.

Beauworth (O.E. beo-wyrthe, bee-farm).—A small parish and village 4 m. S. from Alresford. The church is not noteworthy. A large casket of new copper coins (William I. and II.) was found here in 1833.

Bedhampton.—A village and parish on Langston Harbour 1 m. W. from Havant Station. St. Thomas's (Gothic) Church is old and substantial; it has a good Norman chancel-arch, and some tablets to the Lee-Warner family.

Bembridge, I.W.—A parish and village at the mouth of Brading

Harbour, in the extreme E. of the island. There is a railway station and a ferry across the harbour to St. Helens. The church is modern, and contains some memorial windows and good oak stalls. Bembridge or Whitecliff Down was the scene of a French attack and defeat in 1546. The conspicuous obelisk on its summit commemorates the second Earl of Marlborough. There are golf and yacht clubs, large beds for oyster breeding, a heavily mounted battery, and a coast-guard station. Hotels—Royal, Spithead, Bembridge.

BENTLEY.—A village and parish with a railway station on the Alton branch, 4 m. W.S.W. from Farnham. The church, approached by an avenue of old yews, exhibits some good Late Norman, Early English, and Perpendicular work, and has a Norman font. An obelisk on the green commemorates the Diamond Jubilee of 1897.

BENTWORTH.—A tiny village 4 m. N.W. from Alton, the birthplace in 1588 of the poet George Wither, who sold the manor in order to raise a troop of horse for Cromwell. The church is Early English, and has a low gabled tower. Barkham House is in the neighbourhood.

Bighton.—A parish and village 2 m. N.E. from New Alresford.

The church is old, and has an interesting Norman squint and a font of Purbeck marble; its register dates from 1573.

Remains of a Roman villa have been found at Bighton-Woodshot.

BINSTEAD, I.W. (185).—A parish and small village in beautiful country on the Spithead shore, I m. W. from Ryde. The church was rebuilt in 1844 and again in 1876, and retains little except the chancel of its Early Decorated origin. An old Norman doorway forms one of the entrances to the churchyard, in which is a curious smuggler's tombstone. The scanty remains of Quarr Abbey lie \(\frac{1}{2}\) m. away, on the Newport road. They consist of the boundary wall, the cellarage, the kitchen walls, refectory, and (at the E.) what was probably the infirmary chapel. This latter contains a Perpendicular fireplace and the remains of a very fine triple arched screen. The abbey was founded in 1132 by Baldwin de Redvers, and was an influential Cistercian establishment until the Dissolution.

BINSTED.—A parish and village on the Wey, about 4 m. from Alton and 2 from Bentley Station. In the Westcott Chapel of the old Roman church of St. Cross may be seen a good Knight Templar monument (recumbent effigy). The low embattled tower and the capitals of the nave columns are noteworthy. The royal forests of Alice Holt and Wolmer are in this neighbourhood.

- Bishor's Surron.—A village and parish between Alresford (1½ m.) and Alton. An episcopal palace once existed here, and the site of its kennel is still traceable. The church has an early sixteenth-century brass, and some still earlier belfry arches and posts. The chancel is Early Decorated; the original Norman windows of the nave are notable for their smallness.
- BISHOPSTOKE.—A pleasant village and well-wooded parish on the Itchen, I m. S.W. from Eastleigh. The famous Bishop Bale was once rector here. At *The Mount*, a modern residence, there is a fine collection of British birds, and in the extensive park and grounds (frequently open) are some choice pines and cypresses.
- BISHOP'S WALTHAM.—A small town 10 m, from Winchester, connected with the main line by a short branch to Botley. It is mentioned in Domesday and by Leland. Henry II. held a Council here in 1182, and Richard Cœur de Lion enjoyed the town's hospitality. There may still be seen some of the remains (tower and front of hall) of the palace built by Henry de Blois, brother of King Stephen and Bishop of Winchester, and the sometime residence of William of Wykeham (who died here) and Margaret of Anjou (wife of Henry VI.). From the Abbot's Pond issues the Humble. To the S.E. is Waltham Chase, an enclosed common, formerly famous for its deer and deer-stealers, called the Waltham Blacks, and referred to by Gilbert White in his "Selborne." Crown Hotel.
- BISTERNE.—A little village between Ringwood (3 m.) and Christchurch (6 m.). Bisterne Park is a plain house in a pleasant situation.
- BITTERNE.—A parish and village on the Itchen estuary, across which floating bridges connect it with Southampton (2 m.) and St. Denys. There is a station called Bittern Road. In the grounds of Bitterne House are the slight remains of what is quaintly held to have been the Roman castellum *Glausentum*, which may have been erected to guard the approach to Winchester. Numerous inscriptions and other remains have been discovered, and portions of the thick flint walls are still standing.
- BLACKMOOR (127).—A parish and hamlet 4 m. N. from Liss Station.
 The beautiful church was designed by Alfred Waterhouse,
 R.A., and built at the expense of the first Lord Selborne
 (Blackmoor House). Roman coins and vases of the third
 century have been found here.
- BLACKWATER (105).—A village on the N.E. border, with a station on the S.E.R. Sandhurst and Wellington are near.

BLECHYNDEN.—A coastguard station and suburb of Southampton. BLENDWORTH. - A parish and small village on the edge of Bere Forest. The nearest station is at Rowland's Castle (3 m.). The chief attractions of the church are its new choir stalls and a beautiful alabaster font. The register (of the old church, now used as a mortuary chapel) dates from 1586.

BOARHUNT, -A parish and village 3 m. N.E. from Fareham. The font and the north chancel window are said to be Saxon, The latter is hidden on the inside by a good sixteenthcentury tomb. Strawberries are grown here. Fort Nelson is mounted with heavy guns, and is one of Portsmouth's hill defences. A pillar near the fort commemorates Nelson and Trafalgar, and serves as a sea-mark.

BOLDRE (158).—An extensive parish and village on a stream of the same name in the New Forest, 21 m. N. from Lymington. The church was built c. 1100, soon after the afforestation, a fact which rather discredits the old accounts of ruthless sacrilege and devastation. In the church are a well-preserved piscina and a monument to a Lymington M.P. of Charles I.'s time. William Gilpin, author of "Forest Scenery," was rector here, and is buried in the picturesque churchyard. hampton, Pilley, and East Boldre are in the vicinity.

Bonchurch, I.W. (210).—A parish and village (originally Boniface Church) adjacent to the east end of Ventnor. The scenery is charming, and there are some good houses. The old church (disused since 1848) is a tiny Early English building with a round-headed south doorway and a Flemish wooden cross over the altar. In the beautiful churchyard are buried John Sterling and Rev. William Adams, who wrote a number of Christian allegories, including "The Shadow of the Cross."

At Monks Bay the monks of Lire in Normandy used to land. Note the isolated masses known respectively as Pulpit Rock and Flagstaff Rock. East Dene is an Elizabethan house with some good portraits, and, in the grounds, the remains

of a Roman camp.

Bossington (19) .- A village 1 m. W. from Horsebridge Station. St. James's Church stands within the grounds of Bossington House. Froude the historian was fond of angling for trout and grayling in the stream here. The Roman road from Winchester to Old Sarum here crosses the Test, and on it various Roman remains have been found, notably a leaden pig (first century) now in the British Museum.

BOTLEY.—A parish and small town on Hamble Creek, with a railway station (junction for Bishops Waltham). There is some trade in flour and timber. Faithorn Farm was the

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home of William Cobbett, but his house has been rebuilt. A clock tower on the Market Hall (in which a British canoe is preserved) commemorates the 1897 Diamond Jubilee.

Dolphin Inn.

Bournemouth (178).—A borough and watering-place, formerly lying in the parishes of Holdenhurst and Christchurch, but since 1894 constituted a distinct parish. It is 107 m. from London, and has a couple of railway stations, the Central and the West, which are connected by a loop. Omnibuses run continuously from East (Pokesdown) to West (the county boundary). Until nearly the middle of the nineteenth century Burne-mouth was nothing more than a duck-decoy, but its growth since the erection of the Bath Hotel in 1838 has been rapid and persistent. This it owes to its combination of fine woods and sea attractions. It is said that there are three million pine-trees in the neighbourhood, and it is difficult to say whether Bournemouth is a watering-place in a forest or vice versa. The medicinal properties of the pines are very valuable in cases of chest complaints, and Bournemouth accordingly draws visitors in winter as well as summer, many of whom soon make the town a permanent home. It has the usual attractions: a pier with Dan Godfrey junior's band, charming public gardens, abundant excursions by sea and land, the former mainly to Swanage and the Isle of Wight, the latter chiefly coaching outings to the New Forest. Wimborne and Poole are not far away across the Dorset border. The Cliff Path from Boscombe to the Pier at Bournemouth and then on again to the series of chines lying W. of the town forms an admirable promenade, and steps have been made at frequent intervals for connection with the beach. The chines in order from Bournemouth are Durley (with bathing machines), Middle (in primitive wildness), Alum (large and running up to the suburb of Westbourne), Branksome (beyond the county boundary, wide and picturesquely evergreen). Farther on towards Poole Head are the Sugarloaf and Flag-Head Chines.

Bournemouth, the Sandbourne of Thomas Hardy's "Tess," has nothing to offer the antiquarian, but its churches furnish material for a good study of modern church architecture. St. Peter's is the mother church (in its beautiful graveyard lie William Godwin, Mary Wollstonecraft, their daughter—Shelley's wife—and other members of the Shelley family), and has a rich interior, the choir and windows being particularly handsome. Near it are the fine Presbyterian and Congregational churches, and, to the right, the Wesleyan church and

Roman Catholic oratory.

The shops are in the Old Christchurch Road and the Arcade; the golf links in Meyrick Park. Any attempt at an enumeration of the hotels must be a failure, but these may be specified: Royal Bath and East Cliff (with a valuable collection of statuary and pictures), Mont Dore (central), Imperial, Metropole, Highcliffe, Belle Vue, Royal Exeter, Pembroke, Granville, Dalkeith. Licences are somewhat reluctantly granted, and there are some good temperance houses; but the boarding-house system seems to be that which is most favoured in Bournemouth.

BOSCOMBE, 1½ m. E., has its own pier and chine gardens, and its own railway station. Freemantle is an adjoining district. Pokesdown (i.e. Pixies' Down) lies to the east. Springbourne is a N. suburb. Branksome Park is a wealthy residential neighbourhood just outside the W. boundary on

the way to Parkstone.

BRADING, I.W. (187).—A parish and small town at the head of Brading Harbour, here much reclaimed, 4 m. S. from Ryde. Until 1886 the town, which is very old, was governed by bailiffs and jurats, and had a seal inscribed "The Kyng's Towne of Brading." The church (restored about 1870) is Transition Norman and Early English, and is said to mark the spot where Archbishop Wilfrid of York baptized the people of the island in 686. There is an incised slab with effigy of 1441, and some very fine tombs, especially in the Oglander or S. chapel. Legh Richmond was curate here 1797-1805, and "Jane" is buried in the churchyard. A heavy iron ring in the High Street is a reminder of the days of bullbaitings, and the stocks and whipping-post are still preserved at the Town Hall. Nunwell, the home of the Oglanders, lies to the N.W. In 1880 a most interesting Roman villa was unearthed here, and is now carefully covered and protected. Many coins and pieces of pottery have been found. Alverstone is a little hamlet to the S.W.

BRADLEY.—A parish and small village 6 m. N.W. from Alton Station. The old lancet windows of the church are interesting. A British earthwork in Bradley Woods is known as

Hurst Castle.

Braishfield.—A hamlet lying between Michelmersh (2 m.) and

Romsey (3 m.).

Bramdean.—A parish and hamlet some 3½ m. N.E. from Ropley Station. The church of SS. Simon and Juda is a thirteenth-century structure, with several modern stained windows and a stone reredos. (See Woodcote for Roman pavement now at Winchester.)

Bramley (108).—A parish and pretty village 5 m. N. from Basing-

stoke, on the G.W.R. (Reading and Basingstoke branch). SILCHESTER (g.v.) is about 3 m. distant. Bramley Church is highly interesting, especially for its wall-paintings, the most noteworthy of which is the thirteenth-century representation of the murder of Thomas à Becket. There are two brasses of the sixteenth century, and monuments to Shaw, the Oriental traveller (d. 1751), and Bernard Brocas. A Perpendicular window contains some old glass, and a Perpendicular rood-screen divides the nave from the chancel. The font is Transition Norman, and there is a piscina in the sill of the Decorated window in the S. chancel. The churchwardens' account-books date from 1523.

Bramshaw (166).—A parish and village in the New Forest and on the Wilts border, 6 m. N.W. from Redbridge Station. The rebuilt church retains the old Early English window and

arch, and has a fine oak roof.

Bramshott (129).—A village and parish 1 m. N. from Liphook (q.v.) Station. St. Mary's Church is mainly Early English, with Perpendicular additions. It is cruciform in shape, and has a low central tower. Woolmer Lodge, Bramshott Grange, Fowley, and Downlands are picturesque seats: near the latter are the ponds known as "Wagners" Wells,"

BRANKSOME. - See Bournemouth.

Bransgore.—A village and modern parish near the Avon, 4 m. N.E. from Christchurch. Beech House (seventeenth century) stands in a pretty park, and its tower commands a wide view.

Breamore.—A parish and village on the Avon, 2½ m. N. from Fordingbridge, with a station on the Salisbury-Dorchester line. The place is mentioned more than once in Domesday, and its church dates beyond doubt from Saxon times, though parts of the present structure are of an Early Norman and even later character. A Saxon arch, the sole survivor of four, forms the S. support of the central tower, and this may be seen in the S. transept. On the S. side of the chancel is a fourteenth-century priests' door and window, and an interesting piscina of later date.

In 1132, Baldwin, first Earl of Devon, founded a priory of Black (Austin) Canons at Breamore, traces of the foundations of which, together with some stone coffins, may still be seen. To the priory's fifteenth-century occupants is probably to be attributed the circular maze cut in the turf on the downs near Breamore House, one wing of which dates from 1572, the remainder being a reconstruction of the part burnt down in

1856

Brillington (15, 47.)—A parish 1½ m. S. from Sutton Scotney (G.W.R.) and 3 m. W. from Mitcheldever (L. & S.W.R.)

St. Michael's Church was originally Norman (twelfth century). Coins have been found at Tidbury Ring,

an old camp.

Brixton, or Brighstone, I.W. (205).—A parish and pretty village on the S.W. coast, half-way (2 m.) between Shorwell and Brook, and 7 m. S.W. from Newport. The coast here is cut with a series of picturesque chines, through one of which (Grange Chine) the little Buddlehole stream makes its way to the sea. The church is of mixed styles, and has been indifferently restored. It has a Jacobean pulpit and a piscina. Bishops Ken (1667-1669), Samuel Wilberforce, and Moberley are on the roll of former incumbents. The lifeboat here has done good work. Limerston Manor-House, 1 m. E., was brought into the Tichborne family by Isabella, the heroine of the dole (see p. 50).

BROCKENHURST (158).—A parish and large village in the New Forest on the high-road from Lyndhurst to Lymington (41 m.). Its position on the railway is important, both as a centre for the Forest and as junction for (1) Lymington, (2) Dorchester and Weymouth. The situation and views are picturesque. The church is a mixture of Norman (Early and Late) and Early English; its square Norman font is quaintly figured, and should be compared with the one in Winchester Cathedral. Two huge trunks, yew and oak respectively, lend much beauty to the churchyard. John Howard, the prison reformer, once lived at Watcombe Farm,

Morant Arms Hotel.

BROOK, I. W. (205).—A parish and small village on the S.W. coast, 5 m. S.E. from Yarmouth, and as far again from Newport. The church dates from 1863, in which year its predecessor was burnt down. At Brook House (the present mansion is only a hundred years old) Henry VII. was entertained: here too Garibaldi stayed for a time in 1864. At Brook Point there are some curious remains of petrified trees.

BROOMY.—A tiny township, comprising a number of formerly extra-parochial places, 6 m. N.E. from Ringwood, in the

New Forest.

BROUGHTON (19) .- A pretty village on the (Roman) Winchester-Salisbury road, 3 m. N.W. from Andover. St. Mary's Church is mainly Transition Norman, partly Early English. There are traces of Roman occupation in the surrounding woods, Harmony Hall was the scene of a futile attempt to form a communism on the part of Robert Owen, the well-known Welsh socialist.

Burghclere.—A parish and village 4 m. S. of Newbury, with stations (Highelere and Burghelere) on the G.W.R. (Didcot 284

and Winchester branch). The old church (near Highclere Station) has been restored, but contains some good Early English windows. The births and deaths registers date from about 1560. The Earls of Carnarvon have a vault here. Sidown and Beacon Hills (on the latter of which is a noteworthy irregular intrenchment) command extensive views. The Seven Barrows and the Ladle Hill, with its circular camp of 8 acres, lie respectively S. and E. of Beacon

Buriton. - A parish and village 2 m. S. from Petersfield Station. The church has a twelfth-century Norman nave and an Early English chancel, with a good sedile, an aumbry, and a piscina. The rood-screen is a facsimile of the former (Perpendicular) one, and there are several monuments. Two famous personages were connected with Buriton, viz. Bishop Lowth, the Hebraist, who was born at the rectory in 1710, and Edward Gibbon, the historian, whose father lived at the Manor

Burley.—A parish and township in the S.W. corner of the New Forest, 21 m. N.E. from Holmsley Station. Burley Manor was royal property till the time of James I. At Burley Lodge are the fine oaks known as "The Twelve Apostles.

Bursledon (146).—A village and parish on the Hamble Creek, 41 m. E.S.E. from Southampton, with a station on the Fareham line. There was formerly some naval shipbuilding, and there is still coasting trade in coal and bricks. St. Leonard's Church has a Norman font, and one or two monuments.

Burton. - A pleasant village and parish on the Avon, 2 m. N. from Christchurch. Lamb and Southey spent the summer of 1797 here with a few other congenial spirits.

CÆSAR'S CAMP. - See Aldershot.

CALBOURNE, I.W. (198),—A parish and village 5 m. W.S.W. from Newport, with a station 1 m. N. from the village. The Early English church (All Saints) has been "restored" and modernised. The windows of the S. aisle and chancel are noteworthy. There is a very good fourteenth-century brass in the S. aisle; it commemorates one (which exactly is uncertain) of the Montagus (Earldom of Salisbury). Swainston and Westover are well-situated houses; the former has a good deal of historical interest. See Newton.

Calshot Castle 172).—See Fawley.
Candovers, The (46).—Three parishes and villages lying between Alresford and Basingstoke, on the Candover stream, which is one of the sources of the Itchen. Brown CANDOVER is the most southerly, and is some 5 m, from Alresford. Its church is of recent date, but contains an old oak chair with a carved representation of the temptation of Eve, and an early sixteenth-century brass. The old Italian altar-rails were formerly in Northington Church. CHILTON CANDOVER is I m. N.E., and has a long avenue of fine old yews. PRESTON CANDOVER is another mile to the N.E. and 8 m. from Basingstoke. In the mortuary chapel, which was the chancel of the old church, there is a brass with an effigy and an inscrip-

tion to Catherine Dalridgecourt (1607).

Carisbrook, I.W. (195).—A parish and village 1 m. S.W. from Newport, from which rather than from its own station it is best reached. A large Roman villa (fee 6d.) was not long ago discovered, and Cerdic the Saxon was busy here in 530. William Fitz Osborn, first governor of the island, built a castle (fee 4d.) which was often repaired and enlarged. In it Charles I. lay a prisoner for fourteen months (his bedchamber is shown), and here too his children were confined. Decay and restoration sum up its subsequent history. The irregular keep is perhaps the oldest part of the remains. A walk of nearly a mile surrounds the buildings (which belong to the Crown), and has beautiful and varied views.

St. Mary's Church is a large and outwardly handsome building in a pleasing position. It has a stately tower, but the interior is very disappointing, the chancel which Walsingham (Elizabeth's Secretary of State) pulled down, having never been rebuilt. There are a few interesting monuments and a couple of early sepulchral slabs. The register contains an entry referring to the appearance of the Armada. N. of the church there once existed a Benedictine priory founded

by Fitz Osborn, but nothing remains of it.

Other places of interest at Carisbrook are the Dominican Convent (built 1866), the Albany Barracks, Parkhurst Prison, and the workhouse for the whole island.

Hotels-Castle, Eight Bells, Red Lion.

CATHERINGTON.—A parish and village 4 m. N.W. from Rowland's Castle Station. Cp. Horndean. Part of the church is good Early Norman with a massive embattled tower, and there are monuments to Chief-Justice Sir Nicholas Hyde (d. 1631) and his lady, and some mural tablets to members of the Napier family. In the churchyard lie Admiral Sir C. J. Napier, and Edmund Kean's wife, son and son's wife. At Catherington House Queen Charlotte was a guest before her trial (1820); at Hinton House, an old residence of the Clarendons, James II. (Duke of York) may have married Anne Hyde. Bere Forest is not far away.

CHALE, I.W. (209).—A parish and village on the S.W. coast 1½ m. from St. Catherine's Point and 3 m. W. from Whitwell Station. Chale Bay was the scene of the wreck of the Clarendon in 1836, witness to which is borne by the graves in the churchyard. Blackgang Chine is a fearsome chasm with a sheer drop of 400 to 500 feet; near it is St. Catherine's Hill (800 feet), the highest point in the island. Gotten Farm preserves the name of Walter de Godyton, who in 1323 built a chapel and lighthouse on top of the hill, now represented by a little tower. The column was erected to commemorate the visit of the Czar, Alexander I., in 1814; a tablet has since been added to it in memory of Englishmen who fell in the Crimea.

Little of the original Norman church now remains, and the building is uninteresting. It is here that the military road to Freshwater starts, a road not to be recommended to those who wish to see the cliffs and shore. There are some traces of Decorated work at Chale Farm.

Hotels-Blackgang Chine, Clarendon.

Chalton.—A parish on the Sussex border 4 m. N. from Rowland's Castle. The village is pleasantly situated near the downs, and its picturesque thirteenth-century church (whose registers date from 1538) has a low side-window in the chancel. There are some barrows in the vicinity.

Chandler's Ford.—A village on the Eastleigh and Salisbury branch, 2 m, from the former station and 5 m, from Romsey. The climate and scenery have combined to make the village decidedly a favourite one. Keble's parish of Hursley is only 3 m. away.

CHARFORD (179).—See Hale.

Chawton (123).—A parish and small village in a well-watered valley 1½ m. S.W. from Alton Station, most famed as the home, during a portion of her life, of Jane Austen. The church, except the chancel, has been rebuilt since the fire of 1871. There are monuments, including a good seventeenth-century recumbent effigy, of the Knight family. Chawton Park is largely an Elizabethan mansion.

Cheriton (51).—A parish and pretty village 2½ m. S. from New Alresford Station. The Early English church of St. Michael has a noteworthy chancel with several of the original lancets. Bishop Edyngdon of Winchester was once rector here. In Lamberry Lane, N.E. of the village, are some mounds indicating the burial-place of the combatants who fell in "Alresford Fight" (March 29, 1644), a stiff tussle in which Waller and the Parliament troops defeated the Royalist forces, and so secured Winchester and the West.

CHILBOLTON (16).—A parish and village on the Test 1½ m. N.E. from Fullerton Station, and rather less from Wherwell. Æthelstan granted it to the See of Winchester, to which it belonged at the time of the Domesday Survey. The church is Early Decorated, and the wooden screen, pulpit, and lectern are good pieces of Perpendicular carving. Thomas Tuft is commemorated by a brass in the church, and the more famous Sir William Jones, the Eastern traveller and linguist, lived for a time in the village. The trout in the Test, which runs by Chilbolton Common, are large and wary.

CHILCOMB.—A parish (the Ciltecombe of Domesday) and picturesque village on the Itchen 2 m. S.E. from Winchester. St. Catherine's Hill and other chalk downs are in the parish. St. Andrew's Church is small but has two interesting windows, the E. one with its quatrefoil surmounting two square-headed lights, and an early low side one. The neighbourhood produces

good lime.

CHILLERTON, I.W. — A scattered hamlet in Carisbrook parish.

Billingham House (in Shorwell parish) is a good Georgian
mansion with a fine staircase. Chillerton Vale is a narrow
gorge through the chalk downs.

CHILWORTH.—A parish on the Romsey-Portsmouth road. The nearest station is Chandlersford (2½ m. N.E.). The church was rebuilt in 1812 and restored in 1895, but is not note-

worthy.

Christchurch (174).—A borough town and parish lying in the angle formed by the junction of the Avon and the Stour where they enter the sea; 25 m. from Southampton and 5 m. from Bournemouth. Besides its railway advantages as a station on the direct Bournemouth route, it has communication with Ringwood (9 m. N.). Such harbour as there is is

quite blocked with shoals.

Tradition places the scene of Hengist's second invasion on the coast here, but the history of Christchurch begins in 901, when the Saxon chronicler tells us that Tweoneatham was captured by Ethelwold in the course of his struggle against Edward the Elder. Domesday speaks of Thuinham as a borough and royal manor, and about this time the Augustinian priory of Christchurch began to give its name to the place. Richard Redvers, Earl of Devon, fortified it early in the twelfth century; the remains of his castle may still be seen. Edward VI. came to Christchurch for the sake of his health, and a century later Lord Goring held it with some fighting against the Parliamentary forces. Louis Philippe, when Duke of Orleans, lived for a while at the house which occupies the site of the old priory. Christchurch proper has 288

a population of about 4000, but as a Parliamentary borough it includes Bournemouth, and has 55,000 inhabitants.

Salmon are fairly plentiful in the estuary, and there is some sea-fishing. The main industry ashore is the manufacture of fusee chains and hooks for clocks and watches. The church (Holy Trinity) was originally the chapel of the priory. Rufus handed it over to Flambard, who rebuilt it in 1095; at the Dissolution Henry VIII. made it the parish church. Seen from the outside, the absence of a central tower creates an unpleasing impression and provokes unfavourable comparison with Wimborne. But the beauty of the arcaded turret on the exterior of the N. transept affords a certain compensation.

An avenue of elms leads to the beautiful Early English porch, 40 feet long, through which one enters the church. After paying the fee, almost the first thing noticed is the Shelley monument in the N. chancel aisle. The seven - bayed nave, a perfect specimen of Roman arcade and triforium, ornamented with hatchet work. The clerestory is a good In the N. transept, notice the low round arches with their plain soffits, in the S. transept the Perpendicular clustered pilasters. Through a fine sixteenthcentury rood-screen the choir is reached, in some respects the most intesting part of the church. The roof has four bays, and is richly groined; many traces of its colouring are still visible. The canopied stalls have most grotesquely The reredos represents the stem of carved misericords. Jesse with its various branches running into niches, each of which holds a statue. The figure of the Virgin and Child in the centre are very curious. On the S. side of the altar are Flaxman's monument (1815) of the Viscountess Fitzharris teaching her children, and the tomb, with effigy, of the Countess of Malmesbury (1876). On the N. side is the mortuary chapel, Late Perpendicular, of Margaret, Countess of Salisbury (beheaded 1541), the ceiling of which shows clear traces of emblematic decoration. Near it, in the N. choir aisle, are two more small chantries, and still another, at the E. end of the aisle, contains an altar-tomb, with effigies of Sir John Chydike and his lady, the former in armour.

The Lady Chapel is at the extreme E. end of the church. Built late in the fourteenth century, its groined vault seems to have served as the model for that of the choir. The remains of the screen above the heavy stone altar witness to its former grandeur. There are a couple of recessed altartombs, and a slab in the pavement bears the Countess of Strath-

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more's tribute to "the most delightful, pure, and sacred, yes most rare, of all connections, a perfect and disinterested friend." In the S. choir aisle is a chapel of the Transition period, and further west the chantries of John Draper, the last prior, and Robert Harys. A slight extra charge is levied for admission to the roof and tower, but the wide view from the latter should not be missed, and the steps lead-

ing to the top are in very sound condition.

Besides the church, and the castle, and the Norman house, an interesting remnant of twelfth century domestic architecture, no one should miss the Natural History Museum in High Street, where there is a large and well-arranged collection of local birds. There are traces of a couple of camps and some mounds, as well as of the foundations of a small chapel on St. Catherine's Hill, 2 m. N. from Christchurch, whence a fine view is obtained. Sopley and Southburne-on-Sea (qq. v.) are within easy distance. A two-mile walk to the mass of ironstone rock on the W. of the harbour, known as Hengistbury Head, is repaid by the far-reaching sea and land views gained from the top of this headland.

Hotels-King's Arms, White Hart.

CHURCH OAKLEY (3).—A parish and village some 5 m. W. from Basingstoke and nearly a mile N. from Oakley Station. The flint church (St. Leonard) was rebuilt about 1500 by Archbishop Coxsham. His arms and crest, private and official, may yet be seen on the W. door, and a stained window further commemorates him. Amongst other family monuments is a brass (1487) to the Archbishop's parents. At Malshanger a high octagonal tower still marks the old home of the Warehams. Manydoun and Tangier are also houses which largely recall the past. Oakley Park is really in the parish of Deane.

CLANFIELD.—A parish and village 5 m. N.W. from Rowland's Castle. The church was rebuilt in 1879, but retains the

W. window and font of its predecessor.

CLATFORD (81). -- A railway station 2 m. S. from Andover on the line to Fullerton and Redbridge. Goodworth (or Lower Clatford is near, and has a church with nave pillars of varying styles, an Early English chancel, and an arcaded Late Transition Norman font. Upper Clatford is \$\frac{1}{2}\$ m. N., and its church has even more striking curiosities, viz. a two-arched arcade between nave and chancel, and two plain Norman doors in the aisles.

CLIDDESDEN.—A parish and pleasant village, 2 m. S. from Basingstoke, and just W. from Hackwood Park. St. Leonard's

Church was rebuilt in 1868, and restored in 1890.

COLBURY.—A parish in the New Forest 1 m. from Lyndhurst Road Station. The church is quite modern. The New Forest Union Workhouse is located here. Langley Manor is a pleasant mansion, with charming and extensive view.

Colden Common.—A parish and village, 2½ m. from Shawford Station, and 5 m. from Winchester. There is some brick-making. Brambridge is a neighbouring hamlet, with one or two good houses.

COLDREY .- A tiny parish of three or four houses 1 m. N. from

Bentley Station.

COLEMORE (124).—A parish and hamlet in pretty country, equidistant (6 m.) from Alton and Petersfield Stations. The little flint church is partly Transition Norman, partly Early English, and has a Norman font of Purbeck marble and an old oak chancel-screen.

COMBE (73).—A remote and wild parish and small village sheltered by Inkpen Beacon, near the Berks and Wilts borders. Oakburn Priory, which once existed here, was attached to the Abbey of Bec in Normandy. Walbury Camp, an extensive British earthwork, is on the downs above the village.

COMPTON (56).—A parish and village on the Itchen, close to Shawford Station, and 2½ m. S. from Winchester. The small Norman church has an elaborate doorway, a plain Late Norman font, and a monument to Bishop Huntingford. There are some barrows on the downs, and traces of a Parliamentary camp dating from the days of Cromwell's attack on Winchester.

COPYTHORNE.—A parish on the Wilts border 2½ m. N.W. from Lyndhurst Road Station. It includes the villages of Winsor, Bartley, Cadnam, and Newbridge, and several manors. In Paulton's Park is a long, narrow lakelet formed by a tribu-

tary of the Test.

CORHAMPTON (133).—A parish and small village 4 m. N.E. from Bishop's Waltham. With Meon Stoke and Exton, it combines to form a good-sized village. The church is a remarkably well-preserved Early Norman structure, with projecting stone ribs. The ornamented square stone in the S. wall was most likely a sundial. In the S. wall of the chancel is an old stone chair which used to stand near the altar steps. There is a curious cylindrical font. The fine yew-tree in the churchyard has a girth of over 25 feet, and has been said to be 1000 years old. There are barrows on the neighbouring downs.

COSHAM.—A parish and small town (combining the former, Widley and Wymering), 4 m. N. from Portsmouth, with a railway station. Besides the church, the board school is utilised for Episcopal worship, a portion being screened off as a chancel. Just across Portbridge Creek is Hilsea, with its Artillery Barracks and long military lines of bastions and demi-bastions. George and Dragon Inn.

Cove.—A parish and village 1 m. W. from Farnborough Station.

The church is a modern cruciform building.

Cowes, I.W. (198).—A seaport town and parish on the W. bank of the Medina estuary, at the extreme N. of the island. There is steamboat communication every few hours with Southampton; but the Portsmouth-Ryde route is the more convenient passage from the point of view of train connections. The railway runs inland to Newport, and thence all over the island, and there is a floating bridge across the Medina to East Cowes. The town was a mere handful of cottages before the foundation of the Royal Yacht Club in 1812. It is now both handsome and populous. Little can be said of the town, as all the interest of the place lies in its shipping. The harbour is large, the anchorage safe. There is good bathing at Egypt Point. The R.Y.S. clubhouse occupies one of Henry VIII.'s circular forts, once known as the West Cow. The churches are modern. Cowes Week comes early in August. Hotels - Marine, Gloster, Globe, Fountain.

COWES, EAST, I.W. (198).—A town and parish on the E. bank of the Medina estuary (cp. Cower). The church was built in 1833, and enlarged in 1868-70. There is a good deal of shipbuilding, especially at White's torpedo-boat yard. East Cowes Castle and Norris Castle are handsome eighteenthcentury houses; almost adjoining the latter on the south is Osborne. The Queen has a private landing-place at East Cowes. Slatwoods, a villa in Old Road, was the early home of Arnold of Rugby. Hotels-Prince of Wales', Royal Medina.

CRAWLEY (45) .- A parish and village 4 m. E. from Stockbridge Station. The wooden pillars of the nave of St. Mary's Church should be compared with those at Old Alresford. There is a piscina in the sill of the squint on the N. side. A former rector, Michael Renniger, was chaplain to Queen Elizabeth, and is commemorated by a brass (1609). In the grounds of the rebuilt Crawley Court is a tennis-lawn, originally prepared for George IV., who occasionally stayed at Rookley, 3 m. S.W. Near Crawley there are some beautiful views.

CROFTON (cp. Lee-on-the-Solent) .- A parish and amalgamation of several hamlets on the shores of the Solent, N.W. of Stokes According to Domesday there was a chapelry of Bay. 292

Croftune attached to Ticefield monastery. The Church of Holy Rood contains some peculiarly rich stained glass, and the chancel walls are decorated with figures of the apostles painted on tiles.

CRONDALL.—A parish and village 4 m. W.N.W. from Farnham Station, on the Silchester Roman road. Maulth (i.e. Sheep) Way is an old British road running towards Bagshot. All Saints' Church is a fine Transition Norman building, with some good brasses, one of them (Nicholas de Kaerment, rector, 1360-1381) being particularly striking. At Barley Pound is an ancient encampment near which, in 1815, a good tessellated Roman pavement and some Roman coins were found. In 1828 again, about 100 Merovingian and other early French gold coins were discovered on Emshott Heath, near an earthwork called Casar's Camp.

CROOKHAM.—A parish and village 3 m. S.W. from Fleet Station, and 4 m. E.N.E. from Oldham. The church is modern, and has some memorial windows.

CRUX EASTON (75).—A parish and small village equidistant (3½ m.) from the G.W.R. Station at Burghclere and Litchfield, which takes its name from one Croc or Crook, who owned it at the time of the Domesday Survey. Some Roman and Norman remains have been found. Pope sometimes visited his friend Lisle at the Manor House. This gentleman had twenty children, and the grotto built by nine of his daughters was thus commemorated by the poet:

"Here shunning idleness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;
The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,
Pure as her soul and shining as her fame:
Beauty which nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces art;
But fate disposed them in this humble sort,
And hid in deserts what would charm a court."

CURDRIDGE.—A parish 3 m. S.W. from Bishop's Waltham, and not far from Botley Station. The handsome church was erected in 1887 from designs by T. G. Jackson, R.A. An embattled W. tower contains a clock and a brass inscription commemorating the 1897 Jubilee. William Cobbett once lived at Fairthorne.

DAMERHAM, SOUTH.—A parish and village 21 m. W. from Fordingbridge Station, transferred in 1895 from Wilts to Hants. One of the Saxon queens was known as Elfleda of Damerham. St. George's Church is Early English; one of its bells is dated 1666. There was at one time a good deal of weaving.

The village suffered from fire in 1863.

Dean, East.—A parish on the Wilts border, 7 m. N.W. from Romsey, and 1 m. from Dean Station. There is a little Early English church with a wooden belfry. Holbury, where some Roman remains have been found, was once a manor owned by Edward VI. West Dean is in Wilts.

DEANE.—A parish and pretty village near Oakley Park, 11 m. S.W. from Oakley Station. The church dates from 1818, and has good Belgian glass in the E. window. Deane

House is an Early Elizabethan mansion.

DENMEAD.—A recently formed parish on the N. of Bere Forest, equidistant (6 m.) from Havant and Cosham Stations. A farmhouse represents its old chapel, which was desecrated at the time of the Reformation. Hipley is the largest hamlet in the parish.

DIBDEN (formerly DEEP DENE).—A parish and village 4 m. S. from Redbridge Station, and bordering on Southampton Water.
In the Early English church of All Saints (the tower is

quite modern) is an old font.

Dogmersfield.—A parish (the Ormesvelds of Domesday) on the Basingstoke Canal, 2 m. S. from Winchfield Station, and 2½ m. E. by N. from Odiham. Dogmersfield Park is a handsome residence in a well-timbered and well-watered demesne. The Archbishops of Canterbury once had a palace here, and Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, once owned the manor. The house has some valuable portraits of the Stuart period, and a very rich Italian vase.

DROXFORD.—A parish and small town on the Meon, 5 m. E. from Bishop's Waltham. The church is partly Early Norman (N. and S. doorways and chancel arch) and partly Early English (nave arcades, with massive square piers). In the N. aisle is the stone effigy of a widow, found about 1820 in Palace meadow, the supposed site of a priory. At the rectory is a collection of old theological

books, belonging to the church. White Horse Inn.

DUMMER.—A parish and secluded village 5 m. S.W. from Basingstoke. According to Domesday there was a church here in 1086, but the present structure dates from the thirteenth century. The W. porch, wooden belfry, pulpit, and canopy are Perpendicular. There is a low side-window, and some interesting brasses with rhymed inscriptions. George Whitfield was curate here for a time, and Hervey wrote some of his "Meditations" in the neighbourhood. In 1888 some very old burial urns (Stone Age) were excavated, and

removed to the Southampton and Reading museums. The old Dummer Manor House, with its thick fourteenth-century walls, stands in a grove near the church. Kempshott House was used as a hunting-box by George IV. when Prince Regent. It was a manor (Campessete) when Domesday Survey was made.

DUNBRIDGE.—A railway station on the Eastleigh-Salisbury line, 3 m. N.W. from Romsey, and convenient for the village of Mottisfont.

DURLEY.—A parish and small village 3 m. N. from Botley Station and about 3½ m. W. from that at Bishop's Waltham. The church is an Early English cruciform building dating from the thirteenth century. The late Sir William Jenner, M.D., lived at Greenwood House.

EASTLEIGH.—A hamlet of Bishopstoke, which is 1 m. E. An important railway centre both as junction for Stokes Bay and Portsmouth, Southampton Docks and Isle of Wight, Southampton West, Bournemonth and Weymouth, Romsey and Salisbury; and as the location of the L. & S.W.R. carriage-works, which employ close on 1500 hands and cover nearly forty-five acres. It is the Crewe or the Swindon of Hants. The church is modern and handsome, and there is a large Railway Institute with extensive library, &c.

EASTON.—A parish and village on the Itchen, 2 m. from Itchen-Abbas Station, 3 m. N.E. from Winchester (pleasant field-paths), and not far from the three Worthy villages. The church is mixed Norman and Early English, with a rich horse-shoe chancel arch. A mural tablet to Mrs. Barlow (wife of a sixteenth-century Bishop of Chichester) tells the fate of her five daughters, who married five bishops.

ECCHINSWELL.—A pretty village (the living goes with Sydmonton) 2 m. N.E. from Burghclere Station (G.W.R.), and a similar distance W. from Kingsclere. The church is modern; it has some good windows, and a fine oak screen and lych-gate. The name, which means Oak-well, is often corrupted into Itchingswell.

ELDON.—A parish and manor 5 m. N. from Romsey and 2½ N.E. from Mottisfont Station. The old manorial chapel (Early English) is used for worship occasionally, being served from Mottisfont.

ELING.—A parish and village at the head of Southampton Water, 1 m. S. from Totton Station. In late Saxon times the manor was under obligation to entertain the king for half a day whenever he should pass it. At the time of Domesday it had a church, two mills, a fishery, and a saltern. The pre-

sent church (restored since 1865) possesses a rude Romanesque arch at the E. end of the N. aisle, which may have been part of the Saxon edifice.

The register dates from 1518.

ELLINGHAM (178).—A parish on the Ringwood-Fordingbridge road, near the Avon, on the Dorset border, 3 m. N.E. from Ringwood Station. A priory was founded here in 1163, and was attached to the abbey of S. Sauveur le Vicomte in Normandy till Henry VI. gave it to Eton. The church is mainly Early English. There are some priors' tombs and a double piscina in the chancel, and a square canopied pew belonging to Moyles Court. Over the good oak rood-screen is a blocked rood-loft, where the rood itself is said to exist. The picture of the Last Judgment on the W. wall is by the Flemish painter Golzius, and was brought from a church in Cadiz in 1702 by Admiral Lord Windsor, who presented it here as an altar-piece. Lady Alice Lisle, perhaps the most noted victim of the Bloody Assize, is buried in the churchyard, close to the S. wall of the church; there is a monument to her mother, Alice Beconsawe, in the nave.

Ella, king of the South Saxons, defeated the Britons here, and so gave the place its name. In Plantagenet times the parish had two churches; the present church is Early English, with a tower rebuilt in 1885. There are some circular earthworks to the S.W. of the village.

ELSON.—A hamlet on Portsmouth Harbour, 2 m. N. from Gosport, combining with Hardway to form a parish. Forts Elson and Brockhurst, forming part of the Portsmouth defences, are near at hand.

ELVETHAM (110).—A parish and village about 2½ m. N.W. from Fleet Station, and rather farther N.E. from Winchfield Station. The church, restored in 1841, has still some signs of its Norman origin. At Elvetham Hall (nearly all modern) the Earl of Hertford entertained Queen Elizabeth and her suite for four days in most splendid style,

Empshorr (125).—A parish nearly 4 m. N.W. from Liss Station, at the source of the Rother. The small Early English church has an ancient oak-glazed belfry, and a handsome early rood-screen. The font is also ancient. The road to Liss may be

varied by going via Hawkley Hanger (q. v.).

Emsworth.—A parish and small town 2 m. E. from Havant, with a station on the L.B. & S.C.R., situated at the head of a creek. It carries on a fair trade in shipbuilding, sail, net, and rope making, coal, timber, and flour. The oyster fisheries are considerable, and the pretty harbour is a favourite 296

wintering station for yachts. Fig-trees flourish in the gardens. Crown Inn.

ENHAM (66).—A hamlet near Andover.

EVERSLEY (105).—An extensive parish and village 51 m. W. from Winchfield Station, and about 3 m. from Wellington College Station (S.E.R.). The brick church, which has a pinnacled western tower, contains an interesting inlaid brass cross (1502), and some other monuments. In the churchyard lies Charles Kingsley, rector from 1844 to 1875. In the Chequers Inn may be seen some fifteenth-century carved beams.

In this parish is Bramshill Park, a magnificent Early Jacobean mansion (not usually shown to visitors) with seventeenthcentury terraces and gardens, and a park of 600 acres, with some fine Scotch firs. Bramshill was founded by Edward. Lord Zouche, between 1607 and 1612. It was a time when several stately English houses in the South sprung up. Hatfield was founded in 1611, Holland House in 1607, Longford Castle in Wiltshire in 1612, Chorlton in Kent in 1612, Audley End in Essex in 1616. The present state of these great houses is described by Gwilt as "perfect."

EWHURST .- A small parish in the N. Downs between Basingstoke (6 m.) and Kingsclere (3 m.). The church (St. Mary) has been rebuilt; the old structure went back to the thirteenth century. The Manor House is well placed in a park which

is further ornamented by a pretty artificial lake.

Ewshorr.—A recently formed parish 3 m. N.W. from Farnham, between Crondall and Crookham.

Exbury .- A parish and village where the Beaulieu River enters the Solent, nearly opposite Cowes. Brockenhurst Station is 10 m. to the N.W. The neighbourhood abounds in fine oaks, and some white brick-clay is found. There is a monument in the church to Colonel Mitford, the historian of Greece, who once resided at Exbury House. There is a coastguard station at Lepe.

Exton. — A parish and village on the Meon, close to Corhampton and Meon Stoke, and 5 m. from Bishop's Waltham. Its little church (rebuilt in 1847) has an interesting piscina and some tablets, one with a chronogram, to members of the Young family. On Old Winchester Hill (2 m. E.) there are some Roman earthworks and barrows. Fragments of pottery and a silver denarius of the seventh legion have been found.

FACCOMBE.—A parish in the N.W. corner, 4½ m. W. from Burghclere (G.W.R.) Station, and about 8½ m. N. from Andover. The church is modern. The Manor House, a modern building, is pleasantly situated.

FAIR OAK.—A modern parish 3 m. E. from Eastleigh. Fair Oak
Park and Fair Oak Lodge are pleasant seats; at the latter is

a small lake with a good collection of water-fowl.

FAREHAM (the Fernham of Domesday Book).—A parish and market town at the head of the western arm of Portsmouth Harbour. The lines to Portsmouth and Gosport here diverge, and there is a branch to Netley and Southampton. Besides the two main thoroughfares (West Street—E. and W., and High Street—N. and S.) there are some good roads with private houses. Water, lighting (electric), and drainage are all good. A tanyard, steam flour-mill, and some potteries are all thriving, and there is a fair export trade, as vessels of 300 tons can lie at the quay. The parish church (St. Peter) has been rebuilt, the old Early English chancel having been restored as a side chapel for week-day services. On the hills N.E. of the town are some of the Portsmouth defences; they afford commanding sea views. The County Lunatic Asylum, with its large farm, at Knowle (3 m. N.N.W.), lies within the parish. Red Lion Hotel.

FARLEIGH WALLOP.—A parish 4½ m. S. from Basingstoke, named after the Wallop family, from which the Earls of Portsmouth, whose family vault is here, are descended. At the old mansion (burnt 1661) Queen Elizabeth was the guest of Sir Henry Wallop in 1591. It is interesting to note that she

stayed several times in Hants.

FARLEY CHAMBERLAYNE.—A somewhat remote parish 5½ m. N.E. from Romsey, and 6 m. S.W. from Winchester. In the small church (St. John), which has a wooden belfry, there are some good monuments (one a recumbent effigy, 1600) to members of the St. John family. Farley monument (1 m. N.) is 30 feet high and a striking landmark. It was erected over a century ago to commemorate a favourite hunter's famous leap.

FARLINGTON.—A parish on the Havant (2 m.)—Fareham road. The handsome Early English church (restored 1872-75) contains a twelfth-century piscina and one or two cross-legged effigies. There is a well-mounted redoubt, and extensive waterworks and reservoirs for supplying Ports-

mouth, with its suburbs and defences.

FARNBOROUGH (cp. Aldershot).—A parish and town on the Surrey border, with L. & S.W.R. and S.E.R. Stations. The most interesting thing at Farnborough proper is the Catholic Memorial Church, erected by the ex-Empress Eugénie (who resides at Farnborough Hill) for the remains (removed here in 1888 from Chislehurst) of Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial. Admission (fee, 1s.) is gained through a gate near the 298

L. & S.W.R. Station, and an attendant from the adjoining Premonstratensian monastery conducts visitors to the beautifully paved mausoleum, situated beneath the chancel, and afterwards to the chapel itself, which is a most striking building of white Bath stone in Renaissance style. The location of the chapel, on a slight hill embowered with evergreen trees, over which the cupola rises, can be well appreciated from the railway W. of the S.W.R. Station.

Farnborough Church is within the grounds of Farnborough Park. The walls of the nave are good Early English, and there is a beautiful Perpendicular wooden south porch. Aldershot North Camp lies within the parish, and has greatly contributed to its growth. There are some pleasant seats and picturesque views in the vicinity. Queen's Hotel.

FARRINGDON.—A parish and village near the Alton (3 m.)-Gosport road. Gilbert White was curate of the little Early English

church from 1761 to 1785.

FAWLEY (172).—A parish and village on the W. of Southampton Water, 9½ m. E. from Brockenhurst Station. There was a church here in pre-New Forest days, and the present structure retains a fine Norman W. door and three piscinas. In the charming neighbourhood are some attractive residences, among them Cadland House in a beautifully timbered park, Forest Lodge with its Chinese pagoda and bridge and an observatory, and Eaglehurst, all commanding extensive views of wood and water. Calshot Castle, first erected by Henry VIII., is a fort administered by the War Department, and manned by artillery and engineers. It occupies the extreme point of a headland of shingle at the mouth of Southampton Water.

FINCHDEAN,—A hamlet 1 m. N. from Rowland's Castle Station.

Cp. Idsworth.

FISHBORNE, I.W.—A hamlet at the mouth of Wootton (q.v.)

Creek, once fortified (1535) against French invasion, and

now mainly a wintering place for yachts.

FLEET (109).—A parish and village on both sides of the Basingstoke Canal, with a railway station 11 m. E. from Basingstoke. The church is modern, and contains the tomb of its donor and his wife, with recumbent effigies. Fleet Pond is Crown property. It covers 130 acres, and used to supply fish to the monks of Winchester. The large and high common is being built on.

FORDINGBRIDGE.—A parish and small town on the Upper Avon, midway (11 m.) between Christchurch and Salisbury, with a station on the Bournemouth and Salisbury section. As Forde it was a thriving place in Domesday times; there is still some trade in spun flax, canvas, and sailcloth. The church (St. Mary) is worth looking at. It is of mixed styles—Early English (chancel with triple lancet E. window and double piscina), Early Decorated (nave), and Early Perpendicular (roof of carved chestnut wood). There is a mural brass to William Bulkeley and his family (1568), and in the churchyard a plain Early English font. The neighbourhood has some ancient camps and attractive modern houses. Greyhound Hotel.

FORT BROCKHURST.—A station with neighbouring hamlet near Gosport, on the Fareham (6 m.) and Stokes Bay branch, having light railway communication with Lee-on-the-Solent (q.v.).

FORTON.—A parish and village 1 m. N. from Gosport, with numerous almshouses (Thorngate's) and military barracks (Marine Light Infantry), prison, and cemetery.

Foxcorr.—A parish 2 m. N.W. from Andover. The church dates from 1855, when it replaced an older building.

FRATTON.—A suburb of Portsmouth with railway junction for East Southsea. It is convenient for the new Portsea parish church of St. Mary.

FREEFOLK (5).—See Laverstoke.

Freemantle. - A suburb of Southampton (q.v.).

Freemantle Park (78).—See Kingsclere.

FRESHWATER, I.W. (202).—A large parish 2 m. S. from Yarmouth, with which and Newport (12 m.) there is railway connection. The parish forms the west end of the island, and is much visited for the sake of the sands and the bathing, the air and the scenery, especially round Freshwater, Alum, and Totland Bays. Freshwater Bay has fine cliffs with magnificent views; the little town here is called Freshwatergate. Farringford, the home of Tennyson, is near, and the Needles are included in the parish. The church is near the station; its Transition Norman nave remains intact, though most of the church has been rebuilt. The tower is interesting, and there are some monuments which deserve notice. On the Solent or N.W. shore of the parish are the large Albert and Victoria forts. There are a number of small hamlets: Easton, Norton, Middleton, Weston, and Colwell Bay.

Hotels-Lambert's (at Freshwatergate), Albion, Royal Needles

(at Alum Bay), Totland Bay (at T.B.).

FROXPIZLD.—A pleasant village and parish 4 m. N.W. from Petersfield Station. The present church dates from 1862, but retains three Norman piers and capitals of its predecessor. A local earthwork is said to have been part of the boundary 300

between Wessex and Sussex. Stoner Hill commands a good view, even the sea being visible between the South Downs.

FROYLE,—A parish and two small villages (UPPER and Lower FROYLE), half-way (3 m.) between Bentley and Alton. The church calls for no comment. There are some good houses, and the neighbourhood is nicely wooded.

Fullerton (17).—A hamlet of Wherwell (q.v.) with a railway junction. It lies between Andover and Stockbridge, at the

coming in of the loop from Hurstbourne.

FUNTLEY.—A hamlet 2 m. N. from Fareham, where Henry Cort, the pioneer of modern iron manufacturers, set up his first mill.

- Fyfield (82).—A parish and village some 5 m. W. by N. from Andover. Its nearest station is Weyhill, on the Midland and South-Western Junction Railway. The small church is uninteresting.
- GATCOMBE, I.W. —A parish and small village 21 m, S, from Newport and half that distance from Blackwater Station. The original Early English church (St. Olave) has received later additions: its chancel contains a rudely carved oak effigy of a knight in armour, with an angel at the head and an animal at the foot. There is a pinnacled (Perpendicular) tower, and the windows contain some perpendicular glass. Gatcombe House is a good specimen of Georgian; the Manor long belonged to the Worsleys. Skeat, to the S., is a picturesque Jacobean manor-house, which has been converted into a farmstead.

Godsfield.—A small parish 3 m. N.E. from New Alresford. Bishop Henry de Blois built here, about the middle of the twelfth century, a preceptory for the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, of which the little chapel and adjoining priest's house still remain. Eastwards is Armsworth House, a wellsituated and handsome mansion, lying in a well-timbered

Godshill, I.W .- A large parish and village between Newport (5½ m.) and Ventnor (5 m.), with a small station (stop by signal). The cruciform church dates from the fifteenth century, and is well placed. It has a pinnacled (Perpendicular) tower, and contains several Worsley monuments and tombs, among the latter a handsome altar-tomb to Sir John Leigh and his lady (c. 1525). Note, too, the picture of "Daniel in the Lions' Den." The churchyard, like other parts of the parish, affords good views. Between the village and Wroxall Station is Appuldurcombe, formerly the seat of the Earls of Scarborough, and now used as a forcing-house for the universities and the services. The manor has a long

history: in the fifteenth century it belonged to the Minoresses of Aldgate. Hotel-The Griffin.

GOSPORT (133).—Cp. Portsmouth. A town and port situated on a peninsula near the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour. Steam launches and a powerful floating bridge connect it with Portsmouth, and it has two railway stations, one near the Barracks in North Street, the other (Gosport Road and Alverstoke) to the S.W. of the town. The town received its name (God's Port) from the refuge it afforded to King Stephen in 1158, when he put in here to escape a storm in the Channel, but until its proximity to the growing import-

ance of Portsmouth reflected some of that importance upon it, it was but a poor fishing village. The town is well built and has a fair tramway service.

Holy Trinity alone of the churches possesses any interest. dates from 1696 (with modern alterations), and its organ came from Little Stanmore, where Handel was organist to the Duke of Chandos. The oak chancel-screen (by Blomfield) commemorates Sir Andrew Clark. The Thorngate Memorial Hall in High Street perpetuates the memory of a

well-known local merchant and philanthropist,

South of the town, across the Haslar (toll) Bridge is Haslar Naval Hospital, erected about 1750, with accommodation for 2000 officers and men, and an interesting Natural History The building is nearly a third of a mile long. Haslar Yard is a repairing shop for gunboats and torpedoboats. Monckton Fort, nearly a mile S.W., is a strong modern erection mounted with heavy ordnance, and the scene of the torpedo experiments. Block House Fort fulfils a similar function at the N.E. of the Haslar peninsula.

The land side of Gosport is protected by strong lines and Within these are the large Barracks, with a frontage of about 1600 feet. Between their N. end and the harbour is the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard, with its immense storehouses of bread and beer, meat and meal, tea and tobacco, rum, cocoa, and other seagoing fare. Extremely interesting are the great Bakery, and the huge reservoir for supplying the ships with fresh water. A railway extension through the yard facilitates the Queen's embarkings and landings. Star Hotel, but cp. Portsmouth.

GRATELEY, -A parish and little village 7 m. S.W. of Andover, with a station on the Salisbury line. Athelstan held a Witenagemot here in 928, and the church (St. Leonard) is still interesting. Its Early English stained glass once occupied the windows of Salisbury Cathedral; the circular medallion (Martyrdom of Stephen) is particularly fine, and

must be nearly 800 years old. On the pulpit is the frame of an old hour-glass; the two bells are inscribed and dated 1583.

GREATHAM.—A parish and village on the Petersfield-Farnham road, 1½ m. N. from Liss Station. The Rother is here a small stream. The ruins of the old church contain a Jacobean monument. Lecourt is a modern house with large grounds and good views.

Grevwell.—A parish and village on the pretty little Whitewater stream, 2 m. S. W. from Hook Station, and about the same distance from Odiham. The old church has been much restored, but its wooden tower and its carved rood-loft are interesting. Greywell Hill is a pleasant place.

GURNARD, I. W.—A little watering-place in the parish of Northwood (g.v.), 2 m. W. from Cowes, and formerly forming with Lepe (g.v.) a main route to and from the island and mainland.

The church is modern. Gurnard Hotel.

HALE.—A wooded parish on the Avon, 2 m. E. from Breamore Station. The church is prettily placed in Hale Park, and has some monuments to the Archer family, one of them an Italian altar-tomb with recumbent and standing effigies. Cp. Charlford.

Hambledon (145).—A parish and straggling village about equally remote (8 m.) from Havant, Cosham, and Bishop's Waltham Stations. Its church (SS. Peter and Paul) is a blend of Norman and Early Euglish. The picturesque open neighbourhood affords good riding for the Hambledon Hunt, whose kennels are in the neighbouring parish of Droxford. Broad Halfpenny Down has been the scene of much Hants, Surrey, and Sussex cricketing. There are barrows in the vicinity, which is dotted with mansions and villas.

Hamble (-Le-Rice) (146).—A parish and village at the mouth of Hamble Creek, 2 m. S. from Netley Station. There is a ferry across the creek to Warsash, and pretty walks in the neighbourhood. Its fisheries were known to Leland. Of the Cistercian Abbey founded by Bishop Henry de Blois and transferred by Henry V. to Winchester College, no traces remain, but there is an elaborate doorway and other Norman architecture in the church, which is, however, chiefly Perpendicular. The Mercury training ship for 150 young boys is moored here.

Hannington.—A parish on the Roman road from Andover, 3 m. S.E. from Kingsclere and 4 m. N.W. from Oakley Station. Some parts of its small church are ancient. There is a barrow on Cottington Hill, an eminence which commands a noble view. In the neighbouring hamlet of *Ibworth* (2 m. S.E.) is a cottage which for centuries was owned by the Warham family.

HARBRIDGE.—A parish and village in the Avon valley between Ringwood (4 m.) and Fordingbridge (3 m.). The picturesque church has a pretty turret on its W. tower. Somerley Park (2 m. S.) is the beautiful seat of Lord Normanton, where the valuable pictures, including many of Sir Joshua Reynolds's finest creations and Rubens's "Dying Lioness," are usually shown on application.

HARDWAY.—A village on the W. of Portsmouth Harbour near Elson (q.v.) and Priddy's Hard Magazines. Gosport is 1 m, to the S.

HARTLEY MANDITT.—A parish and small village 3 m. S.E. from Alton Station. Its church boasts an old font and a horse-shoe chancel-arch, both Norman, as well as some monuments to members of the Stuart family.

HARTLEY WESPALL (106).—A parish and small village equidistant (3 m.) from Bramley (G.W.R.) and Hook Stations. The roof and main timbers of the present church formed part of the previous (thirteenth-century) structure; the splendid alabaster reredos commemorates the long residence of a former rector.

HARTLEY WINTNEY (including HARTLEY Row) (102).—A parish and large village 2 m. N. from Winchfield Station. Its situation in the pine woods brings many summer visitors. A new structure has replaced the old parish church, which is used as a mortuary chapel. There are some slight traces of a Cistercian nunnery at Wintney Moor. A company of the local volunteer battalion has its headquarters here, and the place is the head of a union. Lamb Inn.

HAVANT.—A busy little market-town near the head of Langston Harbour, on the old road from Southampton to Chichester, It is 9 m. from the latter place, and about the same distance N.E. from Portsmouth. There is direct railway communication with Fareham (for Eastleigh, Southampton, &c.), Portsmouth, Hayling Island, and Chichester (L.B. & S.C.R.). Hayling Island can also be gained by the swing bridge which unites it to Langston (q.v.) on the mainland. Havant's four main streets meet near the church, which is cruciform and has been partly rebuilt. The most interesting feature is the chancel, with its vaulting of chalk, and the Purbeck shafts which support the groining ribs. There are also a carved Purbeck font, a brass (with effigy) of Thomas Aylward, William of Wykeham's secretary and rector here, and a couple of thirteenth-century Early English windows discovered during the work of restoration. There is some malting, brewing, flour, and leather trade, and a little oyster-fishing. Leigh Park (11 m. N.) is a handsome house on the edge of Bere Forest. Springs in the neighbourhood form the main water-supply of Portsmouth. Bear Hotel.

HAVEN STREET, I.W.—A pleasantly-wooded parish and hamlet 4 m.

N.E. from Arreton, with a station on the Newport and Rydeline.

HAWKLEY (125).—A high parish and village 2½ m. N.W. from Liss Station, and 4 m. from Petersfield. The church is modern, and the chief attraction now, as to Gilbert White and Cobbett, is the view from the Hanger, which commands the S. Downs and the valley of the Wealden.

HAWLEY.—A little village on the N.E. border of the county, about 1½ m. N. from Farnborough Station. There are one or two pleasant seats in the district.

HAYLING (140).—An island of 10 sq. m. lying between Chichester and Langston Harbours. Besides the approach from Havant (q.v.), the island can be reached by ferry from Fort Cumberland, Southsea. It belonged to King Harold, and from Norman times till the days of Henry VIII. was the location of a Benedictine priory, of which the dovecote is still to be seen at the Manor House in South Hayling. South Hayling Church is mainly an Early English building, with a fine five-pointed lancet E. window. There is a double piscina in the chancel and a Norman font. There are some good golf-links on the common, and other attractions for the growing number of visitors. North Hayling is a smaller village, also with an Early English church. To the S.E. of it, near the shore of Chichester Harbour, is the old circularmoated intrenchment known as Tunorbury (Thor?), south of which is My Lord's Pond, with its salterns (S.E. entrance, about 1 m. from South Hayling) which are mentioned in Domesday Book. Hotels-West Town, Royal.

HEADBOURNE WORTHY.—A parish and village 1½ m. N, from Winchester. Some details of its small church, including the straight-sided chancel-arch and the W. doorway, date probably from late Saxon days. A series of wall tablets commemorate the rectors of the parish, and there is a brass with effigy to a Winchester scholar who died in 1434. The fifteenth-century W. chapel, over which is an anchorite's cell, contains the remains of a large sculpture of the Crucifixion. Headbourne Worthy was the scene of a Witenagemot in the summer of 931. Bingham, the author of Origines Ecclesiattica, was rector here and lies in the churchyard.

Headley (129).—An extensive parish and village near the Surrey and Sussex borders, 4½ m. N. from Liphook Station. The air and water of the locality are exceptionally pure. The register of the church (rebuilt, except the tower, in 1859) dates from 1530. Here and at Grayshott, 23 m. E., are some good residences. Jowett, Master of Balliol, died at Headley Park in 1893.

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HECKPIELD.—A parish and small village on the Whitewater, 4½ m.

N. from Hook Station and near the Berks border. The church contains a good font and a brass of 1514, and its register dates from 1538. There is a statue of the Duke of Wellington as Field-Marshal, on a pedestal with inscribed granite base, on the Reading and Basingstoke road. Much of Strathfieldsay Park lies within the parish. Heckfield Place is a charming residence, with a beautifully wooded Park.

HEDGE END.—A parish and village given over to market gardening, 2 m. W. from Botley. Botley Grange is an Early Jacobean mansion, with some good oak-carving and a well-

stocked deer park.

HERRIARD (99).—A parish between Basingstoke (5 m.) and Alton (6½ m.), with an Early English church, which contains a (modern) Caen-stone reredos. Herriard House was built in the early eighteenth century, and is surrounded by a large

well-timbered park,

HIGHCLERE (76).—A village 5 m. S. from Newbury, with a station on the G.W.R., Didcot, and Winchester line. Highclere Castle (Earl of Carnarvon) is 2 m. N. W., in the centre of a magnificent park, famed for its cedars and rhododendrons, and its lake-banks clad with exotic vegetation, and exhibiting a wondrous profusion of American plants. William of Wykeham and other Bishops of Winchester, Edward VI., the Fitzwilliams, Sir Robert Sawyer, who defended the Seven Bishops, are among its previous owners; and a son-in-law of the lastnamed brought it into the hands of the Herbert family. The castle (altered into Early Jacobean style) contains half-a-dozen portraits by Reynolds and others, by Vandyck, Gainsborough, Kneller, and Beechey. Siddown Hill in the S. of the park is wooded. The sister Beacon Hill by its bareness presents a striking contrast; on it are the remains of a British camp. The lords of Highclere have rights of free warren and free chase, in virtue of which they own exclusively all the game of the district, whether private or waste grounds.

Highclere Church once stood near the castle, and there is still in the park a mortuary chapel with a handsome brass and a magnificent tomb of red granite with a white marble cross. The present church stands nearer the village; it contains beautiful memorial windows and reredos, and the monuments

from the old church. Crown Inn.

HIGHCLIFFE.—A parish and favourite bathing-place on Christchurch Bay, 1 m. S. from Hinton Admiral Station. The church (St. Mark) was erected in 1843 by the first (and 306

only) Baron Stuart de Rothesay. It has some memorial windows, and its E. window is the work of the late Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford. Highcliffe Castle is a curious house in a somewhat insecure position. Many of its parts, especially arches and window-frames, were brought from ruins in Normandy, and these, with its fantastic turrets, give the house an appearance of mixed abbey, castle, and church. The interior contains some choice tapestries and a few good portraits. Bure Homage, Sandhills, and Wolhazes are other houses, all well placed.

HINTON ADMIRAL.—A parish and railway station 4 m. N.E. from Christchurch. The church is not noteworthy. The name is also given to the seat of Sir George M. Tapps-Gervis Meyrick, Bart., a Queen Anne mansion surrounded by

charming park and woodland.

HINTON AMPNER.—A parish 4 m. S.E. from Alresford, whose church has some early remains, including a couple of Norman doorways, a double piscina, and a low side-window. Hinton House dates from 1869. It is built on an eminence which commands a wide view and has some tumuli.

HOLDENHURST.—The mother parish of Bournemouth, equidistant (3½ m.) from it and Christchurch. Throop village is near that of Holdenhurst, and the vicinity is full of Scotch firs, with here and there a pleasant mansion.

HOLMSLEY,—A railway station (the old Christchurch Road) in Burley (q.v.) parish, between Brockenhurst and Ringwood.

HOLYBOURNE.—A parish and village on the Wey, 1½ m. N.E. from Alton, on the Farnham Road. It has an Early English church (Holy Rood) restored in 1879. The hamlet of Neatham, ½ m. away, was a busy little market-town in the days of William the Conqueror.

HOOK (101).—The nearest railway station for Odiham (2½ m.) (g.v.), with which there is omnibus connection. A pleasant little village is growing up, and the Odiham road runs by

the ruins of Odiham Castle.

Hook.—On the E. shore of Southampton Water, combines with the larger village of Warsash to form a parish. It is 2 m. from Swanwick Station, and has a ferry to Hamble. The

church is quite modern.

HORDLE.—A parish and village on Christchurch Bay, 3 m. S. from Sway Station. The cliffs here are particularly rich in both freshwater and marine fossils (see "Geology on Hampshire," Part II.), and afford striking views, but the sea is gradually engulfing them. Beckton Bunny was a famous smuggling spot. In the parish, too, is Hurst Castle (q.v.).

HORNDEAN.—A pretty hamlet in Catherington (q.v.) parish, on

the N. edge of Bere Forest.

Horsebridge (18).—A hamlet and railway station—for King's Sombourne (1 m.), Houghton (12 m.), &c. (qq.v.)—3 m. S.

from Stockbridge.

HOUGHTON.—A village and parish on the Test, 2 m. from Stock-bridge, and rather less from Horsebridge Station. The church (originally Norman) has been well restored by Mr. G. G. Scott. It contains two or three piscinas and a couple of squints, one in the E. wall of the N. aisle, the other in easternmost half-pier of the nave.

HOUND.—A parish and village some 4 m. S.E. from Southampton, and about \(\frac{1}{2}\) m. from Netley (g.v.) Station. It has a small Early English church, with, as is so often the case, a large

yew in the churchyard.

HUNTON.—A chapelry attached to Crawley (q.v.). The nearest stations are Micheldever (2 m.), and Sutton Scotney (G.W.R.—1\frac{1}{4} m.). The registers of its small flint church date from 1564.

HURN.—The only railway station between Christchurch (3 m.) and Ringwood. East Parley is a neighbouring hamlet, and Heron Court (Earl of Malmesbury) is 1 m. W., in well-

wooded surroundings near the Stour.

HURSLEY (56).—A parish and village on the Winchester (4½ m.) -Romsey road. The nearest stations are Shawford and Chandler's Ford (3 m.). The place is linked with the name of John Keble, who was vicar here from 1835 to 1866, and who is buried in the churchyard. Out of the profits of the Christian Year he rebuilt in 1848 the church, in which there is a brass to him, and some monuments from the old church, one of them being to Richard Cromwell, who is also buried here. From Cranbury Park (where there is a choice collection of pictures in oils and water-colours) one can see Southampton Water and the Isle of Wight. Hursley Park has a lake and a good herd of deer, but is most interesting on account of the remains (at its N. end) of Merdon Castle. Only some scanty pieces of wall and part of a fosse remain of this old manor, which Bishop Henry de Blois built on the site of an old British camp. The manor belonged in later times to Richard Cromwell, who made his home here. Silkstead and Pitt (the kennels of the Hursley foxhounds are here) are neighbouring hamlets.

HURST CASTLE (160).—A fortress in Hordle (q.v.) parish, guarding (together with fortresses on the island opposite) the W. end of the Solent. It is best approached by boat from Yarmouth (I,W.), as it lies at the end of a 2 m. narrow

peninsula formed of water-worn chalk-flints and gravel, which offers a remarkable resistance to the swift tides that occur here. The first fortress was built by Henry VIII., out of the materials of Beaulieu Abbey, and the present central tower still bears the date 1535. From each side of the tower runs a semicircular bastion, with several embrasures, the whole being mounted with heavy ordnance. houses, a couple of lighthouses, and a signal station, which notifies Southampton of the approach of "liners," complete the group of buildings. Hurst Castle has been used as a place of confinement more than once: Charles I. was brought here from Carisbrook in November 1648, before being conveyed to London on the 18th of the following month, and his room is still shown (see "Story and Scenery," pp. 159-161). After the Restoration it was frequently used as a state prison.

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HURSTBOURNE PRIORS (6).—A parish and pretty little village on the Basingstoke-Andover (5 m.) road, 1½ m. S.W. from Hurstbourne Station. The W. doorway of its little church is Norman, and there is a tomb with recumbent effigies (1574) in the chancel. Since the time of Charles II. the place has belonged to the ancient and noble family of Wallop (Earls of Portsmouth since 1743), whose seat is in the adjoining park, which stretches from here to Whitchurch. The present house is a Jacobean one, built after the fire of 1891, and is rich in art treasures, among them Kneller's famous portrait of Sir Isaac Newton (whose MSS. are also here); this picture is in the dining-room, and should be distinguished from the one in the billiard-room—a striking red and black copy of Raffaelle's "Study of Theology" in the Vatican, and several ancestral portraits.

Portsmouth Arms Inn.

HURSTBOURNE TARRANT.—A parish and village lying at the spot where the Andover-Newbury road crosses the Bourne, 4 m. N.W. from Hurstbourne Station. The church dates from the end of the twelfth century, and retains its Early English areade and font, and some traces of mural paintings, together with monuments to some of the Paulets.

Hyde.—A modern parish 2 m. S.E. from Fordingbridge Station.
In itself the new church is not interesting, but the hill on which it is built affords a wide and picturesque view of the New Forest and the Avon valley.

For Hyde Abbey, see Winchester.

HYTHE (172).—A parish and village on the W. bank of Southampton Water, possessing almost hourly steamboat communication with Southampton (2 m.). It has a pier

nearly ½ m. long, at the end of which is the Hythe Yacht Club-house. Netley Hospital is just across the water. Beaulieu Abbey is about 5 m. S.W., and is often visited from Southampton by this route. Drummond Arms Inn.

IBBESLEY.—A parish and village in the Avon valley (of which it has fine views), between Ringwood (3½ m.) and Fording-bridge (4 m.). The church contains a monument with canopy and kneeling effigies to Sir John and Lady Constable (1627), and a brass (in the chancel) to Edward Passion (1599). A chalice and paten are said to have been the gift of Queen Mary.

IDSWORTH.—A chapelry on the Sussex border, 2 m. N. from Rowland's Castle Station. The chapel, which is surrounded by old yews, is Early English, and has some mural paintings on the N. chancel wall. It stands within the bounds of Ipsworth House, a modern Elizabethan mansion commanding beautiful views. Inchdean is a pretty hamlet.

IFORD.—A hamlet on the Stour, between Christchurch (2 m.) and

Bournemouth.

ITCHEN ABBAS (49).—A parish and picturesque village on the Itchen, with a station on the Mid-Hants branch, 4 m. from Winchester and rather less from New Alresford. The name of the place is due to its having once belonged to the abbey at Romsey. The modern church (1863) retains the Norman chancel arch of its predecessor.

ITCHEN STOKE (49).—A parish and small village on the Alresford (2 m.) -Winchester (6 m.) road. It has a modern church (1866) with 32 stained windows, a narthex and open belfry, and a decorated black marble font. Archbishop Trench was a former rector of the parish. Abbotstone (2 m. N.E.) was once a separate parish, but is now a hamlet of Itchen Stoke.

Kempshott, -See Dummer.

KILMESTON.—A parish $(4\frac{1}{2} \text{ m. S.})$ from Alresford Station) formed by amalgamating the chapelries of Kilmeston and Beauworth (g, v_c) . The old church has been restored and is uninteresting. There are some barrows on the neighbouring downs.

Kimpton.—A parish on the Wilts border, 2 m. W. from Weyhill (M. & S.W.J.R.). It is 5 m. to Andover. The cruciform church has a brass (1522) with kneeling effigies of Roger Thornburgh and family, four seventeenth-century wall tablets of the Foyle family, and some early architectural remains, including two piscinas and traces of transept altars. There is a tumulus at Pickford Hill, 1 m. W.

KING'S SOMBORNE.—A parish and village on the Andover-Romsey (7 m.) road, 3 m. from Stockbridge, but with a nearer station at Horsebridge (1 m.). The place was royal property before the Conquest, and still belongs in part to the Duchy of Lancaster. John of Gaunt had a house here, A stone coffin in a recess of the mixed Transition Norman (nave) and Decorated (chancel) church, bears a name with the date 1186. There is an interesting octagonal font, and a couple of early brasses. Little Somborne (1 m. nearer Stockbridge), has a small, plain, Early English church.

KING'S WORTHY (49).—A parish and village pleasantly situated in the Itchen valley 2 m. N. from Winchester. The registers of the Perpendicular church date from 1538: at the E. end of the building is an inlaid stone cross. Abbot's Worthy is joined to King's Worthy, and Headbourne Worthy, and

Martyr or Earl's Worthy, are in the neighbourhood.

KINGSCLERE (77).—A small town (head of a union), 4 m. E. from Burghelere (G.W.R.) Station, and 51 m. N. from Overton. It is rather more than half-way from Basingstoke (8½ m.) to Newbury, and lies on a small stream N.E. of a range of lofty downs, As its name implies, Kingsclere was an early royal manor, and in later years it entertained Charles I. before the Newbury fight in October 1644. It has a picturesque Norman church, cruciform in shape, near the chancel of which is a fourteenth-century chapel containing some (later) handsome monuments of the Kingsmill family. There are two or three brasses, the oldest of which is dated 1519. South of the town, near the downs, are the famous Park House Racing Stables. Freemantle Park in the neighbourhood was long royal property, and a favourite hunting-place of the Plantagenet kings. Swan Hotel.

KINGSLEY.—A parish and village on the Slea, 5 m. S. from Bentley Station, and a similar distance S.E. from Alton. The living is annexed to Binsted (q,v.), but the old church is used as a mortuary chapel. The chalice is dated 1569, and the register goes back one year further. There is an agricultural implement manufactory, and on the site of Lode Farm House Edward II. and Henry VIII. are said to have resided.

Kingston, I.W.—A parish 5 m. S. from Carisbrook and 4 m. W. from Godshill Station. The little Early English church has been well restored, and contains a brass with effigy of 1535, and a sedile.

KNIGHT'S ENHAM.—A parish and hamlet on the Andover (2 m.)
-Newbury road. There are traces of two Roman roads here,

and Romano-British remains of all kinds—camp, villas, coins, pottery, tiles—have been unearthed in the district. The low E. window of its small Early English church contains three (modern) lancets. and there is an ornamented Norman font.

KNOWLE, -See Fareham.

LAKE.—A pretty little village on the E. coast, ½ m. S.W. from Sandown. The church is new.

LANDPORT (138).—See Portsmouth.

LANGRISH.—A modern parish and village in a pretty hop-growing country, 3 m. out of Petersfield on the Alresford and Bishop's Waltham roads.

Langston.—A fishing village, famed for its cockles, on Langston Harbour, where the swing bridge leads over to Hayling Island (q. v.).

LASHAM.—A parish and small village between Alton (4½ m.) and Basingstoke (7 m.). The church was rebuilt in 1866.

A Jubilee avenue of beeches marks the boundary with

Herriard (q.v.).

- LAVERSTOKÉ ÁND FREEFOLK (5).—Villages in the Test valley, 2 m. S.W. from Overton and E. from Whitchurch, which unite to form one parish. The new church is a handsome building with beautiful stained glass and a triptych (over the altar) copied from the beautiful mediæval specimen in the Jacobskirche at Rothenburg. The tomb of one of the Pouletts of Herriard, with a recumbent effigy, has been removed thither from the old church. At Laverstoke Mill the Bank of England note-paper has been made since the immigrant Huguenot family of Portal established it nearly two centuries ago. Members of this family still own the mill, and one of them (who lives at Laverstoke House) is lord of the manor.
- LECKFORD (17).—A parish and village on the Test, 2 m. N.E. from Stockbridge, and 1½ S.W. from Fullerton Junction. The church (St. Nicholas) is mainly Early Decorated. It contains a Norman Purbeck font with simple arcading, a squint, a piscina, and one or two monuments. The living is a joint one, consisting of a sinecure rectory and a vicarage, the latter being in the gift of the holder of the former.

LEE-ON-THE-SOLENT (146).—A tiny but growing wateringplace, with a pier, in Crofton (q.v.) parish, with a light railway to Fort Brockenhurst Station, and steam-launch summer service to Stokes Bay and Portsmouth. Victoria Hotel,

LEPE (172).—A hamlet 2 m. E. from Exbury (q.v.), on the Solent, just opposite Cowes. More than one royal person-312

age has visited it in days of old, when it was the ordinary way of getting to and from the Isle of Wight.

LIMERSTON, I.W. (206).—See BRIXTON.

LINKENHOLT (72).—An out-of-the-way parish near the N.W. boundary, 8 m. N.N.W. from Hurstbourne Station. The modern church retains the Norman font and doorway of its predecessor.

LIPHOOK (128).—A village in Bramshott (parish). Its station is the first in Hants on the Portsmouth direct line. The Anchor is a famous old hostelry with some good carving.

Woolmer Forest is conveniently visited from here.

Liss (131).—A pretty parish and village between Petersfield (4 m.) and Farnham, with a station on the direct Portsmouth line. It has an old (Decorated) and a new church. Liss Place (1 m. N.W.) seems to have been at one time a priory. Hill Brow on the Sussex border is a growing summer resort. Spread Eagle Inn at West Liss.

LITCHFIELD.—A parish and village between Whitchurch (3½ m.) and Newbury (8 m.), with a G.W.R. Station. A Saxon battle is said to have been fought here—Lichfield means the "field of the dead"—and the neighbouring downs have a number of tumuli. The church has been restored, but retains its Norman chancel and other early features.

LITTLE SOMBORNE. - See King's Somborne.

LITTLETON.—A parish and village W. from the Worthy (g.v.) group, 3 m. from Winchester. It has a twelfth-century church, mainly Norman, with a couple of Early English lancets.

- LockerLey.—A parish and village 1½ m. from Dunbridge Station.

 It has a modern church with a handsome reredos and some memorial windows.
- Locks Heath.—A recently formed parish with a modern church, in the great fruit-growing district between Fareham and Southampton Water. Swanwick Station is in the parish.
- Long Surton.—A parish and small village 3 m. S. from Odiham.
 Bentley (4 m.) and Winchfield (6 m.) are the nearest stations.
- 1.ONGPARISH.—A parish and village (sometimes called Middleton) on the Test, with a station between Hurstbourne and Fullerton Junction. The church is mainly Early English, with a Perpendicular W. tower. Part of Harewood Forest lies within the parish, including Dead Man's Plack, where stands the obelisk commemorating King Edgar's murder of Earl Ethelwold (965).

LONGSTOCK (17).—A parish and village on the Test, 1½ m. N. from Stockbridge. The church has been rebuilt, but retains

some of the old encaustic tiles (behind the altar) and a

piscina (now in the vestry).

LYMINGTON (158).—A parish and small borough town on the Solent, at the mouth of the Boldre. It is connected by rail with Brockenhurst, and besides its town station has one nearer the sea, called Lymington Pier, where there is steamboat service to Yarmouth, Isle of Wight. Mentioned in Domesday as Lentune. Lymington was granted its first charter in 1150, which was confirmed by Elizabeth in 1578. It has some elaborate municipal insignia. One of its members of Parliament was Gibbon, the historian of Rome. The Britons made salt here, and at the fine earthwork called Buckland Rings, N. of the town, a number of Roman coins have been found. The salt industry indeed continued well into the nineteenth century. A good deal of French trade at one time passed through the port, but nowadays it is little more than a yachting station and a shelter against south-westerly winds.

The town consists of one main street and a number of smaller ones, has accommodation for visitors, and attractions in the way of sea-bathing and land and water trips. The church (Decorated, restored in 1874), is singularly devoid of

interest. Hotels-Angel, Londesborough.

LYNDHURST (149).—A parish and small town in the New Forest, 3 m. S.W. from Lyndhurst Road Station. The church is a modern cruciform building on high ground, with a spire which forms a conspicuous landmark. In addition to some fine windows, stone-carving, and tombs, there is on the E. wall a striking fresco by Leighton, depicting the parable of the Ten Virgins. The manor of Lyndhurst belongs to the Crown, and Queen's House is occupied by the Deputy-Surveyor of the Forest. In the adjoining Hall, which is appropriately ornamented, the forest courts (Courts of Swainmote) are held.

Lyndhurst is a favourite centre for the Forest. Entomologists and botanists are well catered for, and the roads which branch out from the town all lead through the most charming woodland scenery. Mark Ash, famed for its beeches, is 3 m. W. Country seats abound, among them Cufnalls, where Pitt and George III. once stayed, Northerwood House, and Malwood. Emery Down is a pretty hamlet with a plain new brick church, 1 m. on the Minstead road. Grand and Crown Hotels, and, at Lyndhurst Road Station, the New

Forest Hotel.

A table of distances from Lyndhurst is appended:-

		Miles								Mile		
Beaulieu Abbe	y				71	Lymington						9
Bolderwood .					41	Lyndhurst R	oad	S	tat:	ion		3
Bournemouth.					19	Milford-on-S	ea					13
Bramshaw					6	Minstead .						3
Brockenhurst					4	Rufus Stone						
Burley			Ċ		Ś	Romsey .						ı.
Cadnam					3 1	Salisbury .						18
Christchurch				Ī	14	Southampton					Ī	10
Fritham	•		Ċ	•	6	Winchester		•			•	21
Holmsley .		•	•	·	8		•	•	•	•	٠	

The charge for a one-horse conveyance is 1s, 3d. per mile, half-price if the return journey is made.

Lyndhurst is the centre of the New Forest Foxhounds country (the kennels are on the Minstead road), which extends from the Test to the Avon, and from the Solent to Salisbury. These hounds, which at present number fifty couples, are almost, if not quite, the oldest established pack in the United Kingdom, but the formation of the present New Forest Hunt Club took place in 1783, during the mastership of Mr. H. V. Gilbert. The celebrated John Warde hunted the New Forest country from 1808 to 1814, and the present M.F.H. is Mr. Henry F. Compton, of Minstead Manor House. The character of the country is heath, woodlands, and plough and grass on the outside. Lyndhurst, Brockenhurst, Lymington, and Southampton are the best places for persons wishing to hunt with the New Forest Hounds. There are three hunting days a week, and the honorary secretary of the club is Mr. Ernest L. Wingrove, of Langley, Totton, Southampton.

MAPLEDURWELL.—A parish and village 3 m. S.E. from Basingstoke.

Its small flint Early English church contains a fifteenthcentury brass and an oak chancel-screen.

MARCHWOOD.—A parish near the head of Southampton Water, on its W. bank, 2\frac{1}{2} m. S.E. from Eling Station, and \frac{3}{2} m. (by ferry) from Southampton. Of more interest than the modern church is the Royal Naval Ordnance Depôt, with its powder magazines (access to which is difficult), hospital, and small police barracks.

MARTIN.—A parish 5½ m. N.W. from Fordingbridge, on the border of Wilts, to which county it was formerly reckoned. The church (Early English, with square tower and massive octagonal spire) was restored in 1857, and again in 1896.

- MARTYR (or EARL'S) WORTHY (49).—A parish and pretty village near the Itchen, 3 m. N.E. from Winchester, on the Alresford road. The church (St. Swithin) is a Perpendicular structure with a wooden tower and some well-preserved Norman doorways. There is an elaborate coped tomb in the churchyard.
- MATTINGLEY.—A recently formed parish between Odiham and Reading, 2½ m. N. from Hook Station. The (brick and oak) Perpendicular church is said to have been built by Bishop Waynflete; it has a couple of good memorial windows.
- MEDSTEAD.—A parish and village 4 m. W.S.W. from Alton, with a station (1½ m. from the village) on the Alton loop, which marks the summit (700 feet) of the L. & S.W.R. The church (St. Andrew) contains a well-preserved Norman arcade.
- MELCHET PARK.—The seat of Louisa, Lady Ashburton, formerly a royal forest, and still a beautiful demesne of 550 acres, forming since 1895 a parish to itself. It lies 4 m. W. from Romsey, and about 2½ m. S. from West Dean Station (qq.v.). A model of a Hindoo temple in the grounds commemorates Warren Hastings.
- MEON, EAST (144).—A parish and village 5 m. W. from Petersfield, in a winding chalk valley. The cruciform church retains much of the original Norman and Early English (S. aisles) building, which was first erected by Bishop Walkelyn, of Winchester fame. Besides the tower and doorways, and the curiously carved font which resembles the one at Winchester, the chief object of interest is the stone with the cryptic inscription: "Amens Plenty," in the S. transept floor. The diocesan courts were formerly held at Court House, a quaint old building near the church.
- MEON STOKE (144).—A parish and village on the Meon, adjoining Corhampton and Exton (q.v.), and 4½ m. N.E. from Bishop's Waltham. William of Wykeham is said to have had a hand in the building of the church here, especially in the tracery and the niches at the E. end of the chancel. The alternating octagon and circular pillars of the nave and the Late Norman font are worthy of note. The churchyard contains a curious petrified deposit. The vicinity can show some barrows, and on Winchester Hill there are the remains of a Roman summer camp, where a few coins and some specimens of pottery have been found.
- MEON, WEST (143).—A parish and village 8 m. N.W. from Petersfield, at the point where the London and Portsmouth road joins the Meon valley. The church has been rebuilt, but has some good glass and oak carving. Westbury Park

runs away towards East Meon; it contains the ruins of a thirteenth-century chapel, with a knight's tomb.

Merston, I.W .- See Arreton.

MICHELDEVER (47).—A parish and village 6½ m. N. from Winchester, to the left of the Basingstoke road. Its railway station is nearly 3 m. from the village. The present church dates from 1810, and contains some monuments by Flaxman and Boehm to members of the Baring family, and a beautiful reredos. Stratton Park (Earl of Northbrook) lies near by, and has reminiscences of the Wriothesleys (Earls of Southampton) and of the famous Rachel, Lady Russell, who gave the local church its chalice in 1703, and whose cousin, the Earl of Galway (the French Marquis de Ruvigny), one of William III.'s generals, died here, East Stratton is a chapelry attached to Micheldever, and has a neat modern church. Western Road Hotel.

MICHELMERSH (20).—A large parish 4 m. N. from Romsey and 1 m. E. from Mottisfont. Its church has some interest: besides a rude oak tower there are some monuments (including a 1540 brass), an altar-tomb with a knight's recum-

bent effigy, and a carved oak pulpit.

MILFORD-ON-SEA.—A parish and village about equidistant (3½ m.) from Lymington (omnibus in summer) and Milton Stations. The church (All Saints) is mainly an Early English structure (note its curious tower), with some Norman (transept doorways and bays in S. arcade) and some Early Decorated portions. There are a couple of monuments, and in the churchyard the base of a cross. Quite on the shore, Milfordon-Sea is springing up. Good air, good bathing, good scenery, and good accommodation (Victoria Hotel) combine to attract visitors. Already there are golf links and public pleasure grounds, and the famous Hordle (g.v.) Cliffs lie just W. Newlands Manor, Efford, and Rookcliff are neighbouring seats, and Everton is a hamlet on the road to Lymington. Victoria Hotel, Red Lion Inn.

MILLBROOK.—A suburb (largely residential) of Southampton (q.v.)

2 m. out on the Romsey road. The South Hants Waterworks are here, and in the churchyard is buried Robert Pollok (d. 1827), whose "Course of Time" reached its 25th

edition.

MILTON.—A parish, village, and railway station 6 m. E. from Christchurch. The church is of date 1831, and not interesting. Wootton and Ashley are among the numerous hamlets in this parish. At Barton Cliffs, on the coast, there is a Coastguard Station and a commodious hotel.

MINSTEAD (161).-A beautiful parish and village in the New Forest,

Hampskire

2 m. N. from Lyndhurst. The church retains its original Early English N. doorway, and a square Late Norman font which long lay buried in the garden of the rectory. Stony Cross, near which is the Rufus obelisk, is 1½ m. N.W.

Monkston, or Monxton.—A parish and small village on the Anna, 3½ m. W. from Andover and 1½ S. from Weyhill (M. & S.W.E.R.) The church (rebuilt 1855) contains a

couple of good brasses (1599 and 1660).

Morestead.—A parish and small village 2 m. N.E. from Shawford Station, on the Winchester (3 m.) and Bishop's Waltham road. There is a small church of Norman date and some remains of a Roman road,

MORTIMER WEST-END.—A parish recently formed out of Stratfield Mortimer. It lies 10 m. N. from Basingstoke and 3 m. W. from Mortimer (G.W.R.) Station, close to the Berks border.

- MOTTISFONT (19).—A parish and village in the Test valley, 41 m. N. from Romsey, with a station on the Andover and Romsey branch, and another (at Dunbridge) on the Salisbury and Gosport line. At Mottisfont Abbey may be seen some remains of an Augustinian Priory, founded (on the site of a Saxon establishment) in the twelfth century; the precise date and founder are matters of dispute. Henry VIII. gave the priory to Lord Sandys in exchange for Chelsea Manor, The present house (eighteenth century) lies in charming surroundings, and contains a couple of fine tapestries, a Tudor doorway, and a vaulted crypt now used as a dairy. Mottisfont Church (St. Andrew) has some good glass, part of which came from Lord Sandys's Chapel of the Holy Ghost at Basingstoke (q.v.). There are also a brass (1628), a defaced monument, a piscina (in the nave), and a fine Norman chancel-arch.
- MOTTISTONE, I.W. (205).—A parish and small village (the Modrestan of Domesday) between Brixton and Brock, 5 m. Calbourne (31 m.) is the nearest S.W. from Newport, station. The quaint little church has suffered at the hands of the "restorer," and the Perpendicular nave is now the oldest part of the building. It has a large font (probably Early English), an altar-tomb, and a Jacobean pulpit. Opposite the church is the Manor House, the E. wing of which dates from the early sixteenth century, the remainder being a little later (1567). Mottistone Down (nearly 700 feet), behind the Manor House, is noted for its two huge stones, the larger of which (the Long Stone, 13 feet) is still upright. Away towards the Calbourne road on the E. is the huge tumulus called Black Barrow. Between Mottistone and Brock is the little hamlet of Ulverston. Sun Inn.

Muscliff.—A tiny village on the Stour, 3 m. N. from Bourne-mouth, where some bottom-fishing may be had.

(NATELY) Scures (99).—A parish 4 m. E. from Basingstoke, on the London road. Hook Station is 2 m. W. from the church. This very small building is of Late Norman origin, and has an elaborate N. doorway and a seventeenth-century brass. Andwell (9, v.) is a little to the S.

NETHERTON (72).—A remote hamlet 8½ m. N. from Andover. The old church has been pulled down, and the place is now

reckoned part of Faccombe (q.v.).

Netley (25). A tithing in Hound (q.v.) parish. The name comes from two Saxon words meaning "wet leas," a term applied to a large tract of woodland, practically identical with the New Forest. Though the great hospital is a recent erection, Horace Walpole's striking and often-quoted description, penned in 1755, still holds good.

The two things at Netley are the Abbey and the Royal Victoria Hospital, the former 1 m., the latter half that distance from Netley Station, though the railway has now been brought up quite close to the building for the greater convenience of its patients. But a pleasanter approach may

be made by ferry from Southampton (4 m.).

These "are not the ruins of Netley, but of Paradise," wrote Walpole; and in truth the remains of the Abbey owe their fame more to their situation and surroundings than to their architectural value. Entering by the great S. gate, one passes the porter's lodge (2d.), and opposite this, the site of the old kitchen, and gains admission to the Fountain or Cloister Court, 114½ feet square. Directly opposite is the S. wall of the church, with two doors which admit to that building. Cruciform in shape, the church is of varied Early English dates, and except the N. transept, which has disappeared, remains fairly complete, though the nave, especially at the W. end, has suffered. The clerestory, especially in the Lady Chapel (S. transept), and the E. and side windows are interesting, and among the remains are the bases of three altars, with an aumbry and a piscina.

At the S.E. corner of the S. transept (Lady Chapel) is a stair-case which once led to a pinnacled tower, a famous landmark for sailors coming up Southampton Water. Here, too, is the sacristy, and a little farther S. the 33 feet square chapter-house, with its richly moulded open arches, and beautiful Early English lancet windows. Next comes a passage leading to the Abbot's house, and then the refectory (really the locutorium or common-room of the monks), over

which was the dormitory. Adjoining this (on the S.) is the so-called kitchen (50 by 18 feet), which in the real monastic pre-Reformation days was probably the calefactory and wardrobe. The fine hooded fireplace is a piece of thirteenth-century work. Here we are at the S. gate, by which we first entered.

The priory was founded probably by Henry III. in 1237, and occupied by Cistercians from Beaulieu till the Dissolution, at which date there were about a dozen monks and a revenue of perhaps £150. Various noble families subsequently owned it, and the Earl of Hertford entertained Elizabeth here in 1560. In 1700 it came into the hands of a Southampton builder, whose work of destruction is said to have been stopped by the keystone of one of the window-arches falling upon his head. The present owner has done much to preserve the ruins, which have been perhaps a little too popularised,

Netley Castle, near the water, was once the Abbey Gate-house. Henry VIII, made it one of his series of forts for protecting the southern coast. Netley Church is a modern structure with good fittings.

A straggling line of shops and houses marks the road from the Abbey to the Hospital, an immense structure in a Decorated Italian style, built primarily for the wounded and invalided Crimean soldiers at a cost of nearly £350,000. Seen from the outside, the length (1 m.) of its white and red frontage is somewhat discounted by the water and the grounds, but once inside, the length after length of bare corridor brings home the vast size of the building very strikingly. The sick campaigners are brought from the troopships to Netley Pier by a hospital ship called appropriately the Florence Nightingale. The sick wards are in the N. wing of the building, those for convalescents in the S. wing. The cemetery occupies an area of 17 acres. At the N. end of the grounds stands the plain headquarters of the Army Medical Staff, with medical school museum (containing a fine collection of skulls from different parts of the world). The monumental Gothic cross in front of the museum commemorates the medical officers who died in the Crimean War. Inns-Nightingale, Prince Consort.

NETLEY MARSH.—A new parish 7 m. W. from Southampton, on the Ringwood road, and 2 m. from both Totton and Eling Stations. A battle is said to have been fought here in 508 between Saxon and British armies. The Hants Reformatory is situated here.

New Forest.—See "Story and Scenery," VII., pp. 148 f.

NEWCHURCH, I.W.—A large parish and village with a station (signal only) on the Newport (5 m.) and Sandown (3 m.) line. The place has its share of the island's scenery. The cruciform church stands on the edge of a steep bank; it was first built by Fitz-Osborn in 1087, but the present structure does not go back beyond 1200. It contains some monuments and a good (W.) rose-window. Near the high Ashey Down (1 m. N.) is the site of the once famous manor of K-Nighton Gorges, said to be haunted by the last of the Dillingtons. To Queenbower (1 m. S.E., best approached from Alverston Station) Queen Anne is said to have come for the hawking.

NEWNHAM.—A parish and pretty village 1½ m. W. from Hook Station. Its church possesses a very well preserved Norman chancel-arch, with dog-tooth ornament, and one or two

interesting monuments.

Newport, I.W. (194).—A parish and market-town centrally situated on the navigable Medina, to which it owes its superiority and consequent rise over Carisbrooke. There is railway connection with (1) Cowes, (2) Ryde, (3) Sandown and Ventnor, (4) Freshwater and Yarmouth, and plenty of coaching in summer. Founded c. 1190 by Richard de Redvers, Earl of Devon, it has had a not uneventful story. The French burned it in 1377, and though it stood for the Parliament against Charles I., its Jacobean Grammar School in St. James's Street was the scene of that king's mimic court in 1648, and it easily fell in with the Restoration régime. The town is well paved, lighted, and watered; has a substantial town hall, a county club, and an interesting local museum (Quay Street). The church (St. Thomas of Canterbury) dates from 1854, in which year the Prince Consort laid the foundation stone. Archæologists must regret the needless destruction of the Transition Norman building, built c. 1180 by De Redvers. The pulpit (1637) is very richly and quaintly carved with figures representing the Christian Graces, the Cardinal Virtues, and the Liberal Sciences. Marochetti's white marble monument of the Princess Elizabeth Stuart (E. end of N. aisle) was the gift of the Queen. At the E. end of the S. aisle is the elaborate monument of Sir Edward Horsey, an Elizabethan governor of the island. The other churches are not interesting. Barton is a village which forms a pleastant E. suburb of Newport. Hotels-Warburton's (Quay Street), Bugle (High Street).

Newton Valence (50).—A secluded parish and village between East Tisted and Selborne, 5½ m. S. from Alton. Its Early English church has been restored, and a clock commemorates the 1897 Jubilee. Pelham is a picturesque Tudor-Gothic house, in the grounds of which grows a very fine tulip tree.

NEWTOWN.—A parish on the Berks border, 2 m. S. from Newbury, and the same distance E. from Woodhay (G.W.R.). The wild character of the district is shown by the fact that Newtown church has twelve miles of the Embourne valley to itself. Sandleford Priory is just over the border.

Newrown (27).—A new parish, with a new church, 6 m. from the nearest stations (Bishop's Waltham, Fareham, Cosham, Botley).

Nzwrown, I.W. (200).—A parish and small town on the Solent, 7 m. W. from Newport. It was formerly included in the parish of Calbourne (q.v.). Originally called Francheville, its first charter was granted in 1184, and even before that it had a history, the Danes having burnt it in 1001. The French sacked it in 1377, and Newport's growth led to Newtown's decline, though among its members of Parliament were the first Duke of Marlborough and George Canning. A number of houseless lanes (High Street, Drapers Alley, &c.) bear witness to its old importance. The little church was built in the thirties. There are some large salterns and oyster-beds in the creek. Hotel—Newtown Arms.

NITON, I.W.—A parish and pretty village in the very south of the island, half-way (1½ m.) from Whitwell Station to St. Catherine's Point. As Niton Regis it belonged to Edward the Confessor. William Fitz-Osborne built its church, which stands amid trees on high ground W. of the village, and contains a couple of piscinas and a medallion by Flaxman. The lighthouse at St. Catherine's is fitted with very powerful electric light; near it is a steam fog-horn. At Puckaster Cove Charles II. landed in 1675, being caught by a squall. The contrast between the S.E. (Undercliff) and S.W. coasts is very marked. Hotels—Sandrock (on the Ventnor road),

Buddle and White Lion Inns. NORTH CAMP.—See Aldershot.

NORTH HAYLING. - See Hayling Island.

NORTHAM.—A suburb of Southampton, where the Southampton
West and Bournemouth line diverges from that which runs
to the docks.

NORTHINGTON,—A parish and village 4 m. N.N.W. from Alresford.

The Grange (Lord Ashburton) was originally built by Inigo Jones, but very little of his work remains. Its grand portico is a copy of the Parthenon. The Prince Regent lived here for a while. The present church dates from 1889 only. The church at Abbotston, S. of the Grange park, which once, like the Grange, belonged to Hyde Abbey, has totally disappeared.

Northwood, I.W.—A parish and village midway (2 m.) between Newport and West Cowes. Its Transition Norman church retains a good S. door, but is otherwise unattractive. There are no traces of the priory once said to exist here. Cp. Gurnard.

Nursling, or Nurshalling.—A parish and pleasant village on the Test, 31 m. S. from Romsey, with a station on the Southampton and Salisbury section. The church is mainly Early English; the vestry contains some recumbent stone effigies. Queen Elizabeth is said to have used Grove Place, which has a good avenue of limes, as a hunting-box. Winfrid of Crediton (the St. Boniface who evangelised so much of Central Germany in the eighth century) spent his early life here in a small Benedictine monastery which the Danes seem to have destroyed.

NUTLEY. - A parish and small village near Preston Candover (q.v.), 51 m, S.W. from Basingstoke.

OAKLEY .- See Church Oakley.

ODIHAM (101),-A parish and small market-town 7 m, E, by S. from Basingstoke on the Alton road. The nearest railway stations are Hook (21 m.) and Winchfield (3 m.). The Basingstoke Canal runs near the town, and there is considerable local trade in lime, coal, and timber. The Wessex kings had a villa here, and soon after the Conquest the castle (1 m. N.W. of the town, in North Warnborough) was built. Louis the Dauphin captured the stronghold in 1216, and Simon de Montfort (to whose countess it then belonged) sent hither the young princes whom he captured at Lewes in 1265. In later times the castle figured in royal dowries, was the scene of the confinement of the Scotch King David (Bruce) after his defeat at Neville's Cross, 1346, and entertained Queen Elizabeth. Only the fourteenth-century keep The large Early English church includes some Decorated and Perpendicular portions, but unfortunately its exterior has been patched with stucco and brick. It has a circular fourteenth-century font of a kind almost unique in England, but frequently met with in Brittany. There are some interesting brasses, especially one of an infant in swaddling clothes, and a finely carved pulpit.

William Lilly, one of the English Humanists, friend of More and Erasmus, and first master of St. Paul's School, was born at Odiham in 1466, and the local Grammar School (founded in 1694) has turned out two bishops. The old stocks and whipping-post are preserved at The Bury. Dogmersfield

(q.v.) Park is a mile to the N.E. George Hotel.

OTTERBOURNE (56).—A parish and pretty village on the Itchen and on the Winchester (4 m.) -Southampton (8 m.) road. Shawford Station is 2 m. N. from the village. The cruciform church is modern, but contains some good carved oak (screen, pulpit, and altar rails). In the beautiful churchyard is a lofty granite cross in memory of Keble, who held this living together with that of Hursley. Miss C. M. Yonge, the novelist, lives near. Some traces of a Roman army, including a good medal of Julius Cæsar, were found here in 1740; of more modern interest are the pumping

works of the Southampton water-supply.

OVERTON (5).—A parish and large village, once a borough and market-town, on the Test. It lies on the Basingstoke (8 m.) and Whitchurch (3½ m.) road, has a railway station, and has some good trouting, though the fish do not run large. A great sheep fair is held annually on July 18. The church has some antiquities, including a Late Norman arcade and an early fifteenth-century slab commemorating a rector of that time. Its low but massive W. tower is surmounted by a shingled spire. Since 1853 the whole structure has undergone alteration and amendment. Southington House is the residence of one of the Portals of the Laverstoke (q.v.) mill.

Overton is the centre of the Vine Hunt Country, the circumference of which touches Silchester, Sidmonton Common, Highclere, St. Mary Bourne, Harewood Forest, Popham, Kempshott, Basingstoke, Mapledurwell, Hatch, and Sherfield Green. The northern part of the country is woody; S. of Basingstoke (which makes the best headquarters) it is more open, with downland. About 45 to 50 couples of hounds Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday are are usually kept. hunt days. The Vine Hunt was first established in 1790 by William John Chute, who kept it at his own expense till his death in 1824. In his day the common name was Mr. Chute's Hounds, though the letters V.H., together with a vine leaf and tendril, were engraved on his hunt button, which shows that the name of the Vine Hunt was even then in use. The present M.F.H. is Mr. H. Gordon Russell, of Ewhurst Park, Basingstoke. White Hart Inn.

Ovington.—A parish and village in the Itchen valley, 2 m. S.W. from Alresford. The church is new and handsome, and contains a fine Purbeck font and some good stained glass.

Ovington Park is the chief feature of the locality.

OWSLEBURY.—A parish and pretty village 2 m. S.E. from Twyford and a mile farther from Shawford Station. The church is a small Decorated structure dating from the thirteenth century, but recently restored. The chalice dates from Edward VI.'s time, and there is a tradition that mass was sung here later than at any other Hampshire church.

Tradition also connects Marwell Hall (the present mansion is modern) with the widespread "Ginevra" story of a bride and a chest. Longwood House (Earl of Northesk) has some fine beeches. At Marwell Manor Farm, on the road between Twyford and Bishop's Waltham, are some traces of an old Episcopal palace where Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour spent part of their honeymoon.

PAMBER (108).—A scattered parish connected with Monk's Sherborne (q.w.), 6 m. N.W. from Basingstoke. The little chapel of an old Benedictine priory, containing an altar-tomb with a recumbent oak effigy and some monks' coffins, has been restored to meet the ecclesiastical needs of the neighbourhood.

PARK. - See Beaulieu.

PENNINGTON.—A parish and village by the mouth of the Avon, I m. W. from Lymington. The parish was formed in 1839, and the church was built at the same time. The 1897 Jubilee has been very practically commemorated by the establishment of a soup-kitchen.

PENTON GRAFTON. - See Weyhill.

Penton Mewsey.—A parish and village 3 m. N.W. from Andover, and 1 m. from Weyhill. The church (restored in 1888) has a fine bell-turret, and a somewhat antique font.

Penton Lodge is a well-wooded seat.

PETERSFIELD (131).—An ancient borough and union town, on the direct Portsmouth line (junction for Midhurst), some 54 m. from London, and 17 m. from Portsmouth. Formerly a coaching, and to some extent a wool-manufacturing town. Petersfield is a convenient centre for the beautiful eastern part of the county, though the town itself has not much to interest. It was granted a charter so far back as the twelfth century, but it is now governed by a District Council. The church has been restored, but retains a good chancel-arch and three Early English windows; there are also some monuments and several memorial windows. In the market square is an equestrian statue of William III., removed hither in 1815 from the New Way. There is a good fortnightly agricultural market, and well-attended fairs are held in July, October, and December. The Heath is an attractive common, with a fine sheet of water encircled by downs and heather-clad hills. Sheet is an adjoining parish annexed to Petersfield. Adhurst St. Mary is a pleasantly situated modern Elizabethan house. Dolphin and Red Lion

PLAITFORD.—A parish and village on the border of Wiltshire (to which county it was reckoned prior to 1895), 6 m. W.

from Romsey, on the Salisbury-Southampton. road! The church (St. Peter) is a plain Early English building with

a tiled reredos and a Norman font.

POKESDOWN.—A newly formed parish on the Stour, about half-way between Christchurch and Bournemouth, with a station of its own. It is really the E. end of Bournemouth, to which it owes its existence. The district known as Freemantle, where the Bournemouth Sanitary Hospital is erected, is included in this parish.

POPHAM (46).—A parish near the Winchester (10 m.) - Basingstoke (7½ m.) road, crossed by the Roman road that connected Winchester with Silchester. The church is modern, Micheldever Station is 4 m. to the W.; on the road to it is Popham Beacon, a lonely spot, nearly 500 feet high, and commanding

a really fine view.

PORCHESTER (also spelt Portchester) (141).—A parish and village on the N. shore of Portsmouth Harbour, with a station on the line connecting Fareham and Portsmouth. It can also be reached by boat (and in summer by steamlaunch) from Portsmouth.

Porchester was known to the Romans as Portus Magnus, and Roman roads ran from it to Winchester, Chichester, and Southampton respectively. Saxon invaders also landed here, and when Domesday was compiled, a hall was standing on the site of the present castle, no part of which is older than the reign of Stephen. Though sometimes used as a state prison, and often visited by royalty, its history has not been very eventful. During the Napoleonic War French prisoners were confined here in great numbers.

The thick outer walls of the castle, with its circular towers, bear the hall-marks of their Roman origin, and should be compared, in composition and arrangement, with those of Silchester. They enclose a square space of 81 acres, and are pierced by gates (E. and W., both rather late) and surrounded by a ditch. Inside the walls is the outer ballium or court, where stands the church (see below), whence by way of the portcullised barbican the inner ballium is gained. Here stands the quadrangular four-storeyed keep, reminiscent of Rochester, and dating from the end of the twelfth century, From its summit Portsmouth and the Harbour afford a fine panoramic view. The other buildings in the court range from Norman to Tudor times. To the N. Portsdown Hill blocks the view, and its Nelson monument is hardly sufficient

The church in the S.E. corner of the outer court was in the first instance the chapel of an Augustinian priory which

compensation.

Henry I. founded in the castle in 1133, and which a generation later removed to Southwark (q.v.). The destruction of the S. transept has obliterated the old cruciform shape, and parts of the edifice have been rebuilt. The W. front, however, with its rich doorway and three roundheaded windows, together with the nave, chancel, and N. transept, afford specimens of good Norman work. There is a low side-window near the pulpit. The Caen stone font is arcaded, and depicts on one side the baptism of Jesus. Railway Hotel.

PORTSEA, -See Portsmouth.

Portsmouth (133).—The name given to a conglomeration of towns at the S.W. corner of Portsea Island. From Portsdown Ridge, N. of the town, a good idea can be gained of the distribution and extent of the various quarters. The S.W. and smallest part of the mass on Portsea Island is Portsmouth proper, N. of it is Portsea and the dockyard, E. and N.E. Landport, S.E. and S. Southsea. Across the harbour,

opposite, is Gosport (q.v.).

PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR has a narrow entrance, but afterwards expands into a basin four miles by two. Though at low water its shores are muddy, there is always water enough to hold the entire navy, and sufficiently deep to float the heaviest ships in it. Entering from Spithead, we pass the Blockhouse Fort and the Point Battery on left and right respectively. Beyond Portsmouth (floating bridge across to Gosport) are the Gun Wharves (Old and New), and the Shot-yards; then comes Portsea and the Dockvard. with the Victory and the Royal yachts moored off it; then Whale Island (largely composed of mud taken from the dockyard basins), where the great gunnery school is situated. The harbour runs up as far as Porchester and Fareham (qq, v.). Gosport (q, v_*) is on its W. shore, and a chain of fortifications completely surrounds it. These forts are part of the complete system of defences of the great naval arsenal, which was the outcome of the Commissions of 1859. The forts on the Isle of Wight and those which control the passage of the Needles (Hurst Castle, &c.) and that to Spithead belong to the same scheme. The Spithead Forts (Spit Bank, Ryde Sand, Horse Sand, No Man's Land) are specially interesting, for they are built on the very shoals of the passage, and consist of iron citadels mounted with heavy guns and surrounded by thick masonry. The forts along the S. side of Portsea Island are Cumberland (the narrow at entrance to Langston Harbour), Eastney, Lumps, and Southsea Castle. Then at the entrance of the harbour itself come the Blockhouse Fort on the left (further S. are the Gillkicker and Monckton Forts, the latter the scene of the torpedo trials), and Point Battery on the right. The Gosport line of forts includes those called Gomer, Grange, Rowner, Brockhurst, and Elson, and dominates the peninsula which bounds Portsmouth Harbour on the W. At Fareham begins the strong line of forts (Fareham, Wallington, Nelson, Southwick, Widley, and Purbrook), which, from the lofty Portsdown ridge, cooperate with each other and with the Gosport forts. "The object of the works is to prevent the enemy either taking them easily or passing between them, and at the same time to render it impossible for him to burn the dockyards by a distant bombardment." On the E. side of the harbour beyond the dockyard is Lipner magazine and barracks. Cp. Portsmouth H. rbour above.

Portsmouth has a long and highly interesting history. In Roman times Porchester was the important spot, but the retreat of the sea shifted the port southwards to its present position. Saxon references are obscure, but Harold and his conqueror William fitted out fleets here. Some of the more interesting points in its subsequent history may be arranged chronologically.

1101. Robert of Normandy lands to claim the crown from Henry I.

1140. Empress Matilda lands.

1180. Parish church founded by the canons of Southwick.

1194. Richard Lionheart grants the first charter.

1290. A Spanish ship brings the first oranges to England.

1337, 1369, 1372. Attacked and plundered by the French.

Fifteenth century, Harbour fortified.

1545. English fleet attacked by the French. After two days' indecisive fighting, during which the Mary Rus heeled over and sank with 600 men and her commander, Sir George Carew, the French retired and plundered the coasts of the Isle of Wight and Sussex.

1552. Visited by Edward VI. Elizabeth later strengthened

the fortifications.

1628. Felton murders James Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, at the "Spotted Dog" (10 High Street).

1642. Siege and surrender to the Parliamentary forces.

1662. Charles II. married to Catherine of Braganza (see register of St. Thomas's Church).

1757. Admiral Byng shot on the quarterdeck of the *Monarque* to satisfy political feeling.

1759. Wolfe's remains brought from Quebec.

1776. James Aitkin (Jack the Painter) fires the Rope House, 328

Arrested at Hook, he was hung at the dock gates, and afterwards gibbeted at Blockhouse Point.

1782. Loss of the Royal George with Admiral Kempenfelt and nearly 1000 seamen and their friends at Spithead.

1794. George III. visits Howe's fleet and the prizes taken on the "glorious First of June."

1795. The Boyne destroyed by fire in the harbour.

1803. Nelson sails in the Victory.

1805. Nelson's remains landed after Trafalgar.

1814. Visit of the allied sovereigns.

Among more recent visitors have been Louis Philippe and

Garibaldi. The Queen's first visit was in 1842.

The list of Portsmouth's distinguished natives includes Admiral Ballard (d. 1829), who fought under Howe and Rodney; Sir Walter Besant; Isambard K. Brunel, the engineer; Sir John Carter, nine times mayor, and noteworthy for his attitude and assistance during the Spithead mutiny in 1797; Charles Dickens, John Huffham; Jonas Hanway (1712-1786), the philanthropist and introducer of the umbrella to England; Sir Frederick Madden, the antiquarian; Edward Miall (1809-1881), dear to Nonconformist memory; John Pounds (1766-1839), a cobbler, and the real founder of Ragged Schools.

The inns of Portsmouth played a leading part in the port's history. The "George," where Nelson breakfasted for the last time in England, still stands, but "The Blue Posts" has disappeared, like the "Spotted Dog" mentioned above, and the "Red Lyon," where Pepys put up in 1661. The Soldiers' and Sailors' Institute in High Street occupies the site of "The Fountain," for two centuries "the resort of naval officers, and the scene of Peter Simple's adventures."

The more modern barracks are on Southsea Common, others

are at Portsmouth and Portsea.

PORTSMOUTH TOWN proper offers the sightseer little of interest. The town station is central, and trams, distinguished by their colours, pass it for the different quarters. Almost opposite is the very imposing town hall, perhaps the finest municipal building in the country, which cost £140,000, and was opened by the Prince of Wales in 1891. On the N. side is the Victoria Park, on the W. ornamental gardens, and beyond these recreation grounds for officers and men.

St. Thomas's Church is in High Street. Little if any of the thirteenth-century church remains, and the present building dates almost wholly from the seventeenth century, after Charles I. had rescued it from the storehouse into which it had degenerated. Note the Duke of Buckingham's memorial

in the chancel, and the marriage entry of Charles II. in the register. The Garrison Church, on the Grand Parade, was built by a bishop of Winchester in the thirteenth century as the Hospital of St. Nicholas, and has been excellently restored in the last generation. For a couple of centuries after the Dissolution it was, as "The King's House," the residence of the governors of the port. Its windows and stalls are among its many military memorials. A narrow passage here leads by way of Pembroke Gardens to Southsea Common.

SOUTHSEA has been called the West End of Portsmouth. Largely inhabited by naval and military officers, it draws a good many excursionists in the summer months. Esplanade, a mile long, runs from the Clarence Pier at the W. end of the Common as far as the Castle, which, originally built by Henry VIII., gave its name to this locality. From this point a drive and parade continue the Esplanade to the E. Southsea or S. Parade Pier. A Canoe Lake near this pier must be added to the list of Southsea's attractions. Palmerston Road is the chief mart of Portsmouth. The churches are more numerous than interesting. The pretty village of Milton lies to the N.E.

PORTSEA, formerly known as Portsmouth Common, owes its being to the increase of the naval and military establishments of Portsmouth. From the Abbot Pier on the Hard frequent steam-launches ply to Gosport. The parish church (St. Mary) was built by Blomfield some ten years since, largely at the cost of the late Right Hon. W. H. Smith. A good view can be had from the lofty tower, and the beauty of the internal fittings will repay notice.

The Dockyard main entrance is at the N. end of the Hard. Except during the dinner-hour, visitors are admitted, and the courteous police (here, as at all the other dockyards in the kingdom, members of the metropolitan force) act as

intelligent and well-informed guides.

The most interesting features of the Dockyard are naturally the ships that happen to be on the stocks at any given time, access to which, however, is difficult for those not known to an official. But there are certain permanent objects which are worthy of notice, and may be enumerated here. First in order come the Royal Naval College and Admiralty House, with the William III, statue and the Mast Houses, beyond which is the S. Railway Jetty, Anchor Lane, the Woodmills and Saw-pits, the immense Storehouses and Sail-loft, the Rigging-house surmounted by the Semaphore, and the Ropery (burned down three times between 1760 and 1776); all have their attractions, as have Brunel's block machinery and the Nasmyth steam-hammer. N. of the Old Basin, which occupies the site of the original yard, and is surrounded by dry docks, are the Building Slips, and to the E. of this the Steam Basin. N.E. of this, four new large basins (Tidal, Repairing, Rigging, and Fitting) have been constructed in recent years on land largely reclaimed from the harbour, the mud excavated from them going to form Whale Island (see Portsmouth Harbour), the area of which has been thereby increased from 12 acres to 90. The Coal Stores are at the W. point of the Fitting Basin. The growth of the yard has been steady. In Henry VIII.'s time it covered 8 acres, a century ago 95, to-day the area is something over 300 acres. Hotels—George, Star and Garter (Portsmouth), Keppel's Head (Portsea), Bedford, Central (Landport, near the Town Station), Pier, Queen's, Esplanade, Grosvenor, &c. (Southsea)

Portswood.—A suburb of Southampton (q.v.), now generally known as St. Denys.

PRIOR'S DEAN (124).—See Dean, Prior's.

PRIVETT.—A parish and village 6 m. N.W. from Petersfield, at the S. end of Basing Park. It has a very fine church (built 1878), with a W. tower and a spire 160 feet high, containing eight bells. The exterior is richly carved, and a statue of Bishop Harold Browne occupies a niche in the tower: the interior is paved with Italian mosaic marble and fitted with oak.

PURBROOK.—A parish and hamlet on the Portsmouth (5½ m.)
-Petersfield road, 2 m. N. from Corham Station. The church, like the parish, is modern.

QUARLEY (83).—A parish and small village, 2 m. N. from Grately Station and about 6½ m. W. from Andover. The church was restored in 1x8z, but retains some portions of the original Norman and Early English structure, and some monuments to members of the Cox family. Quarley Hill, S.W. from the village, is 560 feet high, and is crowned by a large double Roman camp, whose four entrances are still well-nigh perfect. The view from the summit is charming, especially to the N.E., and includes much of Hants and Wilts.

QUIDHAMPTON.—The name given to the old manor-house at Overton (q.v.) Railway Station. The remains of its Norman chapel have been utilised for stabling purposes.

RAMSDALE.—A recently formed parish on the Basingstoke (5 m.)
-Newbury road. The church was built in 1867.

REDBRIDGE.—A village at the mouth of the Test, with a station at the junction of the Romsey and Andover branch and the main line to Bournemouth and the W. Southampton is 4 m. E. The S.W.R. keeps a good deal of railway plant here, and there are some gunpowder stores. Naval schooners and brigs were built here in the eighteenth century. A light iron viaduct (1 m.) carries the railway over the Test.

The church is at Millbrook (q.v.). Ship Inn.

RINGWOOD (178).—A parish and pleasant little market-town on the Avon, near the W. edge of the New Forest. Here a branch line to Christchurch and Bournemouth goes off from the Southampton and Dorchester line. The stately chu ch (SS. Peter and Paul) was originally built in the thirteenth century, and rebuilt in 1854. A mutilated brass effigy of a vested priest in the chancel is about the only item of antiquarian interest; the mural paintings on the E. wall commemorate Keble and his family. The Duke of Monmouth was kept for a time at Monmouth House, after his capture subsequent to Sedgemoor fight. "Ringwood" woollen gloves are made here in large quantities. The environs are pretty and contain some picturesque houses; Crown and White Hart Hotels.

ROCKBOURNE.—A parish and village in an angle of the county, which projects into Wiltshire, 3 m. N.W. from Fordingbridge. The church is old; it has a wooden tower, and retains a Norman doorway and an Early English arcade. Close to the church is a farm, once the manor-house where Sir John Cooper, father of the first Earl of Shaftesbury, lived. In its grounds are the remains of an old chapel and of a hall. The lofty pillar in the grounds of West Park House commemorates General Sir Eyre Coote and his capture of Pondicherry. There are other monuments to this family in the church.

Romsey (20).—A borough on the Test, on the Salisbury and Southampton (7 m.) line. There is also a railway connection with Eastleigh. The neighbourhood is pleasantly wooded, and there is a good deal of agricultural trade. The old woollen and paper industries have vanished. In the market-place is a statue of Lord Palmerston, who lived at Broadlands, a mile S, of the town, in a park that reaches away towards the New Forest. Embley Park (2 m. W.) is the home of Florence Nightingale. But the one thing at Romsey is the Abbey Church, now well-nigh a thousand

Founded by Edward the Elder about 010, the abbey was rebuilt as a Benedictine nunnery by Bishop Ethelwold of Winches-

ter half a century later. Under the Norman kings the foundation thrived and prospered—one of its abbesses being Mary the daughter of Stephen, whose canopied tomb is in the S. transept. Subsequent abbesses are said to have been more addicted to the ways of the world than to those of the church, and to have incurred episcopal reproofs from Winchester. After the Dissolution the lands passed to Lord Seymour of Sudeley.

The peculiar architectural interest of the Abbey Church is its almost total freedom from Decorated and Perpendicular additions, so that it represents with great fidelity a purely Norman conventual church. The total length is 240 feet. breadth at the transepts 120 feet. The tower is 92 feet high and has a beautiful view, but it does not contribute to the beauty of the exterior, the finest parts of which are the clerestory on the N. side, the bas-relief of the Crucifixion on the S. transept wall, which was once the reredos of a small chapel here, and the triplet of lancets in the W. front, the glass of which is a memorial to Lord Palmerston. There is no W. doorway, but those in the N. and S. sides of the nave show very good Early English work. The greater part of the nave is Norman; the clerestory is Transition, and the three western bays Early English, resting on older founda-The pointed windows in the aisles and the rich Norman door in the S. aisle are worth seeing. In this S. aisle is the tomb of Sir William Petty, one of the founders of the Royal Society, and of the Lansdowne family. Near it is a child's tomb with a graceful effigy, the work of the little one's father. The choir, like the tower and transepts, dates from about 1150, and is peculiarly representative. Perhaps the most interesting thing to notice is the triforium, which presents some very striking features, especially the small shaft running up from the spring of the two subordinate arches to the head of the main arch. Instead of the usual apse found at the E, end of the choir we have a bisected front, an arrangement often seen in Norman transepts. The choir aisles, however, have apses, though only internally. The transept apses are circular outside and inside. Of the Lady Chapel nothing remains except a few windows now inserted in the aisle. The upper part of the choir screen is old. There is a somewhat defaced piscina in the E. aisle, and in the N. aisle of the choir a fine but nameless altar-tomb. Hotels-White Horse, Railway.

ROPLEY.—An extensive parish and village 4 m. E. from Alresford, with a station on the Alton loop, 1½ m. N. from the village. The church (restored 1848 and 1897) is not in-

teresting; its registers, however, go back to kennels and stables of the H.H. hounds are in on the Petersfield road. A fine spiral Roman picted in Smith's Dictionary of Classical Ant found here in the early part of the century.

found here in the early part of the century. Rotherwick (106).—A parish and small village 2½ Hook Station. The Early English church ha monuments. Tylney Hall stands in pleasant

the village.

Rowlands Castle.—A village and railway station of Idsworth (g.v.), 3 m. N. of Havant on the direct line. An entrenched mound marks to Roman fort, and gives the village its name pottery have been found. Stansted College is home for six decayed merchants of London, Bristol, founded by the late Charles Dixon of Shimself a London merchant.

ROWNER.—A parish midway (3 m.) between Gospham, and 1 m. from Brockhurst Station. The tioned in Domesday, and there are some remainnear the church, which is an Early English 1

some obliterated wall-paintings.

ROWNHAMS.—A parish 3½ m. S.E. from Romsey station being Nursling (1½ m.). The church some good stained Flemish glass) is, like the pa There is a Convalescent Home here for females

under twelve.

Rvde, I.W. (184) .- A parish, borough, seaport, place opposite Spithead, with communication via Portsmouth Harbour (South-Western and Br or (less preferable) Stokes Bay (South-We is the largest town on the island, but has The Esplanade Pier (first built in 1814). and public gardens are attractive, but the n exposed at low water is a great drawback. Tl built in 1870 (G. G. Scott), and its conspicuous a fine view. The other churches are even les There are the usual municipal buildings, clubs, and the neighbourhood abounds in charmin Swanmore and St. John's Oakfield are subur rather fashionable. Hotels-Royal Pier, Esp. Albany and Eagle, Marine, &c.

ST. DENYS, See Southampton.
ST. HELEN'S, I.W. (190).—A large parish !

St. Cross.—See Winchester.

Brading and Bembridge. The village lies near the railway station, on the W. shore of Brading Harbour, some 4 m. from Ryde. Of the old church only the Early English tower, which serves as a sea-mark, remains; the new church has nothing of interest. The Priory (a modern house) is charmingly situated in woods which fringe the coast \(\frac{1}{2} \) m. W. from the church.

The name is based on a Cluniac foundation going back to c. 1160, and the place has long belonged to the Grose family. There are good links at Park Farm, about midway between St. Helen's and Ryde. ½ m. N. is Sea View, and a little farther on, towards Ryde, Spring Vale, with its fine views of the Channel and Southampton Water. Nettlestone is a hamlet on the main road from St. Helen's to Sea View

and Ryde.

ST. LAWRENCE, I.W. (207).—A parish and village on the S.E. coast, 2 m. W. from Ventnor, and connected with Newport by railway via Merston. The old church, now used as a mortuary chapel, is exceedingly small, measuring only some 25 feet by 11. A good view can be had from the churchyard. On the Ventnor road is the Royal National Hospital for Consumption and Chest Diseases. Hotel—St. Lawrence.

ST. MARY BOURNE (7).—A parish and village on a tributary of the Test, 1 m. N.W. from Hurstbourne Station. The church is Transition Norman, and was restored in 1855. It possesses one of the four square black-marble fonts found in the county, the others being at Winchester (Cathedral), Southampton (St. Michael's), and East Meon. A stone effigy in the S. aisle represents a thirteenth-century knight.

Wyke is a hamlet 1 m. W., with some remains of a manorhouse. Some British flint instruments have been unearthed

in the vicinity.

ST. MARY EXTRA.—A parish (once a chapelry to St. Mary, Southampton) on the E. bank of the Itchen estuary, connected with Southampton (many of whose tradesmen live here) by

a floating bridge. Woolston (q.v.) is the station.

SANDOWN, I.W. (191).—A parish and beautifully situated town on the E. coast, 6 m. S. from Ryde. There is direct railway communication with Newport, Ryde and Shanklin, and Ventnor. The sands are firm and the bathing good. In summer there are abundant steamboat and coaching excursions. The churches, like the whole town, are modern; and Sandown's history hardly covers more than half a century. The fort to the N. occupies the site of one of Henry VIII.'s series of Channel defence works. Hotels—Pier, Sandown, King's Head.

Sarisbury and Swanwick form a parish near the head of Hamble estuary, with a station called Swanwick, 5 m. N.W. from Fareham. It has no antiquarian interest, but is well known as a strawberry district. Sarisbury Court, Brooklands, Swanwick Glen, and Cold East are amongst the residences in the neighbourhood.

Scures. - See Nately Scures.

SEA VIEW, I.W. (190) .- See St. Helen's.

SELBORNE (112).—A parish and village 41 m. S.E. from Alton, and rather farther from Liss Station (direct Portsmouth line), in a beautifully wooded valley. The church (restored in 1863 and 1883) is approached through an open space known as the Plestor, i.e. Play-stow = Play-place. It has Transition (nave), Early English (aisle), and Decorated (transept) features, and a Flemish or Early German altar-piece. tablet in the chancel commemorates Gilbert White, who is buried in the graveyard to the S. of the chancel. The whitegabled vicarage is near the church. The house where White was born, and where he wrote his History ("The Wakes"), is on the right-hand side of the street as one comes from Alton: it and its garden contain a few pleasing relics of the great naturalist. A walk across the Short-Lithe pasture-field at the back of the village leads to the Priory Farm, on the site of which Peter, Bishop of Winchester, founded a priory of Black or Augustinian canons in 1233. In the time of William of Wykeham the canons were notorious for their sporting propensities, and finally (1460) the establishment was suppressed and the property handed over to Magdalen College, Oxford. Woolmer Forest (conveniently reached from Liphook, q.v.) lies partly within Selborne parish. has been Crown property since the days of the Saxon kings. In White's time it was largely a waste heathery common, but is now partly under cultivation. Queen's Arms Inn.

Shalden.—A parish and small village nearly 3 m. N. from Alton, to the left of the Odiham road. The church was rebuilt in

1865.

SHALFLEET, I.W. (200).—A parish and village between Newport (6 m.) and Yarmouth (4 m.). Calbourne Station is z m. S. The church has a good deal of architectural interest, being mainly (nave, aisle, chancel) good Early Decorated, with a square Norman tower resembling a castle keep, and a Norman N. door.

SHANKLIN, I.W. (191).—A parish and watering-place which existed in Domesday times, and has recently, from a group of quiet cottages, become a fashionable town. It owes this to its natural attractions and sheltered situation. Ryde and

Newport are both about 9 m. away. There is a good pier, and the Esplanade affords a sheltered walk. The glen known as Shanklin Chine is at the S. end of the town. The parish church was originally built in the twelfth century, and there is a carved chest in the vestry which belonged to Silksted, the last prior of Winchester. Little remains of the old building. Keats wrote his "Lamia" here in 1819, and Longfellow wrote some lines on the occasion of his visit in 1868. Hotels—Hinton's, Hollier's, Marine, Daish's.

SHAWFORD (56).—A hamlet and railway station where the G.W.R. from Didcot and Newbury joins the L. & S.W.R. 3 m. S. from Winchester. See Twyford.

SHEDFIELD (SHIDFIELD).—A new parish and village at the junction of several main county roads, 2½ m. E. from Botley Station. The church is quite modern: the tower of the old building is still standing in the churchyard. A good deal of fruit is grown here, especially in the part known as Shirrell Heath, 1 m. N.E. from the church.

SHEET.—A hamlet of Petersfield (q.v.).

SHERBORNE, MONKS'.—A parish and pretty village 3½ m. N.W. from Basingstoke. The church is largely Norman, and a good doorway of that style, with some traces of colouring, may be seen in the N. porch. The chancel arch is Norman, but the chancel itself is Perpendicular. There is a curious font, and a brass records the will of a seventeenth century benefactor. 2 m. N. is the small chapel of the old priory. See Pamber.

SHERBORNE ST. JOHN (108).—A parish and village 2 m. N. from Basingstoke. The church has a twelfth-century font, a shelf of chained books, an altar-tomb with the effigy of an armed knight, and (in the N. chapel) several fifteenth-century brasses to members of the Brocas family. A mile to the N.E. is the splendid mansion "The Vine," long the home of the Sandys family, and since the time of Cromwell the property of the Chutes. Originally built in the early sixteenth century, it was enlarged and altered by Inigo Jones and Webb. Horace Walpole's eulogy of the chapel is well known, and its carved stalls, stained windows (taken from Boulogne at its capture in 1544), and Italian tiles, still invite admiration. A mausoleum and an ante-chapel adjoin this part of the house, and, like the long picture-gallery, contains some good paintings. A special order from the present occupant is a necessary condition of viewing the house. Beyond the well-timbered park lies the old moated grange of Beaurepaire, whence it is not far to Bramley (q.v.).

SHERFIELD ENGLISH.—A small parish near the spot where the

Romsey (4½ m.) -Salisbury road crosses the Wilts border. The church was rebuilt in 1858. Dunbridge Station is 3 m.

N. across country.

SHERFIELD-ON-LODDON (105).—A good-sized parish and village 4 m. N.E. from Basingstoke and half that distance S.E. from Bramley (G.W.R.) Station. Its Decorated church (St. Leonard) was beautifully restored in 1872.

Shipton Bellinger.—A parish and village near the Wilts border, 4 m. N.W. from Grately Station. It has a wooden belfry

and a rather striking stone screen.

SHIRLEY. - See Southampton.

Sholing.—A parish on the E. bank of the Itchen estuary, included in the parliamentary borough of Southampton, of which it is practically a suburb. It has a station on the

Netley line. Strawberries are abundantly grown.

SHORWELL, I.W. (206).—A parish and well-wooded village 5 m. S.W. from Newport. The Perpendicular church dates from about 1435, and contains a number of interesting antiquities, among them a gun-chamber, an hour-glass, an early wall-painting, two piscinas, some good brasses, and a copy of the great Cranmer Bible of 1541. Northcourt is a good Jacobean house with fine terraced gardens, and at Wolverton, a similar house, may be seen the remains of the moat. Westcourt and Limerston (see Brixton) must be added to the list of interesting manors in this neighbourhood.

Silchester (106).—A parish and village equidistant (3 m.) from Bramley and Mortimer Stations, on the G.W.R. Basingstoke and Reading branch, and between 8 and 9 m. N. from Basingstoke. The church (cp. p. 108) stands within the E. wall of the Roman city (see below), and has been well restored. It is mainly an Early English building, with some early lancet windows and a finely carved Perpendicular oak screen. An oak communion-table, two piscinas and two aumbries, and some stone coffin-slabs, are also among its

antiquities.

The small plan of Silchester given on p. 107 will give the reader a better idea of the place than a good deal of description. The credit of the early work of exploration must be nearly all ascribed to the Rev. J. G. Joyce, of Strathfieldsaye, who from 1864 to his death laboured incessantly at this work. In 1890 the Society of Antiquaries established a Silchester Excavation Fund, which, thanks to the permission of the late Duke of Wellington, has now thoroughly explored more than half the area, as may be seen by reference to the shaded portion of the plan.

The walls of the city are more than 1½ m. in circumference, 338.

and are most perfect on the S. side: the ditch which surrounded them is clearly traceable, especially at the S.W. corner. There were two gates on the W., one at each of the other points of the compass, and one on the N.E. leading to the Amphitheatre, which was about 150 yards outside the walls, and 150 feet by 120 in size. Though much overgrown and quite devoid of any traces of seats, the site is quite plain. Right in the centre of the city are the Forum and the Basilica, round which the business of the place was carried on, and where the public offices and shops were situated. A little to the S.E. of the Forum are the remains of an Early Basilican Christian church, and farther S. the foundations of a temple have been laid bare. A building near the S. gate has been deemed to be the public hospice. It is thought that there was a considerable dyeing industry in Silchester, especially in the W. quarter.

Though most of the relics are removed as they are found, either to Strathfieldsaye or to the Reading Museum, there is a collection on the spot which is well worth seeing. Inscriptions and military remains are rare, but the domestic antiquities are many and good. The children's toys especially serve to illustrate that there is at any rate one world that

does not change from age to age.

The small Crown Inn is about 1m. from the W. gate, on Silchester Common; the Wellington Arms, at Stratfield Turgis;

will also be found convenient and good.

SOBERTON (143).—A parish and village 5 m. E. from Bishop's Waltham, and 1 m. from Droxford. Early Roman coins have been found here. The church is interesting, its tower being a very good specimen of the Late Perpendicular epoch. A couples of piscinas, a squint, one or two good monuments, and some early Decorated windows in the chancel are among the attractions of the interior.

SOMBORNE (19).—See King's Somborne.

Sopley (178).—A parish and village on the Avon, 3 m. N. from Christchurch and 1½ E. from Hurn Station. The river here, especially by Winkton, is full of beauty. The cruciform church, with its dwarf spire, is mainly Early English, with Perpendicular additions and alterations. There is an Early English triple lancet in the N. transept, and the chancel arch and chancel are of the same date. The latter is small and has a lepers' window. The nave is Perpendicular: the corbels of the roof should be noticed. In the neighbourhood of Sopley is Tyrrel's Ford and the smithy where Rufus's slayer got his horse's shoes reversed, an act for which the Crown still exacts an annual fine.

Hampshire

Southampton (22).—A borough and seaport town at the point where the Itchen and the Test flow into Southampton Water, and distant from London nearly 80 miles. There are two railway stations, distinguished as the Docks and the West, the latter of which, by reason of its place on the through Bournemouth route, enjoys a much better service than the former. From the Docks Station passengers for Cowes are run on to the Royal Pier, and those for the continental and foreign packets are brought alongside the docks.

Some of Southampton's past history has already been related (pp. 22-24). At the beginning of the nineteenth century Southampton was known chiefly as a small shipbuilding place, and a seaside resort due to the Duke of York's making his home there. The Napoleonic wars, however, brought it



into prominence as a camp and a port of embarkation. In 1840 came the railway, two years later the docks. It has especially become a mail-packet port, and the Castle and Union lines (now amalgamated), the North German Lloyd, the Royal Mail (W. Indies), and American (formerly Inman) are among those whose boats are most in evidence.

Southampton is full of antiquities, though it is not usually thought of as a hunting-ground for the archæologist. The walk along the Western Shore Road from the West Station, round past the Baths and the Pier to the Docks, introduces one to many a relic of the past, including the town walls, the Arundel Tower, the Arcades (a most interesting series of nineteen arches), Blue Anchor Lane (with King John's Palace, said to be the oldest house in England), the West Gate and West Quay, the "Spanish Prison" at the corner of Bugle Street, the Southgate Tower and Domus Dei, founded about 1190 as an almshouse for pilgrims, and still supporting

eight poor people—the houses are modern, but the chapel hard by retains some of the original work, and contains the grave of Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, the conspirators against Henry V., whose story is told in the second act of Shakespeare's play—and the very early and picturesque Bridewell Gate. Queen's Park is one of Southampton's many open spaces, the largest of which is the Common to the north of the town. The Docks are an ever-increasing source of prosperity and interest; the largest of them, the

Empress Dock, covers nearly nineteen acres.

Amongst the many famous High Streets of England, that of Southampton takes a foremost place. It runs inland for a mile from the Town Pier, though beyond Bargate it is known as Above Bar Street. Walking along it one passes on the right the Hartley Institute, which is Southampton's University College, and the germ of a future University. Not far ahead, a little to the left, is St. Michael's Church, with its very high spire and a black font like the one at Winchester. Some chained books and a couple of interesting monuments are among its treasures, but it has little or no architectural beauty or interest, thanks to a too early "restoration." Just opposite in High Street is Holy Rood Church, with more monuments, and higher up the churches of St. Laurence and All Saints. Beyond the Bargate, on top of which is the Guildhall, are the Isaac Watts Memorial Church (Congregational), the Philharmonic, and the Royal Southampton Yacht Clubhouse; that of the Royal Southern Yacht Club is near the Royal Pier. Further on, past East Park, are the Free Library and the Ordnance Survey Central Office. Bevois Mount, the seat of the famous Lord Peterborough of Queen Anne's time, once stood near here, and the name (there is still a Bevois Street in Southampton) recalls the famous Bevis of Hampton, who, like Guy of Warwick, figures largely in English mediæval The Avenue continues the road, and leads to romances. Portswood and St. Denys, where are the scanty ruins of an Augustinian priory founded by Henry I.

The mother church of Southampton is St. Mary's, which may be reached from High Street by East Street, which was founded in the eleventh century, and has been rebuilt with great taste and magnificence during the last twenty years.

The list of Southampton's great men includes Charles Dibdin, Nicholas Fuller, Bishop Lake and Sir Thomas Lake his brother, Sir John Millais, Richard Pococke, Bishop of Ossory, and Isaac Watts.

Among the outlying quarters of Southampton are St. Denys

(see above); Northam (manufacturing), where the line to the West Station and Bournemouth leaves that which runs to the Docks; Fremantle, lying north of the railway as it leaves the West Station; and Shirley, north of Fremantle, between it

and Southampton Common.

Southampton is a splendid centre for trips of all kinds, and Beaulieu, the New Forest, Romsey, Winchester, Netley, Cowes, are all within easy distance. The steamship service to the last-named place affords a good opportunity of seeing Southampton Water to those who cannot undertake the longer and infinitely pleasanter method of exploration by means of one of the sailing boats which can be hired near the Town Pier.

Hotels-Near the Docks: South-Western, Radley's. In Above Bar and High Street: Royal, Dolphin, Crown. Near the West Station: Inman and other Temperance Hotels.

SOUTHBOURNE-ON-SEA, -A watering - place 11 m. from Christchurch, in the direction of Bournemouth (31 m.). It has an undercliff esplanade and a pier, and many preparatory schools. It has a high reputation as regards amount of winter sunshine, but is a little awkward to get at, and is less sheltered than Bournemouth. Southcliffe and Gordon Hotels.

Southsea .- See Portsmouth.

Southwick.—A parish and village 2 m. N. from Porchester Station. The church has an interesting brass of John White and his family. White was first lord of the manor after the dissolution of the priory, some slight remains of which may still be seen. The canons of Southwick founded Portsmouth parish church. In his day William of Wykeham was a benefactor of the establishment, and Henry VI. may have been married here to Margaret of Anjou. It was here that Charles I. heard the news of Buckingham's assassination at Portsmouth.

Sparsholt.-A parish and village 3 m. N.W. from Winchester Station. The pretty little Early English church has a wooden belfry, and has been well restored. Roman remains have been found.

STEEP.—A parish on the Alton road 2 m. N.W. from Petersfield. The church (All Saints') has some 'Transition Norman remains.

STEVENTON (46).-A parish and village 24 m. S. from Oakley Station. Jane Austen, whose father was long the rector, was born here in 1775.

STOCKBRIDGE (18). - A parish and small town on the Test, 81 m. N.W. from Winchester, with a station on the Andover and

Southampton line. There was a skirmish here in the civil wars of Stephen and Matilda, and later records testify to the notoriety of its election practices. The church is new, but retains some of the old windows. There is great trouting, but the place is even better known as lately the scene of the Stockbridge June Races, and the famous Danebury Stables and training-grounds now owned by T. Cannon. Grosvenor Hotel.

STOKE CHARITY (47).—A parish and village 2 m. E. from Sutton Scotney Station. The small church was built in Norman times, and is noted for its monuments and tombs of the Hampton, Waller, and Philipps families. There is a brass of 1482, and a sculpture (long walled up) depicting the appearance of Christ to Gregory the Great at mass. Norsbury Ring is a circular intrenchment in the neighbourhood.

STONEHAM, NORTH (42).—A parish by the Itchen, 1½ m. S.W. from Eastleigh. In Roman times it formed, as Ad Lapidem, a half-way house between Winchester and Southampton. The church is on the edge of Stoneham Park, and contains a couple of good monuments commemorating Sir Thomas Fleming (d. 1613), Chief-Justice of England, and Admiral Hawke, the victor of Quiberon. A slab in the floor marks the burial-place of the Slavonian sailors who manned the Venetian ships which traded with Southampton in the Middle Ages.

STONEHAM, SOUTH.—A parish (Swaythling, q.v., is the village) on the other side of the Itchen from North Stoneham (q.v.). The Early English church contains a Norman font and a curious Jacobean monument.

STRATFIELD TURGIS (89).—A parish and village 1 m. S. of Strathfieldsaye (q.v.). The church is not interesting. A lofty monument to the great duke stands on the Reading road. The Wellington Arms Inn is convenient for visitors to Silchester.

STRATHFIELDSAYE (106).—A parish and village on the Berks border, 8 m. N.E. from Basingstoke. The nearest station is at Mortimer (G.W.R.). The estate was presented by the nation to the Duke of Wellington after Waterloo. The grounds, in which there is a fine avenue of elms, are open, but the house, where there are some good portraits and some relics from Silchester, is not shown. The church contains a few interesting monuments, and two sixteenth-century brasses.

STRATTON, EAST.—A parish and village 2 m. N.E. from Micheldever Station. The church is modern. The old building stood within the bounds of Stratton Park. See Micheldever. STUBBINGTON .- See Crofton.

SUTTON, LONG.—A parish and village 2½ m. S. from Odiham. The nearest station is Hook (4½ m.). The church (All Saints') is old, but has nothing of particular interest.

SUTTON SCOTNEY.—The station for Wonston (q.v.).

SWANMORE.—A parish on Waltham Chase, 13 m. S.E. from Bishop's Waltham, in the fruit country. The church is modern. The gardens at Swanmore House have a wide reputation.

- SWARRATON.—A parish on the E. side of the Grange Park, 3½ m. E. from Alresford. The church has been pulled down. Oliver's Battery, a trench on the downs, witnesses to a visit of the Protector.
- SWARY.—A parish and village on the Avon, 4 m. N.W. from Lymington, with a station on the S. border of the New Forest, which is convenient for Hordle (q.v.) and the cliffs.
- SWAYTHLING.—A hamlet of South Stoneham (g.v.), with a railway station at the N. end of the Southampton suburban district.
- SYDMONTON.—A parish in the N. of the county, 3 m. S.W. from Kingsclere, and 1 m. from Burghelere (G.W.R.) Station. The church was rebuilt in the sixties, and retains an old Norman doorway. Cp. Ecchinswell.
- TADLEY.—A somewhat scattered parish. The village lies on the Newbury-Basingstoke road, the nearest stations being Aldermaston (G.W.R. Berks., 4½ m.) and Basingstoke (6 m.). St. Peter's Church is small but ancient, and has a carved oak pulpit dated 1650.

TANGLEY (71).—A well-wooded parish on the Wilts border, equidistant (5½ m. N.) from Andover and Weyhill. The Early Tudor font is of lead, and ornamented with heraldic devices. The tower and spire commemorate the Diamond Jubilee of

Queen Victoria.

- Tedworth (or Tidworth), South (84).—A parish on the Wilts border, 2½ m. S.W. from Ludgershall (M. & S.W.J.R.) Station. Grately Station is 5½ m. S., and North Tedworth 1 m. N. (in Wilts). A new church has replaced the old one, which is now used as a mortuary chapel. The kennels of the Tedworth Hunt are here, and the whole neighbourhood is full of memories of Thomas Assheton Smith.
- THORLEY, I.W.—A parish and small village I m. E. from Yarmouth. The church is modern, but in the churchyard stands the S. porch (with a belfry) of the old building. The old font, bells, and altar-table have been transferred to the new church.

THRUXTON (161).—A parish 1 m. S.W. from Weyhill Station. The church has a Transition Norman tower arch, but is mainly Decorated and Perpendicular. There are some good monuments, one of the twelfth century and another of the fifteenth, probably of the De Lisle family. A very fine brass in the chancel floor (Sir John Lisle, d. 1407) is perhaps the earliest known representation of complete plate armour. In 1823 a five-coloured mosaic pavement (of the banqueting-hall of a Roman villa, c. A.D. 300) was found in the parish, with the inscription Quintus Natalius Natalinus et Bodeni, and a figure of Bacchus, cup in hand, riding on a panther (see the Salisbury [1849] volume of the Archæological Association). After lying for many years in the "Pavement Field," this interesting relic was in the early part of 1899 transferred to the British Museum.

TICHBORNE, OF TITCHBOURNE (O.E. Ticceburn) (50).—A parish on the Itchen, 2 m. S.S.W. from Alresford Station. St. Andrew's Church has an early font and a Norman chancel, and some memorials of the Tichborne family. The present Tichborne House dates from the beginning of the nineteenth century, and replaced the old one, which was in existence so far back as Henry III.'s time. The story of the "Tichborne Dole" and "The Crawls" has been told in "Story and Scenery," p. 50.

TIMEBURY.—A parish and village on the Test, 11 m. S.E. from Mottisfont Station. St. Andrew's Church is old, and the register dates from 1564. The Manor House has good

gardens and grounds.

TISTED, EAST (50, 125).—A village and parish on the Alton-Petersfield road, 4½ m. S.S.W. from Alton Station. The church has some monuments (one of the seventeenth century). Rotherfield Park is the seat of the Scotts. Some British earthworks lie about a mile to the S.W.

Tisted, West.—A parish 3 m. S.E. from Ropley Station. In its Early English church lies Sir Benjamin Tichborne, who after Cheriton skirmish hid himself in a neighbouring oak, the stump of which is still shown. The Manor Farm is

Elizabethan, and contains some fine panelling.

TITCHFIELD (146).—A parish and small town finely situated in the Meon valley, 2 m. from Fareham. The church exhibits specimens of Norman (chancel-arch), Early English (door and arches on S. side), Decorated (chantry chapel), and Perpendicular (N. aisle, hardly built by William of Wykeham, in spite of tradition). In the S. chapel is a handsome monument surmounting the remains of Sir Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton (d. 1550), his countess, and their

son (d. 1581), as well as other members of the family. The ruins of Place House are within half a mile, and occupy the site of Titchfield (Premonstratensian) Abbey, founded in 1232, and bestowed at the Dissolution on Sir Thomas Wriothesley, who replaced the abbey by a "righte statelie house embatayled," in which his son, the second Earl of Southampton, entertained Edward VI. Shakespeare may have visited his patron, the third earl, here, and Charles I. was taken from here to Carisbrook by Colonel Hammond. The ruins are not public. Of the old abbey and chapterhouse very little remains.

Strawberries are grown here in abundance, and there is fishing

in the Mon. Bugle Inn.

TOTLAND BAY, I.W.—A watering-place on the W. coast of the island, 1½ m. from Freshwater Station. The sands and the bathing are good, and the cliffs afford pleasant walks and views. There is a pier, and a good hotel (Totland Bay). The church and the houses are all of recent date. There is a monument to "Ideal" Ward in the private cemetery of the Catholic chapel at Weston Manor. Yarmouth is 3 m. N., and there is coach connection in summer. Alum Bay is 2 m. S.

TOTTON. - See Eling.

TUTTON (11).—A small parish on the Test, 2 m. S. of Whitchurch Station. The little Norman church has a wall-painting of St. Christopher, and in the aisle a black slab dated 1527.

TUNWORTH.—A small parish 3½ m. S.E. from Basingstoke. The church (rebuilt in 1824) stands at the N.E. corner of Herriard Park, and has a small Norman chancel arch in a

solid screen of masonry.

Twyrord (56).—A thriving village and parish on the Itchen, 3 m. S. from Winchester, with a station at Shawford (q.v.). There is plenty of scope for the artist in the neighbourhood. The church is not very noteworthy, but in "Seager's Buildings" Pope was at school in 1794, and in Twyford House Franklin wrote most of his autobiography.

TYRREL'S FORD, -See Sopley.

TYTHERLEY, EAST.—A parish and village 34 m. N. from Dunbridge Station. St. Peter's (Early English) Church has been restored; its register dates from 1556. Lockerley Hall is a good nineteenth-century Elizabethan mansion, with large and wooded grounds.

TYTHERLEY, West.—A parish and village whose nearest railway station is Dean (2½ m. S.). Here William is said to have received the homage of the people of Salisbury. Norman Court is about a century old, and has in its park some noble

beeches.

- UPHAM.—A village and parish 3 m. N.W. from Bishop's Waltham Station, and 8 m. S.E. from Winchester. Of more interest than the church is the rectory, where Edward Young, the author of "Night Thoughts," was born in 1684. Some slight Roman remains were discovered half a century ago at Wicker Row, near the Winchester road.
- UP-NATELY.—A parish 4 m. E. from Basingstoke, near the canal. The nearest station is Hook (2½ m. to the N.E.). The church is a small building, mainly built of flint, with a Norman doorway. There are brick and tile works.
- UPPER CLATFORD.—A parish 1½ m. S. from Andover. According to Domesday the manor was royal property. The church of All Saints is noteworthy on account of the two singular arches which divide the nave and chancel and the heavy central pier on which they rest. There are some Norman doorways, and a font which dates from 1629. On the top of Bury Hill are the remains of a circular camp, at its foot the large Waterloo Ironworks.
- UPPER ELDON.—A tiny manor and parish 21 m. N.E. from Mottisfont Station. The small memorial chapel of St. John the Baptist is used for occasional services.
- UPPER WALLOP.—A parish and village 2½ m. S. from Grately Station and 7 m. S.W. from Andover. St. Peter's Church is an Early English building of flint, with stone dressings: its clock commemorates the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's reign (1897).
- Uppron Greys.—A parish and large village 5 m. S.E. from Basingstoke. The nearest station is Hook (44 m.). The village is set upon a hill, and has many old houses. St. Mary's Church is mainly a blend of Norman and Early English, with a more modern red-brick addition.
- Ventnor, I.W. (207).—A parish and town which, like the other watering-places of the island, dates its history from about 1830, when it was but a hamlet. Its fine air and beautiful situation attract numbers of persons suffering from chest complaints, and the well-known Undercliff, which runs from here to St. Catherine's Point, is said to have the most equable climate in England. Ventnor has all the usual apparatus of a fashionable watering-place, including a good pier and a public park. The churches are modern. Steephill Castle was once occupied by the late Empress of Austria. Excursions are many and delightful: there are plenty of coach drives in summer, and the two railway stations connect the place with the other towns of the island.

Hotels-Royal, Marine, Esplanade, Queen's, Crab and Lob-

ster, &c.

VERNHAM'S DEAN.—A parish and village on the Wiltshire border.
Hungerford is 9 m. N. and Andover the same distance S.
The church of St. Mary was rebuilt in 1851. Neighbouring hamlets are Upton, Littledown, Lower Conholt, and Woodside Green.

WALLOP, NETHER OR LOWER.—A large parish and village 4 m. S.E. from Grately Station, and the same distance N.W. from Stockbridge Station. St. Andrew's Church was originally Norman and cruciform, but was altered in the fifteenth century on Perpendicular lines. In the nave floor may be seen an effigy of the abbess Maria Gose (1436) and a Latin brass; a slab in the N. asle is a memorial to a mitred churchman, but the brass has disappeared: on the E. wall of the aisle there are a couple of Decorated canopied niches. Wallop Fields may be the "Gualoppum" of Nennius, and the scene of Vortigern's struggle with the Saxon invaders. At Danebury are Mr. Cannon's training stables and grounds, and on Danebury Hill an old camp. Cp. Stockbridge.

WALLOP, OVER OF UPPER.—A parish and village 2½ m. S. by E. of Grately Station. The manor belongs to the Earl of Portsmouth, a connection dating from Saxon times. St. Peter's Church has been rebuilt since 1866, and has a clock in

honour of the Diamond Jubilee of 1897.

Waltham, North.—A village 3 m. S. from Oakley Station. St. Michael's Church was rebuilt in 1865, and contains a Per-

pendicular font formerly in Popham Church.

WARBLINGTON.—A parish and village bordering on Langstone and Chichester havens, 1 m. E. from Havant Station and a similar distance W. from Emsworth. The castle was built about the time of Henry III., though the present ruins (tower and gateway) only go back to the rebuilding of Henry VII.'s day. It was the birthplace of Bishop Cotton of Salisbury (temp. Elizabeth), and the temporary home of the Countess of Salisbury, the mother of Reginald Pole. The church of St. Thomas à Becket, near the water, is a blend of Early English (nave) and Decorated (chancel); the tower has traces of Norman and possibly of Saxon work. Tradition ascribes the building to two maiden ladies of the house of Warblington, and stone coffins with female effigies have been found in the aisles. The fine moulding of the clustered columns on the S. side of the nave are in striking contrast to the plainness of those on the N. side:

WARNBOROUGH, South.—A parish and small village, formerly

called Subberie (=Southborough), about 2½ m. from Odiham. The nearest station is at Hook (nearly 5 m.). The church has a good Norman doorway, and some brasses and monuments of the Whyte family; its register dates from 1538. North Warnborough is a hamlet near Basingstoke Canal.

Warnford (144).—A parish and small village almost equidistant (7 m.) from Petersfield and Bishop's Waltham Stations. "King John's House" in Warnford Park was an old manorial mansion, whose ruins form an interesting relic of twelfthcentury domestic architecture. The bases and capitals of the curious pillars which divided the hall are still to be seen. Closely adjoining the ruins is the church, founded by Wilfrid of York (c. 665) and restored by Adam de Port (the builder of "King John's House"). The tower is Norman, the chancel-arch Transition, the remainder Early English. Interesting are the Neale monument (1610), the font, and a curious stone in the S. wall similar to the specimen at Corhampton (g.v.).

WARSASH.—A hamlet 5½ m. W. from Fareham. There is a ferry

to Hamble.

WATERLOO (VILLE).—A modern parish and village near the Forest of Bere, 3 m. N. from Cosham Station, and rather more from Havant. St. George's Church is of rather mixed architecture, and has a small embattled W. tower. The hamlet of

Stakes Hill is about a mile away.

Weeke or Wyke (43).—A parish partly within Winchester city, containing the Winchester workhouse and the L. & S.W.R. Station. In the Church of St. Matthew (usually called the Church of St. Mary the Virgin) there is a curious brass representing St. Christopher carrying Christ, beneath which is a black-letter inscription commemorating William and Anne Complyn (1498). A wall-tablet enshrines the memory of Dr. Nicholas Harpesfield, a noted contemporary of Bishops Fox and Gardiner.

Wellow, East and West, are distinct for civil but united for ecclesiastical purposes. Both are scattered communities, West Wellow being the smaller in extent but the greater in point of population. St. Margaret's Church is mainly Early English, and has interesting wall-paintings (St. Christopher, murder of Thomas à Becket, &c.) of about the fourteenth century. In the chancel is an aumbry, in the S. wall a priest's door, and a low side or lepers' window.

WESTBOURNE, -See Bournemouth.

Westend.—A village and new parish 4 m. N.E. from Southampton. The nearest station is Swathling (2 m.). The church

is by Sir Arthur Blomfield; one of its windows commemorates Bishop Harold Browne, who died and was buried here.

Weston.—A parish on Southampton Water 1 m. S. from Woolston Station. The church is modern and handsome. An obelisk at Mayfield commemorates Charles James Fox, and was erected by a former M.P. for Southampton, William Chamberlayne, Esq., of Westbourne Grove, a domain whose woods and waters are described in one of Miss Mitford's poems. An old and curious fisherman's hut, covered with seaweed, is to be seen at Weston.

WESTON CORBETT.—A small parish 3½ m. S.E. from Basingstoke.

Weston Patrick.—A parish 5½ m. S.E. from Basingstoke, and adjoining Weston Corbett. The flint church was rebuilt in Early English style by a local landowner.

WEYHILL (§3).—A parish and village 3 m. W. by N. from Andover, and extending to the Wiltshire border. St. Michael's Church is of some interest; its register goes back to 1564. Several fairs are held in the year; by far the most important is that from October 10th to 16th. Langland (fourteenth century) mentions it in his "Vision of Piers the Plowman," and Elizabeth granted a charter concerning it to the corporation of Andover. October 11th is the great hiring day, on the 12th the hop fair begins. The place is still sometimes called Penton Grafton, a reminiscence of the abbey of Grestein, to which the manor belonged. The church calls for no remark, The best inn is the Star.

WHALE ISLAND. - See Portsmouth.

WHERWELL (15).—A parish and village on the Test, nearly 4 m. S.E. from Andover. Part of Harewood Forest lies between the two places. Elfrida, the stepmother of Edward the Martyr and widow of King Edgar, founded a Benedictine nunnery here as a penance for her misdeeds and murders. At the Dissolution the revenues were given to the first Lord Delawarr. Some curious stone figures are still to be seen in the churchyard.

WHIPPINGHAM, I.W. (198).—A parish and small village 2 m. S.E. from East Cowes, and deriving most of its importance from its nearness to Osborne. There is a railway station 1½ m. S. from the church, which building dates its present from 1861-2. The church is the property of the Queen, and contains memorials to the Prince Consort, Princess Alice, and Prince Leopold. The N. aisle of the chancel forms a beautifully decorated memorial chapel, and contains the tomb of Prince Henry of Battenburg. Osborne

lies I m. N. from the church, and stands on rising ground which affords a wide and beautiful view. The house is not shown, and tourists usually content themselves with the view from the sea on the passage between Ryde and Cowes.

WHITCHURCH (6).—A parish and small town (2110 inhabitants) on the Test, 7 m. from Andover, 12 m. from Winchester and Basingstoke, and served by the Great Western and South-Western lines, It used to return two members, and still has a mayor but no corporation, like the little town of Newport, Pem. It stands at the crossing of the Winchester and Oxford and London and Salisbury coach-roads, and has a few corn and silk mills. The town hall is old and ugly. All Hallow's Church is a mixture of styles (Transitional, Early English, and later), with an octagonal spire 120 feet high and a heavy western tower. A very fine brass in the aisle (verse inscription, with effigies) commemorates Richard and Elizabeth Brooks and their six children (1603), and to the left of the chancel arch is a curious and early effigy of a woman, possibly a nun of Wherwell Priory, with the inscription "HIC CORPVS FRITHEVRGAE REQUIESCIT IN PACE(M) SEPULTYM. The vestry contains a small theological library, bequeathed by a former vicar. White Hart Inn.

Whitsbury.—A small parish, formerly partly in Wiltshire, but since 1895 wholly in Hants, 2½ m. W. from Breamore Station. The old church (restored in 1878) went back to Henry I. Whitsbury Camp covers 16 acres, and was possibly used by

British, Roman, and Saxon forces.

Whitwell, I.W.—A parish and village with a station on the Merston and St. Lawrence branch, 4 m. W. from Ventnor. The church has two chancels which were originally distinct chapels, and is otherwise interesting. Old Park is a fine

new house; Stenbury, a sixteenth-century manor.

WICKHAM (or WYKEHAM) (141).—A pleasant village and parish on the Meon, 4 m. N. by E. from Fareham Station. William of Wykeham, the munificent founder of Winchester and New Colleges, and Bishop of Winchester, was born here in 1324. The church contains some good monuments of members of the Uvedale family, whose manor-house used to stand near. A flour-mill has some beams taken from the American ship Chesapeake, of duel fame, and there are brewing and malting houses. Rookesbury Park is between here and Fareham. The King's Head is the chief inn.

WIDLEY .- See Cosham.

Wield (or Weald).—A parish 3½ m. N.W. from Medstead Station (Lower Wield is another m. N.). St. James's Church is Norman and Early English, and contains (within the communion rails) a very fine alabaster monument to William

Wallop (figure in full armour) and one of his wives,

Winchester (27).—66½ m. from London, 12 m. N.E. from Southampton. There are two railway stations (G.W.R., and L. & S.W.R.) at different ends of the city. Dean Kitchin's volume in the "Historical Towns" series is indispensable

for a thoroughgoing study,

History. - In pre-Roman times the place was known as "Caer Gwent" (White Castle), which was romanised into "Venta Belgarum," and became a place of much importance, as is testified by the remains of temples and altars which have come to light. The Saxons called it Winteceaster, and in time it became the head city of Wessex and finally of England. Birinus preached Christianity here in 635, and Alfred, Canute, and William the Conqueror in turn ruled from it, and here the latter's "Domesday Book" was compiled. In the time of Henry I. Winchester outrivalled London in prosperity and commercial importance, but a fire which occurred while the city held out for Stephen against Matilda in 1141 put a serious check upon its growth, and diverted its power into ecclesiastical channels. The first three Edwards held Parliaments here, as did Richard II. and some of the latter Henries. Mary was married to Philip of Spain in the Cathedral, and Raleigh was tried in the Castle Waller took it twice, Ogle and Cromwell once each during the Civil War. The Plague visited it in 1665-6, and Charles II. and James II. in 1682 and 1685 respectively.

The Cathedral is best reached through the archway close to the fifteenth-century City Cross in High Street. In spring and autumn the avenue of elms and limes is seen very well, and considerably enhances the effect of the first sight of the cathedral, which is, however, rather heavy, owing partly to the dwarfed proportions of the tower. The present building dates its inception from 1079, when Bishop Walkelin superseded the older Saxon edifice. Timber was brought from Hampage Wood and stone from the Isle of Wight, and by 1093 the choir and transepts were finished. Bishop Godfrey Lucy (c. 1200) added to the eastern end, and Bishop Edingdon and his successors, William of Wykeham (1360-1404), Beaufort, and Waynflete, entirely reconstructed the nave. The west front was also Edingdon's work; it was restored in 1860. The building is nearly 560 feet long, exceeding that of any church in England and any medizval church in the world. The nave is 250 feet long, and the breadth at the transepts 208 feet.

The Nave is not only extremely beautiful, but of the highest

interest architecturally; for it is throughout in essence Walkelin's original Norman building (note the masonry of the piers and the arches behind the triforium) reconstructed or transformed into a perfect specimen of fourteenth and fifteenth century Perpendicular. For the technical details Willis's paper in the Winchester volume of the Archæological Association (1845) should be read. Interesting parts of the nave are the cantoria or minstrels' tribune, at the west end of the N. aisle, and the grill-work door (twelfth century) below; the black marble font (twelfth century), with its scenes from the life of St. Nicholas (the scholars' patron) and its baptismal symbols; the pulpit, formerly in New College Chapel, Oxford; the chantries of Edingdon and William of Wykeham; the altar-tombs of Bishops Morley and Harold Browne, and Jane Austen's wall-tablet; and the great W. window, the glass of which is very early, but is said to have been gathered here from different parts of the building after the havoc wrought by the Parliamentary forces.

For admission to the choir and transepts a charge of 6d. is made, which goes to the vergers' common fund. The latter are the oldest parts of the present building, and are specially fine. The smaller piers and plain groined vaults clearly distinguish the parts finished in 1093 from the later and finer work necessitated by the rebuilding of the tower about 1107. One of the vergers will show you the way to the curious gallery, and also to the belfry and the summit of the tower and the roof of the nave. In the N. transept the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre exhibits some curious rude wall-paintings of the thirteenth century; in the S. transept are the Venerable Chapel, Prior Silkstede's Chapel (containing the tomb of Izaak Walton (d. 1682), and, in striking contrast to its environment, Bishop Samuel Wilberforce's monument.

The Choir is approached from the nave through an oak-screen designed by Sir G. G. Scott. In this part of the church, which is of various dates, the most interesting features are the very dark oak stalls, dating from 1296, and exquisitely carved in Early Decorated style; the enormous piers which support the central tower, and are more massive than harmonious; the ceiling of the tower, which was till the time of Charles I. (whose arms, &c., are painted on it) a lantern; and the reputed tomb of Rufus. The Bishop's Throne is modern, but the pulpit was the gift of Silkstede in 1498. The painted glass of the E. window is almost perfect in execution, and dates from 1520 to 1525. The Presbyteryextends

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from the eastern tower piers to the reredos, which was originally finished about the end of the fifteenth century, but suffered during the Tudor unsettlement, and remained in a ruinous condition till some twenty years ago, when the work of restoration was taken in hand. The table railing at the top and the spandrils of the doors are ancient. Dean Kitchin's little book on this piece of work is very full, and may be bought in Winchester. On the top of the stone tracery screens which form the sides of the presbytery are the famous mortuary chests, in which Bishop Fox gathered the bones of Kynegils (first Christian king), Egbert ("first king of all England"), Canute, Edmund (Ironside?), Rufus, and other monarchs.

Behind the reredos is the Ferctory, where the portable shrines of patron saints were formerly stored. At its eastern end is a broad platform on which the shrine of St. Swithin (Bishop, 852-862) once rested, and behind it, to the right and left, the E. chantries of Gardiner Fox (very elaborate), Waynflete (with its delicate canopy), and Cardinal Beaufort. Finally, there are three chapels (mainly Early English), viz., the N. Chapel, or Chapel of the Guardian Angels, with the tombs of Richard Weston, first Earl of Portland, and of Bishops Mews and Aymer; the Lady Chapel, partly Early English, partly Perpendicular, with fine vaulted roof, elaborate panelling, and some ancient mural paintings depicting the miracles of the Virgin; and the S. Chapel, with some beautiful woodwork and the chair used by "Bloody" Mary at her marriage with Philip of Spain.

In the N. transept is the entrance to the *Crypt*, the W. part of which (built by Walkelin) is a good specimen of Early Norman work, and exhibits the usual plan of a Norman church. The E. part is Lucy's (d. 1204) work; it is Early

English, and rectangular.

Leaving the Cathedral-close by way of Kingsgate (thirteenth century), with St. Swithin's Church curiously placed above it, the visitor at once finds himself in College Street. Passing the house where Jane Austen ended her life, and the headmaster's house, he will reach the gateway of the great school itself, and on making inquiry at the lodge will be shown over the buildings.

Winchester was a home of learning even in Saxon times, but the College dates from the days of William of Wykeham, and celebrated its 500th anniversary in 1893. It is thus the oldest institution of its kind in England, and the close connection with New College, Oxford, which its founder arranged, is still maintained. The roll of its sons is a long one, and includes some of the greatest names in ecclesi-

asticism, statecraft, arms, law, and letters.

The buildings comprise two quadrangles, one on each side of the gateway, a cloister, and the new buildings for the "Commoners" or masters' boarders. The outer quadrangle contains the Warden's house and stables, and the brewhouse, which is the only relic of a series of domestic offices that once existed here. The inner quadrangle contains "Moab," the old washing-place, and a beautiful range of symmetrical buildings which includes the Chapel and Hall. The former has a very fine oak ceiling, and windows which, though of modern date, faithfully preserve the old designs. The Hall, too, has a good roof and wainscot, and as meal-time approaches the visitor may chance to see the square wooden trenchers, formerly used for all meals, and still for breakfast and tea. In the tub near the door the fragments of food are placed for the poor.

To the west of the Hall is the Audit Room, with its Flemish tiles and Arras tapestry; at the foot of the steps leading to the Hall is the Kitchen, in the entry to which is the famous picture of the "Trusty Servant," which was long walled up: the explanation of the picture is given in a Latin and English inscription. The Cloisters, S. of the Chapel, are united to it by the Ambulatory and the Wardens' Tower, and are 132 feet square. The enclosed garth serves as a burial-place, and contains a small chantry, now used as a Juniors' Chapel. The "autographs" of the Cloisters surpass the brasses in interest.

The Old Schoolroom dates from 1683, its predecessor being the room beneath the Hall. A bronze Wykeham stands over the entrance, and inside is the well-known tablet with its mottoes and devices portraying the three ways in which the schoolboy may walk; the church, life civil or military, the rod. In this room all the boys were taught together till about half a century ago, when the present schoolrooms were arranged. It is now used for concerts and other entertainments.

A neat gateway near the chapel commemorates General Sir Herbert Stewart, who was killed in the Soudan in 1885. The Cricket Fields are finely situated along the river.

Further down College Street, on the left hand, are the remains of Wolvesey Castle, built by Bishop Henry de Blois in 1138, and long the bishop's palace. Queen Mary stayed here at the time of her marriage to Philip of Spain. Some of the windows are still fairly perfect. The new palace was the work of Wren, and the wing of it which remains is now the headquarters of the Diocesan Mission.

Across Soke Bridge one may gain St. Giles's Hill, noted for its old-time fairs, and commanding a good view. The G.W.R. Station is in this quarter. Here too is St. John's Church (Transition Norman), with its narrow nave and wide aisles.

Walking up High Street one passes the Early English Chapel of St. John, founded shortly before 1300 for broken-down soldiers. It has a good triple lancet window. Then come the Abbey grounds (public), the Guildhall (with Lely's portrait of Charles II., and an interesting museum of local antiquities), and higher up the old Town Hall, with its quaint clock and statue of Queen Anne, the City Cross, and God-begot House (No. 101).

Jewry Street, near the George Hotel, leads out to Hyde, where there are the scanty remains of an Abbey and the picturesque little Church of St. Bartholomew. Here Alfred the Great was buried, and a slab inscribed with his name was found about a century ago, as well as some coffins, one of which may have been his. Hyde Abbey School was once well known.

At the top of High Street is the West Gate (thirteenth century). In a small chamber above it are preserved the Standard Winchester measures and some interesting mediæval armour. To the left are the County Buildings, which occupy the site of the castle built by the Conqueror and rebuilt by Henry III., whose Palace Hall still stands, and repays close attention. On the spot there is a custodian who is well acquainted with the history of the palace and hall, and gives all the necessary information about the celebrated Round Table of King Arthur which hangs on the W. wall. Its exact age and origin are not known; but it scarcely goes further back than Henry III.'s day, and the present painting dates certainly only from 1522. Here the early English Parliaments were held, and a curious opening in the wall near Arthur's Table is said to have been constructed for the purpose of enabling the monarchs to overhear the deliberations of their "right trusty and well-beloved "knights. In this quarter, too, are the Barracks, the Diocesan Training School, the County Gaol, and the County Hospital.

S.W. of the town, about a mile away, is the well-known Hospital or St. Cross, founded in 1136 by Bishop Henry de Blois for thirteen poor men. A hundred others were to receive partial support.

The history of the charity has been eventful, and the hospital still supports its thirteen brethren, and gives a dole of bread and beer to every wayfarer who seeks it at the porter's lodge.

The gatehouse cloisters and quadrangle are very striking, but the interest centres in the hall and the church. The former was built by Cardinal Beaufort, and its lofty roof, its portable shrine, its early German "Adoration of the Magi," and its curious mediæval salt-cellars and black jacks are matters of note. The church is cruciform in shape, and has a heavy square tower. Mainly dating from the Transition-Norman period, there is Early English work in the nave, and the clerestory and W. window are good examples of Decorated work. The most interesting part of the exterior is the rich triple arch at the angle of the choir aisle and the S. transept. The interior of the church was restored a generation ago, and lavishly coloured. Among the features



of interest are the transept windows, the pointed arch, and the "Have mynde" tiles of the choir, which is enclosed by a stone wall, the E. end of the S. aisle now used as the brethren's chapel, where there are some beautifully carved stalls, and the brass of John Campden (in the choir), who was a friend of William of Wykeham and Warden of St. Cross.

A small fee is paid at the lodge for admission to the Hall, and at least one of the brethren is always on duty as "exhibitioner."

Hotels.—George (established in the fifteenth century); Black Swan in the High Street; Turner's Temperance Hotel, near the station; Market, in Jewry Street; Royal, in St. Peter Street.

WINCHFIELD (the Wenesslet of Domesday Book) (109).—A pretty parish and village on the railway, 9 m. E. from Basingstoke. St. Mary's Church is well worth seeing for the sake of its rich Norman W. door and the beautiful carving and moulding of its twelfth-century chancel-arch. The chancel itself is Early English. There are some curious mural paintings, and several tablets to the Beauclerk family. The pulpit should be compared with the neighbouring specimens at Basing and Odiham. There is trout angling in the Whitewater.

WINKTON.—A hamlet on the Avon, 2 m. N. from Christchurch,

with charming river views.

Winslade.—A parish and well-placed village 3 m. S. by E. from Basingstoke. The church has some monuments, but owes its chief interest to its connection with Warton, the Poet Laureate (d. 1790), who was rector here, and wrote a well-known sonnet on the village.

WINTON.—A recently-formed parish comprising several hamlets between Bournemouth and Wimborne. There are no anti-

quities.

WOLVERTON.—A small parish and village 5 m. N. from Oakley Station, and a similar distance E. from Burghclere (G.W.R.). The cruciform red brick church of St. Catherine is said to

have been designed by Wren.

Wonston or Wonsington (45).—A parish 4 m. S.W. from Micheldever Station, and 3 m. from Sutton Scotney Station (G.W.R.). Holy Trinity Church was hurt by fire in 1710, but the Norman doorway and a fine chancel arch escaped damage. The register goes back to 1570.

Woodcott.—A parish 1½ m. W. from Litchfield Station (G.W.R.).

The handsome church of St. James was rebuilt in 1704, and

again in 1850.

WOOD GREEN.—A parish 1 m. S.E. from Breamore Station. There

are some remains of a fortification.

WOODHAY, EAST.—An extensive parish, with several hamlets, 6 m. S.W. from Newbury. The G.W.R. Woodhay Station is about 2½ m. from the church, in which is a marble monument, with upright effigies of Edward Goddard and Elizabeth his wife (1724). The Bishops of Winchester formerly had a residence here, and the living is valuable. The Emborne runs near, and the Earl of Carnarvon's park and grounds are not far away. A basin used by Cromwell is preserved in the rectory. West Woodhay is in Berkshire.

WOODNAMCOTE.—A village and parish 4 m. E. from Micheldever

Station. The Warden and Fellows of Winchester have held the manor rights for nearly four centuries. The church is new and small, but attractive.

Woolston.—A parish (with railway station) on the Itchen, I m. E. from Southampton, of which it is a suburb with ferry connection. Jesus Chapel was consecrated by Bishop Andrews in 1620.

Woolton Hill.—A modern parish, with a modern church, 1 m. W. from Woodhay Station, G.W.R. There is a good Workmen's Club and Coffee-House.

WOOTTON (BRIDGE), I.W.—A parish and village at the head of Wootton Creek, half-way (4 m.) between Ryde and Newport by the N. road. It has a station. Fishbourn is at the mouth of the creek, and King's Quay (1 m. N.W.) may be reached by a pleasant field-walk.

WOOTTON ST. LAURENCE.—A parish and pretty village 3 m. N.W. from Basingstoke, and rather nearer to Oakley Station. In the restored church are monuments of the Hooke (recumbent effigy) and of the Wither (mural) families, and a good Norman doorway. The mansion at Tangier Park dates from 1662, that at Manydown Park goes back in part to the thirteenth century. There is a British entrenchment at Woodgarston.

WORLBURY RING. - See Stockbridge.

WORLDHAM, EAST and WEST.—Two small parishes and villages from two to three miles S.E. from Alton Station. The church of the latter is old; that of the former has been carefully restored, and contains a fourteenth-century monument (recumbent effigy). King John's Hill is said to have been that monarch's hunting place; coins and pottery have been found in a tumulus on it.

WORTHY (49) .- See Headbourne W., King's W., Martyr W.

WORTING.—A parish and pretty village 2 m. N. from Oakley Station, and a little farther from Basingstoke. Worting House was built in the time of George I. The church was rebuilt half a century ago.

WROXHALL, I.W.—A parish and village 2 m. N. from Ventnor, with a station on the line between Ventnor and Shanklin. Roman coins have been found here. Appuldurcombe (see Godhill) is scarcely a mile W.

WYMERING. - See Cosham.

YARMOUTH, I.W. (201).—A little town and the smallest parish in the island, lying at the mouth of the W. Yar estuary. There is a railway station on the Freshwater and Newport line, and steamers ply to and from Lymington

Hampshire

(Hants) in the summer. The castle dates from the days of Henry VIII. The main interest of the church lies in its monuments to the Holmes family, which include a fine marble statue of an Admiral Holmes, the captor of New York, who was governor of the Island. Hotels-George (on the site of a house where Charles I. stayed), Bugle.

YATELY.—A parish and village on the Blackwater, in the N.E. of the county. Blackwater Station is 21 m. distant. The Transition Norman church has been restored. There are traces of an anchorite's cell, and some sixteenth-century brasses. Sandhurst and Wellington Colleges are in the neighbourhood. Monteagle Farm recalls the Gunpowder Plot.

YAVERLAND, I.W. (190).-A parish on Sandown Bay, 2 m. N. from Sandown. The church is prettily placed, it has recently been well restored, and retains its old Norman chancel arch and S. doorway. There is a very handsome reredos. Legh Richmond was curate of Brading (q.v.) and Yaverland, 1797-1805. The neighbouring manor-house dates from 1620, and has a curiously carved staircase.

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[For most of the smaller place-names the reader should consult the Gazetteer, pp. 271-360]

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